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Collier's

JULY 18, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE GIANTS?

GROUCHO MARX Second-Guesses LEO DUROCHER

HOW TO TALK TO YOUR WIFE

By Margaret Blair Johnstone

MARY A BECK
5916 HOKE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA
0354
ARTIST PROOF

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"How Pullman took the 'blues' out of my last St. Louis trip"

From a voluntary letter by Howard Upton, Executive Secretary, National Association of Oil Equipment Jobbers

"Recently, I had to go to St. Louis for a meeting. Instead of flying, as I have been doing for the past four years, I decided to take an overnight Pullman. It happened to be raining when I left. No matter. The train was exactly on time, and what's more I didn't get drenched before boarding."

"By the time I reached my roomette, my suitcase was there waiting for me. I hung my suit in the locker and changed into a pair of slacks. Then I settled back in that big, comfortable seat and managed to get more work done—in an hour—in the privacy of the roomette, than I am able to accomplish in my own office in half a day."

"I couldn't have slept better."

"We arrived at the St. Louis station 30 seconds early. When I left the train, I was fortified with a good breakfast, an unwrinkled suit, shined shoes, and a serene disposition. The cab ride to my engagement was a matter of seconds. What this all adds up to is that a journey I usually consider an ordeal, turned out to be a pleasurable event. I am looking forward to many more trips by Pullman."

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July 18, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Subscription Department, 204 W. High Street, Springfield, Ohio
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY, Vol. 132, No. 3. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A.. Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, John W. Meffert, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Paul C. Smith, Shepard Spink, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00; 4 years $12.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

Daughter's new bathing suit wins, quite naturally, a Yes vote from the family. But Father, again quite naturally, seems surprised that his little girl has grown up. In Bronxville, N.Y., artist Charles Hawes made a neighborhood project of the painting. The models were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Keely; Barbara Garrett, 15; the artist's 11-year-old son, Peter, and his dog and cat—Sam and Chum Hawes.

Week's Mail

The Perennial Mr. Paige

EDITOR: So far as baseball is concerned I am merely a woman. However, having played the game enthusiastically in my school days, I know enough about it to find the articles by Richard Donovan about Satchel Paige (May 30th—June 6th—13th) completely delightful.

The author has succeeded where many have tried and failed in catching the authentic and inimitable humor and the shrewd philosophy of the American Negro.

And today real humor seems fast becoming an unknown quality in publications, except in quips and cartoons.

JULIET B. SHUTT, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I pitched against Satchel Paige in the 1920s. I just finished my 1,000th game last winter here at the age of fifty-five, and am still going pretty good with 40 years in the game.

DEWEY ELLIOTT, Sacramento, Cal.

Satch in Dakota, circa 1934

. . . When I was a young fellow, several of the larger county-seat towns in North Dakota had a baseball league. Each team had a Negro battery and first baseman. Satchel Paige pitched for Bismarck.

I have often seen Satchel wave the fielders in and strike out the batters as fast as they came up. Believe me when I say it was impossible to see his fast ball. They were poor contests but we would go hundreds of miles just to see Satchel in action.

I would and will swear that Satchel Paige was at that time—and still is—older than I. And my Social Security starts next October 3d.

GEO. W. BUTLER, Fresno, Cal.

. . . Your articles on Satchel Paige are in tune. If a man is just as old as he feels, Satch will be a prize rookie for years to come.

In the opening paragraph of your second article (June 6th) you have the New York Yankees batting in the last of the seventh against the Browns in

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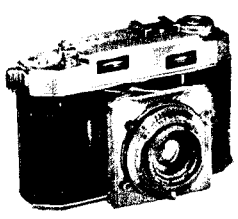

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Week's Mail CONTINUED

St. Louis. How can the Yankees bat in the *last* of the seventh in St. Louis?
R. C. WILBER, Dayton, Tenn.

Excuse us, please, for batting the Yankees out of turn. We meant the top of the seventh, of course.

Kaintucky Latin

EDITOR: Re Kentucky's Crazy Cave War (June 6th), in Ben Lucien Burman's research activities, did he discover authority for the spelling of "In Memorium" on the plaque as depicted?
W. W. LONG, Houston, Texas

The Kentucky-type Latin on the Collins memorial tablet is beyond the explanation of even the astute Mr. Burman.

Names Like James, for Instance

**She wasn't at Buckingham Palace,
And she wasn't at the Thames,**

**She wasn't at the Tower of London,
And she wasn't at St. James's,**

EDITOR: Re Madeline at the Coronation (June 6th), my mother always pronounced Thames—Temz. I don't think Temz rhymes with James.
Who is right? ROBERT G. ELLENER, San Bernardino, Cal.

Perhaps author Ludwig Bemelmans (who has just renewed his poetic license) pronounces James—Jemz.

Oldest School Patrol

EDITOR: Maurice Fischer's article The Oldest School Safety Patrol Boy (May 16th) implied that the idea of the school safety patrol originated in Chicago in the year 1922 and that the pioneer was Charles M. Hayes.

We of the Newark Safety Patrol are proud of our record in this particular field, and especially proud that it was in Newark that the first school safety patrol was originated in April, 1916.

We realize that Mr. Hayes is undoubtedly the patriarch of the Chicago system, but photostatic evidence will bear out my claim that Newark, New Jersey, was already active eight years when Chicago got the idea. There are some old-timers here who claim that many cities, including Chicago, sent representatives here to get an idea of the safety patrol so that they might organize their own.

The first police officer ever assigned to school safety patrol was the late Felix Dunn, who was active in this field from 1916 until 1929. The present senior safety patrol officer in the Newark system is Matthew Lynch, who has been active since 1929. JOHN M. MARKS, Safety Patrol Officer, Newark, N.J.

Collier's salutes the Newark Safety Patrol pioneers. No slight to them was intended in a story designed primarily as a tribute to Mr. Hayes, who is undoubtedly the country's "oldest school safety patrol boy."

Horning In

EDITOR: The article Silent Zoo (June 6th) includes a picture of a worker cleaning what the caption writer calls "horns." Wrong. They are deer "antlers." Antlers are shed each year. Horns are permanent.
C. H. BARTHOLOMAE, New York, N.Y.

Poetic and Radioactive Stones

EDITOR: Re your poem Miss Named (June 6th), who is this Don Stone? My listeners by the score have been phoning and writing wanting to know why, if I can write stuff like this, I use such horrible material on the air.

It would be interesting to know where such a talented poet with the coincidental name comes from, and why. Please let me know, so I can quiet down all these people who obviously not only read your magazine in great numbers but also still listen to the radio—and there are three television stations available around here!
DON STONE, Starlight Room Party, Station KSCJ, Sioux City, Iowa

The other Don Stone comes from Newark, New Jersey. We don't know why.

His Unreticent Highness

EDITOR: Prince Bernhard (How to Succeed as Husband to the Queen, June 6th) says he doesn't regard as friends people who flatter him. Well, that's all right with me, for I really think he did an excellent job in writing so frankly about his duties and privileges as husband of a queen.

The customary reticence of royalty and associates of royalty may conserve dignity and respect, but such a frank and intimate appraisal of their social and economic status captivates people who, like many Americans, lack the innate respect for authority that so many Europeans have.
EDWIN B. DAVIS, New Brunswick, N.J.

Sales Tax Advocate

EDITOR: I enjoyed reading the pro and con of the sales tax (Is a Federal Sales Tax Coming?, May 30th). I have been an advocate and have argued for a sales tax for 25 years. I say eliminate all other forms of taxation, let the seller pay the tax, simplify collection and everyone would have to pay a tax.
A. C. BREMERMAN, Cleveland, Mo.

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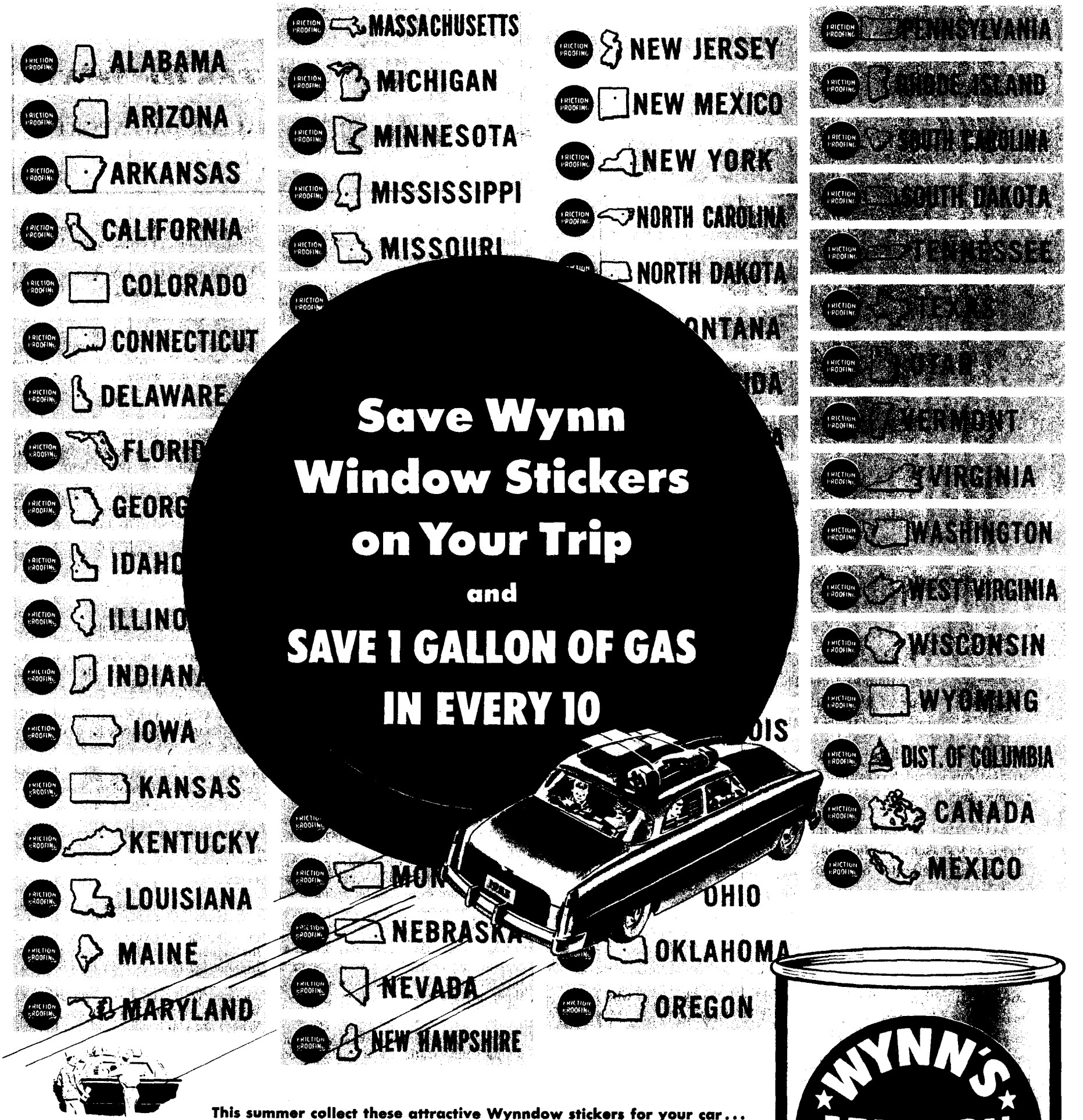

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M/Sgt.
Harold E. Wilson
USMCR
Medal of Honor

He Held On All Night

OUT OF THE SPRING NIGHT, the Red banzai attack hit like a thunderstorm. The darkness exploded into a nightmare of flaming confusion. But Sergeant Wilson went into action at once, rallying his hard-pressed men.

Bullets wounded his head and leg; disabled both arms. Refusing aid, he crawled, bleeding, from man to man, supplying ammunition, directing fire, helping the wounded.

As the attack grew fiercer, a mortar shell blew him off his feet. Still, dazed and weakened, he held on, leading the fight all night till the last Red assault was beaten off. At dawn, by sheer courage, the Sergeant had saved not only his position, but the precious lives of his men.

"In Korea," says Sergeant Wilson, "I didn't think about where our weapons came from—I just thanked God they were there.

"Now, back home, I realize what's behind those arms. The united strength of millions of thrifty, hard-working folks like you—who are making America safer by investing in U.S. Defense Bonds. Maybe you've thought you were just saving money. Believe me, you're saving men's lives, too!"

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Now E Bonds pay 3%! Now, improved Series E Bonds start paying interest after 6 months. And average 3% interest, compounded semiannually when held to maturity! Also, all *maturing* E Bonds *go on* earning—at the new rate—for 10 *more* years.

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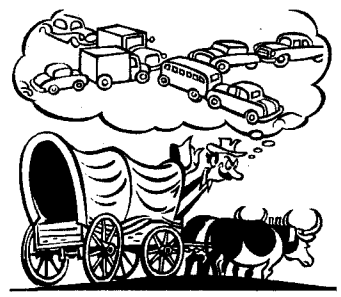
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

This lady in Los Angeles, says Mr. Lars Stocking, told her doctor she was certain she had picked up a certain serious illness. He advised her not to be foolish, that she couldn't possibly know whether she had it. The disease, said he, carried with it no discomfort whatever. "But, Doctor," she protested, "that's exactly how I feel."

★ ★ ★

Until we found the answer in the Port Washington (Wisconsin) Herald, we had no idea how sites for cities were decided on. Then we found out that



when our ancestors, covered-wagoning across country, came upon a place that looked like a good spot for traffic jams, that was it.

★ ★ ★

The national rash of spelling bees has passed and our morale is slowly reviving. But while kids of twelve, thirteen and fourteen were standing up boldly in public and correctly spelling chrestomathic, concinnity, ptarmigan, fluorescence, consanguineous and xiphodontidae—and knowing what the words mean—we shriveled up pretty badly. Only solace we got out of it was that the umpires had to be propped up with dictionaries.

★ ★ ★

There's a junk yard near a grade crossing in Denver, Colorado, with a sign reading: "Go ahead, take a chance. We'll buy the wreck."

★ ★ ★

Should you become restless while enjoying your vacation, you might devote a little thought to National Cat Week. It isn't to be celebrated until November 1–7, but Mr. Robert Lothar Kendall, president of the American Feline Society, assures us that now is none too soon to begin preparing. "The cat," says Mr. Kendall, "is on his way up. His day is approaching." Judging from the number of cat lovers around our office, we'd say his day has come.

★ ★ ★

Gentleman in Wichita, Kansas, cheerfully but politely admitted to the judge that the state policeman was entirely justified in arresting him for running by a stop sign. Judge wanted to know why he had thus deliberately violated the law. Gentleman said he was going too fast to stop unless he jammed his brakes on. Also that he didn't jam his brakes on because they were far from reliable. Furthermore, his tires weren't much good. So, he said, he had decided not to take any chances.

★ ★ ★

Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, just dropped in to inform us that he was right glad it will soon be too hot to do what it was too cold to do last winter.

★ ★ ★

Car broke down in a broken-down town. (Song rights reserved.) Mr. Joe Fismaier says it happened in Montana. Hotel matched the town down to the last cockroach, says he. Two dollars a night, hotel proprietor told him. Mr. Fismaier asked if there'd be special rates by the week. "By the week?" said the proprietor. "Well, stranger, that's the first time anyone's had the courage to ask that question."

★ ★ ★

We got pretty excited to hear from Miss Prudence LaPaz that a man in Nebraska was stabbed to death by a sunflower. Instead of staying excited, we went and spoiled everything by asking Miss Virginia Jackson about it. Miss Jackson is director of the the county Health Department's Bureau of Vital Statistics in Omaha. She let us down by saying the victim fell on the broken stalk of a huge sunflower while riding through a field. We ought to be old enough to let well enough alone.

★ ★ ★

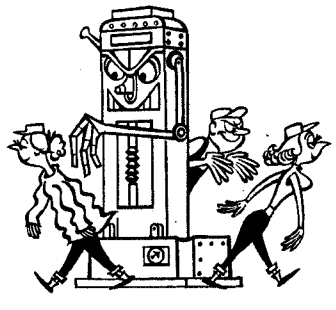
There's a restaurant in Denver, Colorado, which proudly advertises: "We Seat 10,000. Ten at a Time."

★ ★ ★

Of course, you may handle the situation in your own way. But when uninvited guests arrive without warning at the home of a gentleman in Evansville, Indiana, he handles it in *his* own way. He merely goes about his business and shouts: "Well, well, glad you stopped in for a few minutes as you were passing. Where are you headed for?"

★ ★ ★

A Midwest factory displays signs for its female workers reading: "If your sweaters are too large for you, look out



IRWIN CAPLAN

for the machines. If you are too large for your sweaters, look out for the machinists." ▲▲▲

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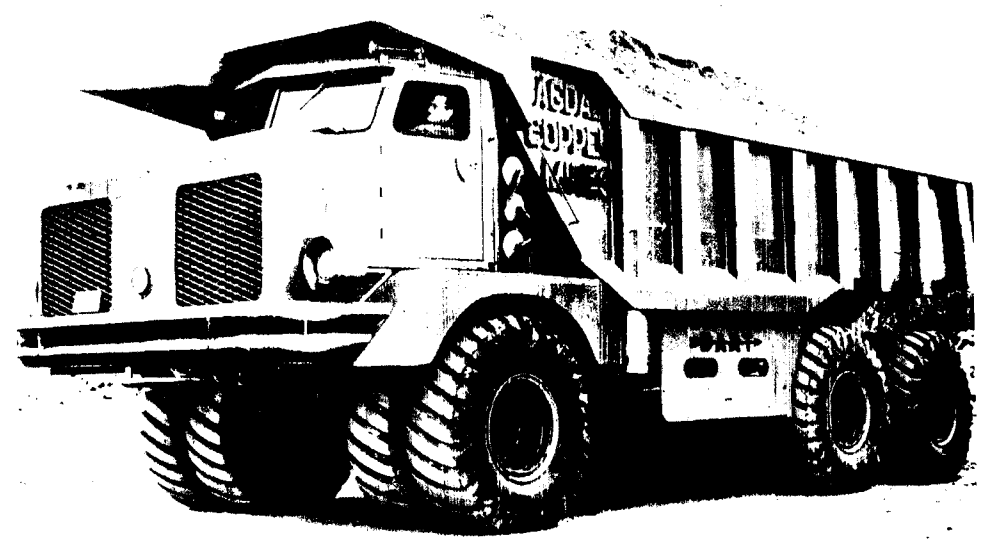
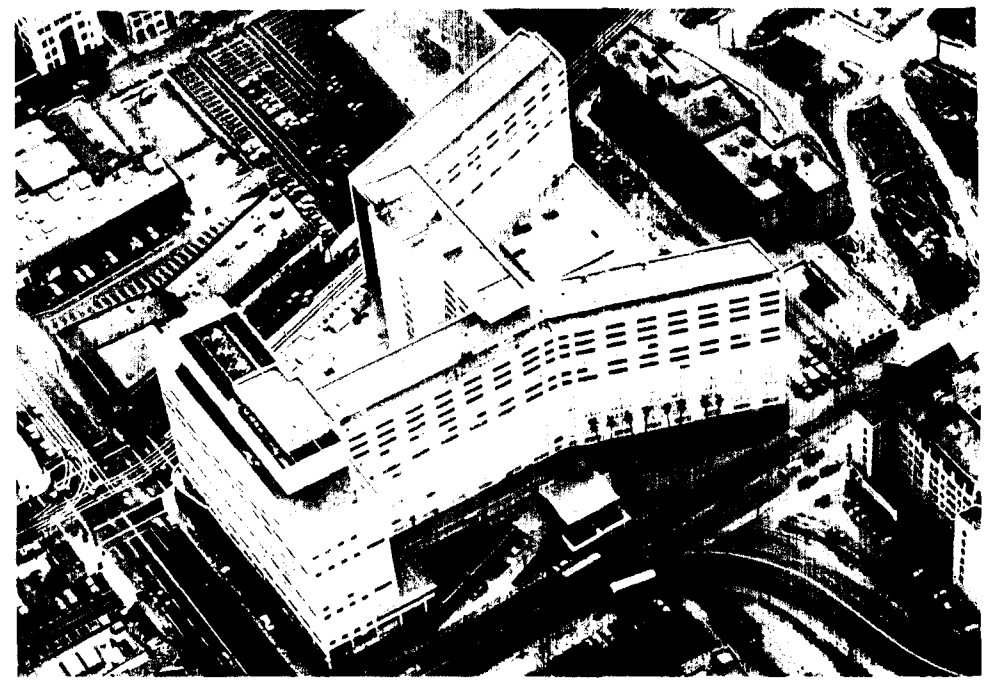


World's Largest Truck is this new 60-ton, off-the-highway ore carrier. Its 2 engines, totalling 700 horsepower, are mounted amidship of the truck's underbelly. Its cooling system requires almost 68 gallons of antifreeze. Its huge tires are 32-ply. Its front end floats on captive air, and its rear springs have leaves of special steel almost 2 inches thick! 90% of the steel in the truck body was made by U. S. Steel



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The $20,000,000 Hotel Statler, in downtown Los Angeles, is the biggest hotel built in this country in the last 20 years. 13 stories, 1275 guest rooms. U. S. Steel fabricated and erected 7200 tons of structural steel for the framework of this huge structure . . . and also supplied 325 tons of National Pipe for heating, fire sprinkling and vacuum lines, and 10 tons of stainless steel for miscellaneous use.

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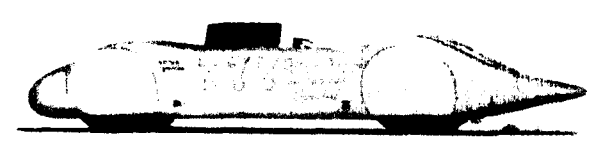

Fastest Auto. Flashing past the timing stand on its record run at Bonneville Speed Trials on the salt flats of Utah last year is the Motorbook Special, which set a one-way record of 252.10 miles per hour . . . the highest speed ever attained by an American automobile. The frame of this streamlined speedster is of Shelby Seamless Steel Tubes, a product of United States Steel.

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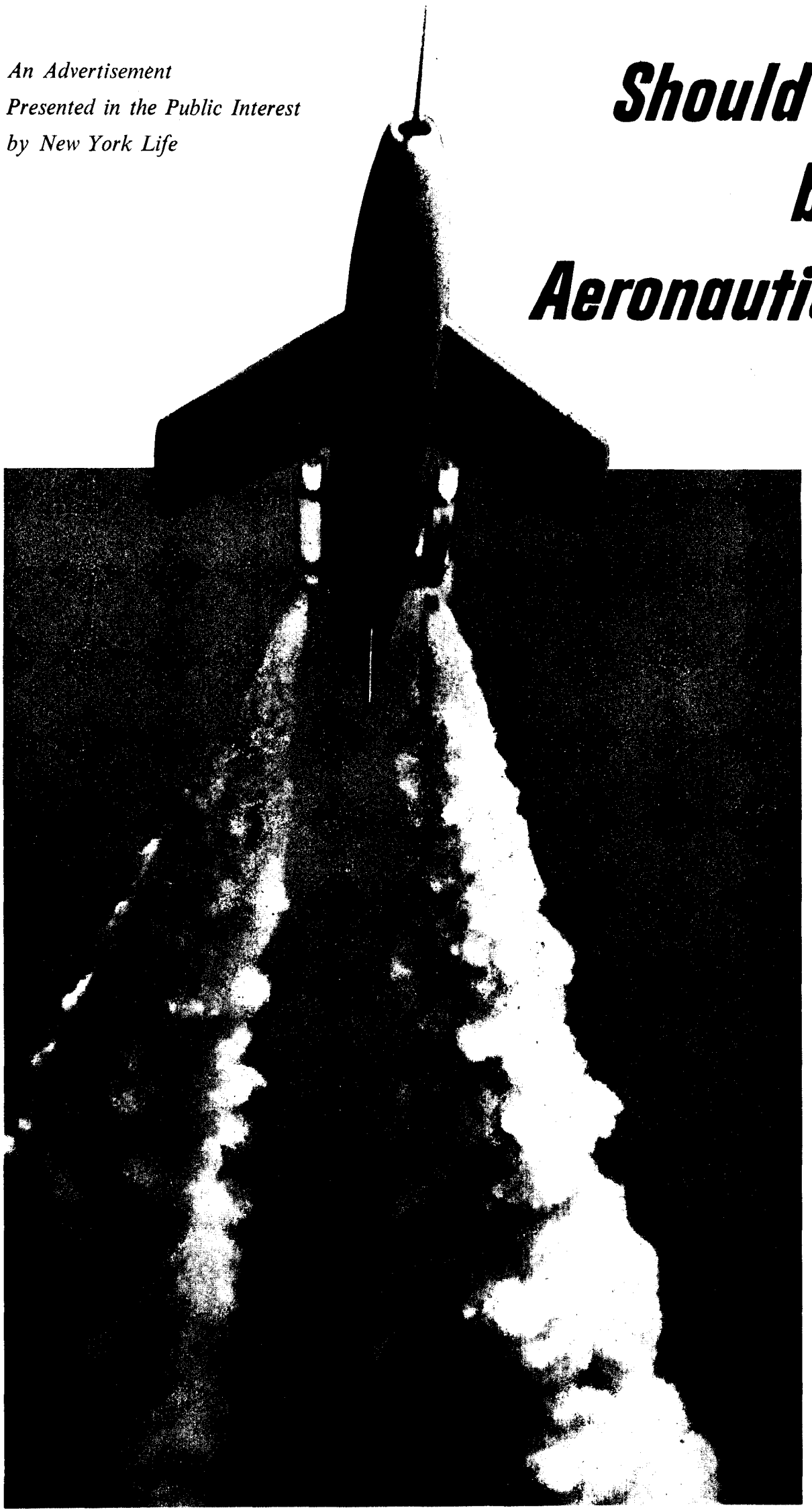
An Advertisement
Presented in the Public Interest
by New York Life

Should your child be an Aeronautical Engineer?

BY IGOR SIKORSKY

As told to Phil Gustafson



Challenging opportunities lie ahead in the fields of supersonic flight and the development of rocket-powered and atomic-powered craft. Here the radio-controlled guided missile Regulus, developed by Chance Vought Aircraft, takes off, leaving trails of smoke from booster rockets to mark its path.

AS EARLY as I can remember I had an intense desire to fly. As a small boy I began building hot air balloons and flying model planes driven by rubber bands. When grownups told me man would never fly, I became very indignant. Intuitively I had the firm conviction that I myself would some day build flying craft which would carry man into the air. When I was nineteen I received the first reliable information on the successful flights made by Wilbur and Orville Wright. As soon as I read it I decided:

"I am going into aviation."

If your son has such a strong intuitive urge to fly, this is the best sign in the world that he should be an aeronautical engineer. If he becomes wrapped up in building model planes, encourage him all you can. Model planes provide one of the best means of learning the basic principles of flying real planes. The most successful men in aviation have gone into it because of this urge to fly, not primarily because of an urge for success.

But if you are going to help your son decide whether his models are more than a boyish enthusiasm, here are some of the questions you should ask yourself as you watch him develop.

Does he show a special interest and proficiency in mathematics? An extra aptitude for mathematics is vital in most branches of aeronautical engineering. However, today there are many branches where a man can get along with only average ability.

Is he "reality-minded"? He should be primarily interested in physical realities and technical things, rather than in abstractions.

Is he unusually inquisitive? He should want to know not only "How does it work?" but "Why does it work?" His mind, in other words, should be an analytical one.

Is he imaginative? The aeronautical engineer must visualize what he seeks to create in terms of size, form and function.

Does he have an alert and vigorous intellect? Aviation advances to new things more rapidly than any other branch of science, and a good aeronautical engineer must keep abreast—even ahead—of the times.

In addition to these qualities, he should have more than the usual endowment of energy, perseverance and enthusiasm. And I might add that he is more likely to reach the top if he has the ability to influence others and a knack of getting along with his fellows.

If your son possesses these qualifications, he has a very challenging future. Never in American history have the opportunities for engineers been as great as they are

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today. Engineers are desperately needed, not only in the expansion of our growing peace-time industry but in mobilization for defense. Currently, industry has openings for 60,000 engineers, while less than 20,000 will be graduated from the colleges this year.

Fifty years ago, when I first began making little airplanes out of string and bamboo, man had never flown. Since then, I have seen my own planes grow in size from a 15-horsepower pusher biplane to the giant Sikorsky flying boat which spanned the world as the Pan-American Clipper.

Today, the country is covered with a network of airways, providing swift and safe transportation for nearly twenty million people a year. In summer a thousand people fly the Atlantic each day. Enormous fleets of military planes ply the air in every corner of the world.

Back of these inspiring developments is an American aircraft industry second to none in the world. At its peak in World War II it rose to two million people; then it dropped off after VE-Day but has since climbed back to 800,000 and seems likely to expand indefinitely. And, outside the industry proper, 60,000 sub-contractors and suppliers share in the plane-making program.

Besides air transport and manufacturing, research and development absorb great numbers of technical people. The biggest employer is Uncle Sam and the schools and universities under contract to him. One of his agencies alone, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, spends 70 million dollars a year and employs 7,500 people. Over and above general government work, an aeronautical engineering degree is one of the surest tickets to the top in military aviation.

As a matter of fact, technical leadership throughout the whole of this immense new industry has been assumed by the aeronautical engineers. As airplanes have grown more and more complex, new specialties have sprung up, offering new opportunities to men of many talents. As a means of seeing who these men are and what they do, let's take a look at the part they play in the building of a typical commercial airliner.

The general idea of the aircraft originates in the mind of a design engineer after tireless research, analysis and calculation. He presents his thoughts first in the form of drawings and then in the form of models of wood, metal or plastics. On the complex plane of today he is assisted by a score of highly-trained specialists. There is the aerodynamic engineer, who studies the plane's wing and its lifting power, its control and stability in the air. The electronics engineer, who plans such components as radar and instruments. The metallurgical engineer, who determines the proper metals. And then there are various other engineer-specialists on mechanical, chemical, hydraulic and countless other problems.

Finally, the prototype takes shape, made of actual materials selected for the finished product. When this experimental plane is complete, it is put through its paces by a test engineer and a test pilot, who is also a trained engineer.

As soon as it proves itself, the plane is placed in large-scale production and a whole host of other specialists is called in. The production engineer develops all-over manufacturing processes. The tool design engineer evolves the machine tools to make the plane parts. The mechanical engineer, the industrial engineer and countless others have a part in the intricate manufacturing process.

When the plane is ready, it is put on the market by a sales engineer. When it needs repairs, the customer is advised by a service engineer. When it goes to an airline, it is put to work by a member of the new breed of operations engineers, now directing fleets of aircraft in every corner of the world.

James Ferguson, left, test pilot, passes on to Oscar Levi, a flight test engineer, the data on a flight he has just made in a Sikorsky helicopter.

When I started in aviation, there were no reliable books and little or no technical data on airplanes or flying. Now there is an immense body of facts and experience available to the beginner; he can learn in one semester what it took us ten years to work out by repeated trial and error. This body of information is available in at least seventy-five schools and colleges scattered throughout the United States. In one of these schools, your child can get a Bachelor's Degree in engineering in four years, opening the door to practically any phase of the profession except in certain branches of research. Here graduate work is often indicated. A Bachelor's Degree in aeronautical engineering costs no more than any other college degree.

The new aeronautical engineer can earn from $4,200 to $4,800 a year at the start. If he rises to the top of his branch, his salary will be from $18,000 to $20,000. However, the ceiling is practically unlimited, for aeronautical engineers attain high administrative posts and even have their own companies. Engineering has never been too good a profession for women, but their numbers are increasing and, with the present shortages, their chances have never been so favorable.

The airplane begins as an idea set down on the drafting board of the design engineer. Here, William Doebener is receiving advice on a complicated electronics problem from Igor Sikorsky, Engineering Manager of the Sikorsky Aircraft Division of United Aircraft Corporation.

Today, the future ahead of a young aeronautical engineer is as limitless as the air itself. He stands no farther from inter-planetary flight than I stood from the hundred-passenger airliner of today, when I started out at nineteen. Miraculous changes can be expected with the application of atomic power in the not too distant future. New and startling things lie ahead in the development of the jet-propelled airliner, carrying hundreds of passengers with excellent comfort and reliability.

Passengers will be fed from cities to inter-continental airports by a great series of helicopter lines. A whole new field in short range travel is being opened up by the helicopter today. We are hungry for aeronautical engineers to help us develop these new craft, but we cannot find them.

Solution of this shortage is a serious national problem. We must find a way of solving it within the next few years, if we are to insure our leadership in private industry, our national defense and our continued survival as a free people. I know of no other field where a young man has greater opportunities today to make his contribution to the progress and safety of his nation. ♦ ♦ ♦

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

You'll find additional help in the pamphlet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Send for a free copy at the address below.

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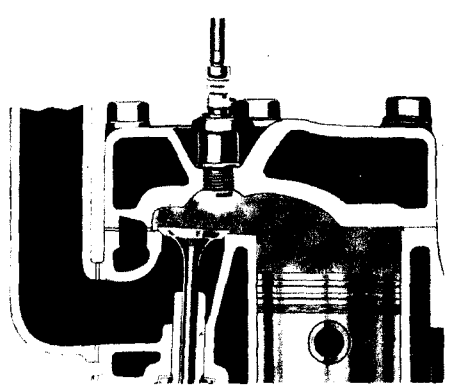
CHAMPIONS That Deliver Mileage **LIKE THIS**

27.03 MILES PER GALLON FOR 1206 MILES

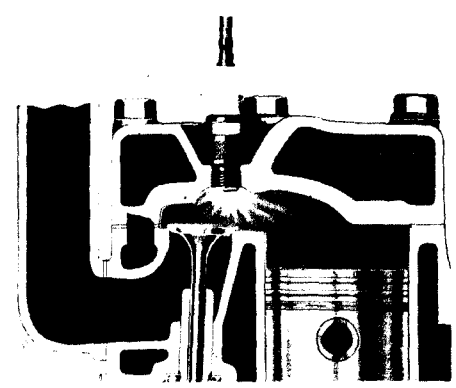
Will Make **YOUR CAR** a Gas Miser, Too!

Says LES VILAND, 1953's Champion Economy Driver:

"We measure gasoline with an eye-dropper in the Mobilgas Economy Run, and Champion Spark Plugs, as usual, were completely dependable in turning every drop into mileage. I don't know of better spark plugs than Champions."



INEFFICIENT PLUGS waste gasoline because a weak spark does not ignite all the gas in the combustion chamber. Unburned gasoline goes out the exhaust.



PRECISION MADE CHAMPIONS give a full-firing spark which burns all the gasoline and turns it into useful power, allowing your engine to perform properly.

For the fourth straight year Champion Spark Plugs were used by the Sweepstakes Winner of the famed Mobilgas Economy Run—helping a Ford Mainline 6 (with overdrive) get 27.03 miles per gallon in the AAA-supervised contest.

Here's proof, once again, that to get the utmost in economy *from your car* look first to your spark plugs. Make sure they're clean! Make sure they're Champions!

Men whose livelihood depends on perfect engine performance long have known that Champion's sharp, hot, steady spark causes instant and complete combustion—puts every drop of gasoline to work!

Make your own Economy Run—every day—with Champions. You'll find you can't afford to use ordinary spark plugs!

FLASH: **Thirty-two of the 33 starting cars in the 1953 Indianapolis "500", *including winner Bill Vukovich and all the finishers,* were Champion-equipped.**

CHAMPION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPARK PLUGS

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What's Wrong with the Giants?

By GROUCHO MARX

DEAR LIPPY: You probably don't remember me, but I'm the fellow you invited down to your spring training camp in Phoenix last March to help you get the Giants in shape. Knowing you needed my help, I temporarily abandoned a lucrative career in Hollywood emceeing a brilliantly conducted television quiz show, and flew to Arizona.

After I worked out with the team the first day, you said you'd made a mistake—that it was Ty Cobb you wanted, but that you'd somehow got the names confused. Well, that was understandable. There is a similarity.

However, as partial payment for my trouble, you said you had a hot tip to give me. You said the Giants were a cinch to sew up the National League flag and the World Series this year, and that I should bet every nickel I could get ahold of on them.

Taking you at your word, I got hold of a nickel immediately and

Giant infielders need to learn a lot about their trade, Groucho explains. With Lippy as his victim, he shows a tricky maneuver

The sonofabitch bet a nickel the Polo Grounders would ...

But he's got a way to protect his investment. It's a bit subtle.

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Groucho to Leo: "Don't let your catcher wear himself out running to back up first. Use

bet every last penny of it on the Giants to win. Ordinarily, I'm not a betting man, but you assured me that the team was in great shape. As it turns out, the only one whose shape was great was your wife Laraine.

What in blazes is wrong, Lippy? The Fourth of July has come and gone, and you still haven't won the pennant. What kind of managing is that?

Sure, I know, the season isn't over yet and you've got a lot of games left to play. But that's no excuse. *Anyone* can win a pennant by the end of the season. The trick is to clinch it now. That way, your boys could be rested up for the World Series. You wouldn't have to be all tired out the way you were against the Yankees in '51.

* * *

I expected great things from you the way the season started out. I picked up the Los Angeles papers the day after the opener, sure that you'd have some sage comment to make on the fact that the Giants had beaten the Phillies, 4 to 1. But what was your statement to the press?

"I can't recall a colder opening day," said manager Leo Durocher.

Now that's a brilliant remark if ever I've heard one. If your team didn't already suspect it, they certainly must have learned then what a clown they have for a manager.

Who cares whether or not you recall a colder opening day? What are you managing—a hockey team? Or a skiing club? It can't be a baseball team, if that's all you've got to say.

After that comment, I realized that the Giants weren't going to get much help from you. The team was obviously on the brink of disaster. Subsequent events bore me out. Within two weeks you were floundering in last place.

I was frantic. Not only because my nickel was at stake, but because of the team itself. You see, Lippy, I have a soft spot in my heart for the Giants that even your presence on the squad can't alter. I'm probably the oldest living Giant rooter.

I was watching the Giants win ball games when John J. McGraw was at the helm and you were still in kindergarten. And if you were in kindergarten today, they would probably still be winning ball games.

However, that's ancient history. It's this season I'm concerned about. I knew you were in trouble from the start. I didn't do anything about it right away, but I immediately started racking my brains. What could I do to help out? Who could I get to advise Leo? Not just anyone, but the best baseball brains available.

Obviously, *I* was a candidate for the job. After I examined my record, I was sure *I* was the man.

Groucho gives a few hints on how to pep up Giants to outfielders Monte Irvin (left) and Don Mueller

My lifetime batting average of .598 has never been equaled, and it would have been higher if I hadn't had to quit playing girls' softball at the height of my career. (I'd be with them yet if I hadn't tried dressing in the girls' locker room.)

Following that, I was the outstanding shortstop on the Orpheum Circuit league in 1913. Playing for my own team, the No Sox, I stole 72 bases that year. I still have some of them, as mementos, in my playroom. And most baseball authorities agree that I probably would have made the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown if vaudeville hadn't died.

As it was, I had a long and distinguished career on the diamond. I didn't quit playing until I was eighty-three, and I wouldn't have quit then if night baseball hadn't come in. It wasn't that the lights bothered me, but there were more interesting things to do at night than play baseball.

But enough of my career. As soon as I realized that I was probably the only man alive who could straighten out the Giants, I locked myself in my study and sat down to figure out just what was ailing the team.

That was in April, and it's taken me all this time to figure it out. That'll give you an idea of how much *is* wrong with the team. But I finally got it, and here are my recommendations:

The first thing I'd suggest is that you get a new manager. And if Horace Stoneham is too cheap to get you a new manager, then I'd get a new owner who'd be more co-operative. That may sound cold-blooded, Lippy, but baseball's a business, and there's no room in it for sentimentality—not even about owners. If Stoneham's no good, replace him. Remember, he wouldn't hesitate to do the same thing to you.

If it isn't feasible to get a new manager or owner, then you'll just have to go on managing yourself.

Under these circumstances, you should get yourself suspended. Remember how well the team did last year after you were thrown out of a game and not permitted back in uniform for four days? In the series that started the next day, the Giants beat the Braves three out of four—defeats which put the Braves in such disgrace with Beantown fans that the team had to move to Milwaukee this year.

* * *

And since they moved to Milwaukee they've done pretty well, too. Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to move the Giants to Milwaukee—or at least near a brewery. A change of scenery would probably do the team good. And if there isn't room for two teams in Milwaukee, move to St. Paul. As a matter of fact, I'd go straight to St. Paul—because the Dodgers would never think of looking for you there.

But enough of these generalities, Lippy. Let's get down to the more practical aspects of winning ball games.

Hitting, for example. I've spotted a big weakness there. You don't have enough power hitting. Your batters have shown occasional flashes of brilliance—like the time Bobby Thomson slammed his ninth-inning homer that won the pennant play-off with the Dodgers in '51. But the fact remains that last year and so far this year you haven't had one batter who has led the league in home runs. And today, when every team needs at least two or three players leading the league in homers, that's quite a handicap.

I realize, of course, that you can't just run down to the nearest sporting-goods store and pick up a batter like Babe Ruth or Rajah Hornsby. But with a little ingenuity, there's certainly no reason why you can't turn a few of your own batters into consistent home-run hitters.

Look what they did for Hank Greenberg at Forbes Field a couple of years ago. Pittsburgh moved the fence in at least 30 feet closer to home plate, so Greenberg would be sure to poke a satisfactory number of baseballs out of the park.

What's good enough for Pittsburgh ought to be good enough for you. So quit dogging it, Lippy. Get yourself a hammer and nails, and sneak out to the Polo Grounds some dark night and move your own fences in. I realize, of course, that they're in pretty far already, but obviously not far enough for your team.

Better still, put the fences on rollers so you can move them out again when the opposition's at bat. And if you don't have time to move your own fences during a game, put Stoneham to work. He has nothing else to do. Besides, I saw him when I was scouting your boys in Phoenix, and he looks as if he could use a little exercise. Either that or he'd better quit eating. And if you boys collapse in the stretch again this year, the way you did in '52, he'll *have* to stop eating. He won't be able to afford it.

* * * *

On the road, of course, it won't always be practical to depend on short fences to win ball games for you. In that case I'd advise you to develop some batters who rely more on finesse—who know the importance of a well-placed Texas leaguer. Either that or don't go on the road at all. Make them come to you.

But be sure to get your men on base, Lippy. Order them not to strike out. It's a sure way to lose ball games.

If a batter's not hitting well, don't expect miracles. Use your head. Signal him to sacrifice. What do you care if there's no one else on base? Are you going to let your *opponents* tell you when to use a sacrifice and when you can't?

Once a batter reaches first, half the battle's won. He can *steal* home from there, if he's any kind of a man. And if he's not a man, what's he doing on your team to begin with?

Now what about your base running? And what about your pitching? Do you have any 20-game winners? I thought not. Well, what kind of managing is that? My advice to you is to get yourself at least five 20-game winners, and if that isn't possible, then I'd settle for two and a half 40-game winners. That'll give you a total of at least a hundred games in the "won" column, and if that isn't enough to nail down the pennant, then you're in the wrong business.

Knowing when to start your pitchers is also important. Don't just hand the assignment to the very first pitcher who comes into your head. Give it some thought.

Say you're going to play the Dodgers and you want to win real badly. You'd probably put in Jim Hearn, because he's one of your top pitchers. That's typical of how little you know about baseball strategy. By starting your best pitcher, you immediately tip your hand to Charley Dressen that you're out for blood. As a result, he puts in his best pitcher and all his power batters, too.

If you knew anything about psychology, you'd start your weakest pitcher. It would throw Dressen off guard, and he'd probably use his second team, and the Giants would have a fifty-fifty chance. And if you want to be real crafty, maybe you won't use any pitcher. I'd like to see Brooklyn get any hits with *no* one on the mound.

Another thing, Lippy, don't listen to all those alleged baseball experts who say you have to start a right-hander against a mostly right-handed line-up. That's a lot of nonsense. Who cares what side the pitcher throws from? What's important is what side the batter bats from. If you've got a right-handed batter like Roy Campanella at the plate, don't throw it to him where *he* likes it. Throw it behind him. Unless he's a contortionist, you'll have him completely baffled.

But don't be so tricky that you confuse your own team. What I'm referring to is that ridiculous system of hand signals your catchers use. No modern, on-its-toes team should rely on hand signals. For example, Wes Westrum scratches his ear, and from that, Sal Maglie is supposed to know he should throw a fast ball. Well, supposing Westrum's ear

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two first basemen"

Groucho, who advises Durocher to be kind to umpires, had to be restrained by Lippy during a spring-training rhubarb

really itches, and he doesn't want a fast ball at all. He reaches up to scratch his ear, Maglie lets go a fast one, and Jackie Robinson belts it out of the park.

Hand signals can be pretty confusing to a pitcher. What you need is a teleprompter, like they use on television shows. A teleprompter is a pretty handy device. If an actor can't remember his lines, the teleprompter flashes them to him from a board out of view of the audience. There's no reason why the same trick can't be used in baseball.

And then, once I got my batting and pitching straightened out, I'd concentrate on improving Westrum as a catcher. He's got good possibilities, but he's too enthusiastic. Every time there's any action in the infield, Westrum gallops over to first base and backs up the first baseman. You ought to speak to him about that, before he wears himself out.

If you can't depend on your first baseman, then get rid of him. And if he won't leave, then buy another ballplayer to stand in back of him. But don't make Westrum do all the work. No wonder he doesn't have any zip when he has to pick off a man stealing second.

That's something else I'd watch. Too many men are stealing second. If I were you, I'd figure out a way to stop this.

When I was catching, I used to conceal a small bear trap in the dust around second base. Of course, I didn't always catch a ballplayer that way, but I wound up with a lot of bears. And once I caught an umpire.

* * *

While I'm on the subject of umpires, I think it's about time you changed your ways. Kindness, Leo, kindness. I once had a mother-in-law who used to say, "You can catch more flies with molasses than you can with vinegar." Well, I got rid of her pretty quickly. We had enough flies around the house without trying to get more.

Last of all, Lippy, a few words about morale. Remember, a happy team is a winning team, and you're never going to have either as long as your boys keep seeing those losing scores up there on the scoreboard, day after day. That's terrible for team spirit. No wonder they're always getting into batting slumps. A batter stands up at the plate, takes a look at the scoreboard, and is so disconcerted by all those goose eggs that he immediately strikes out.

So do something about it. If necessary, bribe the scorekeeper to put a few imaginary tallies up there on the scoreboard to encourage your players. And, by all means, don't let them read the papers in the morning. Can you imagine how they must feel when they turn to the sports page and learn that they've lost another game?

But the worst thing for their morale is having you on their side. I don't think they can ever overcome that.

So why not step aside gracefully, Lippy? Let me manage the team, and you can be the master of ceremonies on You Bet Your Life. I've heard rumors that you were thinking about going into television anyway, and I think you'd make a very good quizmaster.

Of course, I'd insist that Laraine stay with the team. If she won't, the whole deal is off. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

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Captain Smitty Tooted Twice...

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Towboat Alamo, out of New Orleans, pushes barges along the

. . . as he maneuvered our 1,000-foot

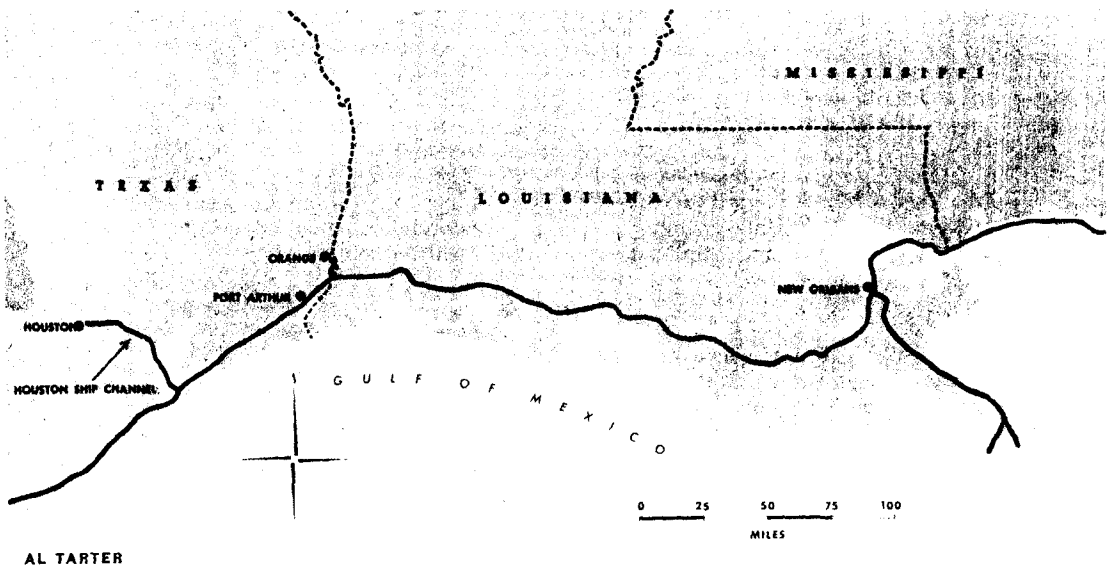
RUNNING this canal'll turn your hair gray," Captain Smitty said. I was standing on the towboat Alamo watching him pilot the vessel and the barges lashed in line ahead of us along the murky channel of the American Grand Canal —a great man-made waterway stretching 400 miles from New Orleans to Houston, Texas, and beyond to Mexico.

A tug pulling an oil rig came in sight around a bend and tooted once for the left side of the channel. Captain Smitty, reputed by his peers to be the best pilot on the canal, replied with a single blast on our whistle and shifted the steering levers to let the tug pass.

An instant later his ruddy face paled. "Gosh a-mighty! Look at that hillbilly!" he grunted.

Without warning, the tug had suddenly shot over to our side of the canal and was charging directly at our bow. Captain Smitty threw the engines into reverse. Our barges, stretching 1,000 feet in front of us, squealed and howled in protest against the strain, but halted just as the tug swept past, so close it almost chipped the paint from the lead barge.

Captain Smitty stared speechless at the disappearing pilot. He turned away. "These hillbillies'll blow the wrong whistle every time. Why I keep running this ditch I can't figure. Always too much static." (I soon discovered "static" was probably Captain Smitty's favorite word. He used it again and again to refer to trouble—any kind of trouble.)



AL TARTER

Map shows American Grand Canal, stretching from New Orleans to Mexico. Top: Captain Smitty (Arthur Smith) gives two blasts on whistle to show he'll go on the right of the channel

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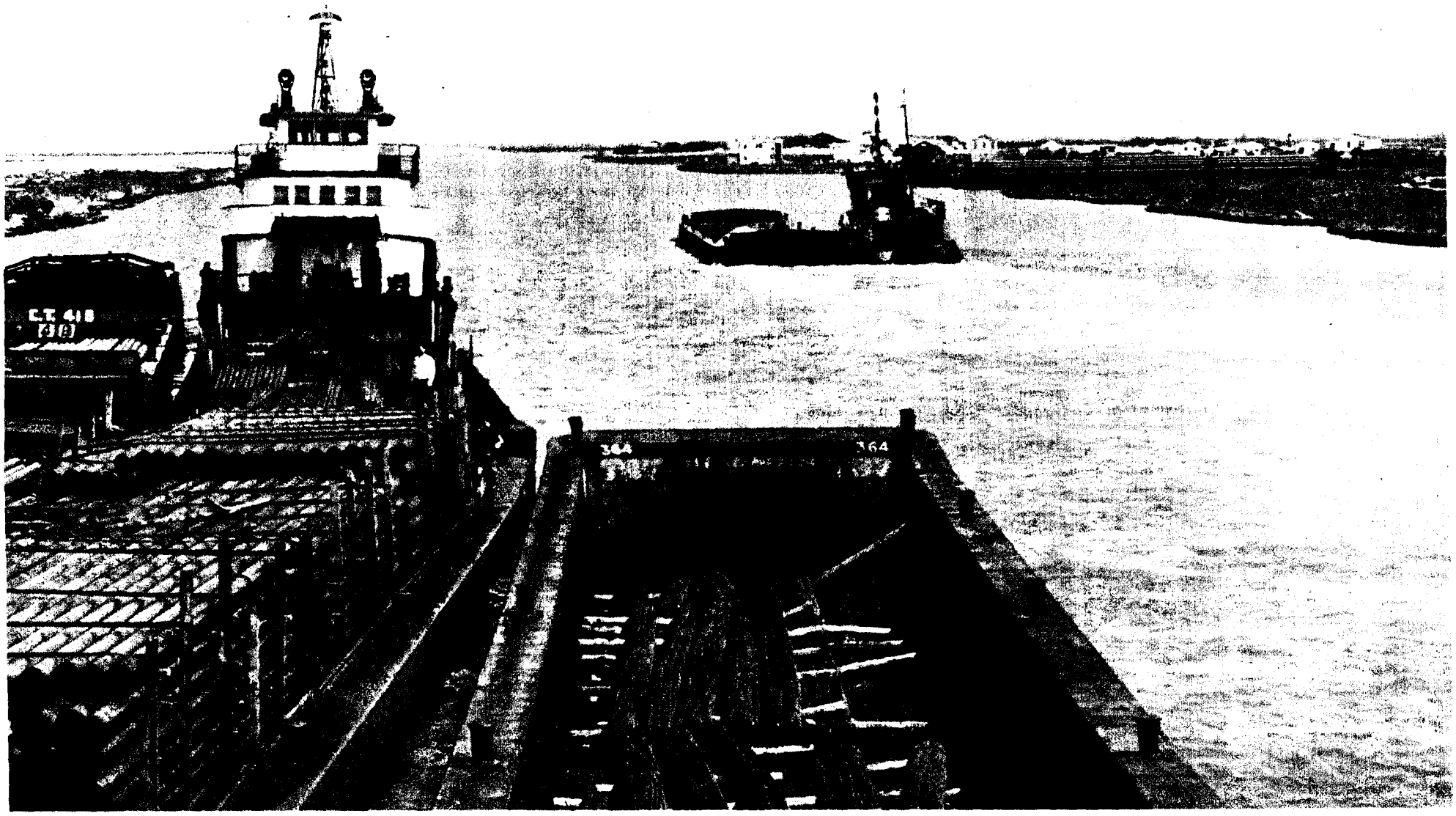

16-year-old canal, known officially as the West Branch of the Gulf Intracoastal Canal. Its annual traffic now surpasses that of the Panama Canal

tow along the busy, all-but-secret "American Grand Canal." Danger lurked at every bend

Harry the Hack, the genial, weather-beaten deck hand sitting at the back of the pilothouse, agreed with Captain Smitty. "Anybody who stays on this ditch ought to give his brain to a hospital," he said. "If you don't hit somebody, you'll get sunk by a norther out in Galveston Bay. And if you don't get sunk, you'll be killed by trappers shooting at the wheelhouse to make you slow down."

"This ditch," as Captain Smitty and Harry the Hack referred to it, cuts its way 12 feet deep and 125 feet wide across endless marshes just inland from the Gulf of Mexico and safe from its storms. The Alamo is one of hundreds of boats and barges that night and day steam along it, often so close together that they seem like motorcars jamming a parkway on a Sunday.

Although it is only sixteen years old, the canal already handles more cargo tonnage than the Panama Canal. Yet to all but rivermen it is almost completely unknown.

The astonishing waterway is officially designated the West Branch of the Gulf Intracoastal Canal, part of the Gulf Intracoastal system extending 1,000 miles westward from Florida. But it has become of such immense importance to the well-being of the nation that it has earned the title of American Grand Canal.

During World War II, its muddy passages saved countless men and ships transporting the vital oil of Louisiana and Texas safely to the East, beyond the reach of Nazi submarines lurking in the open water of the Gulf of Mexico. Today towboats from the vast Mississippi Basin, from the Great Lakes, from Alabama and western Florida push barges of automobiles and steel and manufactures of all varieties to Texas and the Southwest. They return with tank barges of fuel oil and gasoline and barges of sulphur and sugar and rice.

Standing in the pilothouse of the Alamo as we steamed along the crowded channel, I found it hard to believe that a little more than 16 years ago this water was land with only muskrat villages and otters playing in the reeds. It was difficult to believe that in only 16 years this busy life of canalboats had come into being, a life I had heard was as rich and lusty and colorful as the days when great wooden barges lumbered out from Buffalo and down the old Erie Canal. It was that life I had come to see.

The Alamo, of the Coyle Lines, was one day and nearly 100 miles out of New Orleans, bound for Houston with barges full of pipe and wire and steel sheets. Morgan City appeared on the opposite shore with its scores of tiny shrimp boats, their nets drying in the sun like the wings of great brown gulls. We steamed past and entered the canal once more, now surrounded on both sides by gloomy cypresses in which ugly buzzards were roosting.

Harry the Hack, who had once driven a taxi, turned to another deck hand known as Tiny, a dark irreverent giant. "Spillway's coming up where the trappers have been doing all the shooting," he said. "Better get your rifle."

"It's your watch," retorted Tiny. "I ain't getting combat pay."

As the good-natured argument continued, Captain Smitty explained that trappers living along the canal blamed the wash from canalboats for ripping their nets and fired on the boats in an attempt to slow them down.

"Too much static, all this shooting," Captain Smitty complained. "If they keep on, we'll have to fix up the boats with machine guns. Heard yesterday they had to amputate the arm of a pilot who got shot last week."

The crew grew tense as we approached a couple of cabins on the right bank. But they were empty. The trappers had temporarily moved their small craft and fishing nets elsewhere.

The cypress swamp before us deepened. Pelicans and cranes floated up before us. Into a channel which had once been Bayou Bartholomew we chugged, past Mud Lake and into an endless land cut again.

The water in the canal grew blacker. The engines began to labor. A queer brownish streak showed in our wake. "In for some static," said Captain Smitty. "We're touching bottom."

The brownish streak widened. The beat of the engines was like pounding sledge hammers.

Captain Smitty grew sardonic. "Engineers say

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILFRED D'AQUIN

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Crewmen catch quick meal in modern galley of Towboat Alamo between crises on canal trip

The barge was sinking. Crewmen pumped all night

there's twelve feet of water here. They measure it by shoving down the stick six feet in the mud."

We went on, the water so thick and black we seemed to be moving over a roadway buried deep in liquid mud. Captain Smitty's face was grim. "It isn't towing barges," he said. "It's pushing a plow."

The country about us began to change. The cypress swamp became a green marsh of reeds and grass stretching off mysteriously to the horizon.

A trapper's cabin appeared out of the green desolation. A pretty, blonde girl of eighteen, bent over a washtub, looked up to watch us pass. Blackie, a chunky deck hand with a Mississippi drawl, waved at her gaily. The girl hesitated, then waved eagerly in return. An instant later a tall, stern-faced man appeared in the doorway of the cabin and called out in anger. The girl bent over her washing again.

Captain Smitty turned to the watching deck hand. "If you feel like waving, go out on the barges where you've got armor plate," he grumbled. "I don't want any static."

Captain Landry, the other pilot, a stocky, quiet Frenchman with friendly eyes, took the watch now. Mile after mile we moved through the marsh, studded occasionally with rows of silvery oil tanks. Snowy waves of sea gulls flew over us, diving for the shrimp our propellers were washing up.

The sky, which had been clear, began to grow murky, and there was a faint feeling of uneasiness in the air.

Captain Landry looked at the barometer. "Falling fast," he commented. "Looks like a norther coming. Hope it don't hit us on Galveston Bay."

The sun set suddenly over the marsh. Before and behind us towboats moved in long procession, blazing with light like the night parade of Mardi gras in New Orleans. I went down to the galley and ate a sandwich, then headed for bed.

In the morning I breakfasted with Papa, our Cajun cook, and mounted to the pilothouse. We had come through Vermilion Locks in the night, built to keep the salt tides of the canal out of the rich land adjoining. The water was fresher, clearer. As far as the eye could see stretched rice fields.

The morning continued unseasonably warm and some clouds shaped a little like pink pigs showed on the horizon. The pigs soon grew darker, then vanished in a black rolling squall. Lightning flashed. Thunder rumbled deafeningly. The few trees and the bushes along the bank began to sway crazily. A fierce rain pelted the drowned rice fields.

A tug appeared out of the downpour and hurtled toward us, pulling two empty gasoline barges. The great hulks rose high above the water, like enormous red sails set out to catch the wind. They danced toward us madly, out of control, swinging sideways across the narrow channel.

Captain Smitty jerked the backing lever and whistled with relief as the barges bounced safely past. "An empty gas barge is the same as dynamite," he said. "If one of 'em hits you, they put you together in Alaska."

The wind and the rain died. The sky seemed to grow clearer, but a new squall struck soon after. The wind shrieked through the rigging. More tows swept past, careening down the canal at giddy angles like sidewinders over the Texas plains. The short-wave radio began a loud, insistent crackling.

Captain Smitty listened. "It's a May Day call. Same as SOS. Somebody's in trouble."

The set was working badly, but we made out the thickly accented voice of some shrimp captain, caught out in the storm, asking for help, and a feminine voice answering: "This is the Galveston Marine Operator. What is your location? Come in, please. I cannot hear you. Come in please. Over."

The voices faded. We could hear no more.

The squall ended as suddenly as it had begun, but the unhealthy stickiness of the air did not lessen.

Past Little Prairie Island, Gum Tree Ridge and Little Lake Misere we glided. Night fell. Captain Smitty flipped on the searchlights. Queer-shaped moths drifted out from the bank, attracted by the glow, and swarms of mosquitoes. My ankles began to burn with their attacks.

"Getting near Port Arthur," declared Tiny. "That's bug heaven."

"Cover the deck four inches deep in summer," added Harry the Hack. "You have to scrape 'em off with a shovel."

"Bugs are bad at Port Arthur, but the women are okay," put in Blackie. "Best town on the canal. Them barmaids work at that saloon they call Grace's Woodyard make a canal man feel at home right away."

"That Woodyard's a fine place for a fight," Tiny said. "A canaller they called Big Joe came in one night and hollered, 'I'm the best man in the house.' And in about a second, eighteen men jumped him with fists and bottles. He threw a couple out the window and one head first into the jukebox. It started playing Home on the Range. When the law come, Big Joe was the only man standing."

"Worst fight I ever saw was down in one of those Bucket of Blood saloons in Morgan City," Blackie put in again. "Between some of us canal men and some shrimpers. The shrimpers wanted to buy beer for some Creole girls that was there and asked the saloonkeeper to give 'em credit till they went out shrimping. The saloonkeeper said no. Then a bunch of us canal men come in with pay for a whole trip. They say them shrimpers used to work for that pirate Lafitte. Brother, after what they done to us, I sure figure it's so."

Captain Smitty put his hand outside the pilothouse to feel the wind once more. "Make Galveston Bay tomorrow night," he said. "These little blows are just practicing up so the big ones can hit us when we try to cross."

Captain Smitty's Raccoon Was Sociable

The stickiness of the air continued next morning as we journeyed along the Sabine River into Texas and on past Port Arthur. As we moved through the marshland, we saw a trapper carrying a captured raccoon. Captain Smitty grew reflective. "Had a pet coon on my boat once. Would always come up in the pilothouse and blow the whistle. Used to drink beer with the crew, too, when I wasn't around. He was plenty of static."

The day passed quickly. Darkness spread over the marsh. The smell of salt grew strong. We were near the sea.

More odd-shaped clouds were forming overhead when Captain Smitty's watch ended at midnight. He studied the sky and conferred a moment with the pilot. "Looks pretty good," he said. "We'll try crossing Galveston Bay."

I awoke later as the towboat rolled and plunged like a ship on the ocean. I dressed and went up in the pilothouse. Captain Landry was at the steering levers. The lights of Galveston glowed in the distance, more than 20 miles away.

Boats drifted past silently, dilapidated vessels out shrimping and sleek sporting craft streamlined as the fish they were seeking. In the sky an airplane flew with a hollow tone as though the air possessed some unnatural quality. The stars flickered oddly.

Captain Landry was alert as an animal in the marsh, watching every moment for some danger. "Don't know what it'll do. Can change in a few seconds. Was out here on a barge once when I was a deck hand. Was smooth as glass and then it was all churned up like mountains. Swells broke up the tow and the barge blew out to the ocean. Drifted for two days before they found me."

The first faint streaks of daylight appeared on the horizon. Dawn broke in one of those spectacular sunrises common on the Gulf, with the sun a golden disk seeming three times its normal size. Hundreds of ducks flew over us, and pelicans dived awkwardly. A trio of porpoises appeared and played merrily alongside the tow, now and then speeding forward as though to show us the way.

Soon our course shifted. We were in the ship channel, moving to Houston, our goal. Huge factories began to line the banks—steel mills and shipyards and power plants and chemical plants, and always oil docks and oil tanks. Great ocean vessels moved toward the docks and we threaded our way among them like a pygmy among giants.

Iron Pipe and Barbed Wire for Texas

We went off to the Turning Basin, for the man-made channel, dug 50 miles to deep water, was too narrow and crowded for our tow to maneuver. We tied up and I left the boat while the crew moved our barges to their destinations, the iron pipe that would go into Texas oil wells, the barbed wire that would fence in Texas ranches.

I walked along the dock cafés, the Derby Bar, the Last Chance Bar, the Port Café, the Sailors Retreat. The names seemed out of place in Houston, which I had so long associated with the prairie, and which only man's labor had brought to the sea. More bars appeared, with jukeboxes blaring out rumbas or swing, their smoky interiors crowded with sailors. There were sailors from London and Oslo, from Naples and Bordeaux, talking and joking and laughing and quarreling with the men who sailed the muddy canal.

When I returned to the Alamo, the crew was taking on a new tow of scrap iron and sulphur, bound up the Mississippi for the steel mills of Pittsburgh.

Captain Smitty looked on as the last ratchet was tightened after supper. "Still worried about that norther," he told me. "Won't be comfortable till we're on the other side of the bay."

We moved out from the shadowy docks, and started down the channel. We had traveled some distance when Captain Smitty noticed that our rearmost barge, loaded with scrap iron, was listing heavily at the stern. The list grew worse as the night advanced. Smitty sent the deck hands out with the pumps. "Gave me a sick barge and if there's any wind, she's a goner," he said.

I went to sleep not long after. Whenever I wakened I could hear the pumps throbbing in rhythm.

We crossed the bay in full daylight next morning with more porpoises playing alongside. The damaged barge was sinking deeper and deeper, but we reached Port Arthur safely. Captain Smitty gave the sick barge to a waiting tug with deep relief.

Several hours later we were back in Louisiana waters. Suddenly the temperature dropped so abruptly it seemed as though someone had smashed the glass of the thermometer.

"Here she comes," said Harry the Hack.

A violent wind swept out of the north, steadily growing stronger and colder. The vessels about us in the canal began to rock crazily. The screaming of the wind grew hysterical. The radio crackled

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Here's a close-up look at the blunt pushing bow of the towboat Alamo, with a barge moored alongside the vessel

without ceasing as pilots struggled to keep their boats from colliding. The air grew bitter.

All one day and much of the next it blew, while our two steersmen fought to keep the foundering vessel on its course. Out on the barges lines snapped or tore loose. Deck hands wrestled with the freezing cables to keep the tow linked together. They hurried back, snorting with cold, stamping their feet and slapping their faces.

After we passed through Vermilion Locks, a new danger arose. The wind was blowing the water out of the canal into the roaring Gulf beyond. The level of the canal already had fallen almost three feet. Wide mudbanks appeared where before there had seemed to be a deep channel. We threaded our way gingerly between the spongy barriers. Now and then we would go aground for a moment. Captain Smitty would set the propellers to whirling thunderously and the imprisoned barge would pull away.

The wind fell at last; the vanished water swept in again to cover the muddy banks. The air became warmer. The engines ceased their laboring. The crew grew more and more cheerful as we neared New Orleans. The talk now was always of the way they would spend their money, and the reunions with their wives and their girls. The bridge at Cypremort opened for us and the bridge at North Bend.

"Ain't back yet," warned Tiny. "Got to pass those trappers shooting up the Spillway."

We neared the spot soon after. Over the radio from a towboat ahead of us a voice came crackling. "They shot again last night. There's an old man sitting with a gun on his knees. Better slow down plenty."

The crew in the pilothouse began to joke, as brave men joke before a battle, with dry, cynical humor. Tiny carefully closed all the windows.

"You're the shore party, Tiny," Harry the Hack told him.

"I told you I ain't gettin' combat pay," Tiny said.

Visited by an Old Man With a Rifle

We rounded a bend and saw the old man sitting before his cabin, stony as a statue, his rifle ready. The pilothouse grew tense. Captain Landry, at the steering levers, slowed the vessel to a crawl. Nearer and nearer we came to the old man, who sat grim, immovable. Suddenly he arose and, taking the gun, climbed into a gasboat and started toward us. Landry brought the tow almost to a stop. The old man continued to approach until he was only a few feet from our prow, his face a weather-beaten mask. Then abruptly he swung away and vanished up a bayou.

The men in the pilothouse relaxed. Tiny opened the windows.

Past Morgan City we traveled again, and Houma next morning, and Lafitte, where, legend says, the famous pirate used to collect his loot and sell it to choice customers.

At dusk, we saw the red lights on the radio towers that marked the crescent harbor of New Orleans. The crew murmured with pleasure, but their joy was stilled an instant later when dense fog swept over the water. The boat halted, and for an hour we lay waiting. Then the mist lifted and we lumbered along the bank.

The lights of the city came closer. Suddenly out of the blackness steamed a tug towing a dredge, looking like some great dinosaur risen from the marshes. The pilot blew twice for the right side of the channel. Captain Smitty tooted twice in acknowledgment, then swung our tow wildly as the little vessel and its awkward cargo swept head on into our path. It missed us by inches, and Smitty swore fiercely. But he relaxed again as Harry the Hack and another deck hand tied up the barges just short of Harvey Lock so that they could be taken off by tugs and distributed about the harbor beyond the lock.

The light on Harvey Lock flashed green, a signal that the Alamo, now freed of its barges, could enter. Captain Smitty looked off in triumph at the giant tow he had brought safely from the West and sent the Alamo forward. As the gates swung shut, he turned to face the jeweled peaks and towers that marked the sky line of New Orleans. He smiled broadly. "No more static," he said. ▲▲▲

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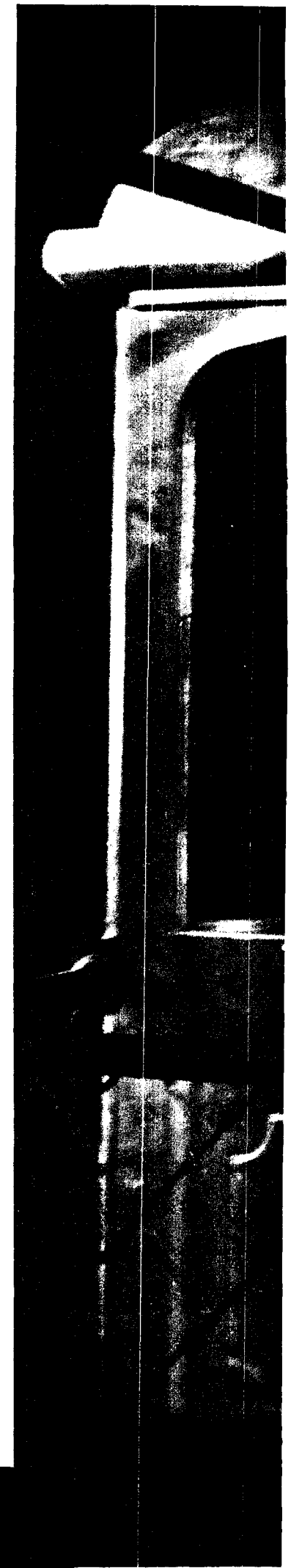
MAN and MENACE

JOHN FLOREA



Jack Palance builds a new role as a movie killer using dramatic skill, abstract charts and pushups

THE movies' newest Menace, Jack Palance, has a sinister face, a catlike walk, a soft chilling voice and a lot of talent. These are compelling assets. But Jack isn't gambling on them. He has created a quality of quiet evil that is raising Hollywood's standards of villainy. He's done it by analyzing his roles, as well as the parts played by the rest of the cast, in hen-track notations throughout the script, then plotting the emotional pitch of all key scenes in weird but colorful graphs. "I take a character apart," says Palance, a quiet-mannered, six-foot-four ex-fighter and onetime journalism student at Stanford. "Then I put him together again."

In five of his six movie roles Palance has played a killer. Each killer—notably his black-gloved gun fighter in Paramount's hit Western, Shane—has had a motivation of his own.

"In Shane," Jack explains, "I was just a guy whose pleasure grew from drawing faster and shooting better than anyone else. But you hate Cappy Gordon, the gunman I play in Second Chance, for a different reason. Cappy is a twisted man pursuing a girl. And it's frustration that makes him a menace."

Palance's final preparations for a scene are physical. "He tramps up and down," says Second Chance script writer Sydney Boehm, "shadowboxes, does pushups, grimaces, even talks to himself. When he hits the proper degree of excitement, he goes on and does a scene in one take."

The other actors pick up Jack's intensity, to good effect. But sometimes the excitement boomerangs. In a barroom scene for Second Chance, Palance, as the gunman, was grilling a bartender, who first knocked over a glass of beer, then fluffed his lines. "This guy Palance," the nervous actor explained, "scares me." And in a scene shot in a telegraph office, leading lady Linda Darnell fends off Palance with a pen. Linda got so worked up, she drove the wooden handle into Jack's hand, drawing blood.

Hollywood villains of Jack's caliber are rare. But like many top actors who began as heavies, Palance's days as a menace may be numbered. Having finished Second Chance for RKO, he gets his first romantic role in Paramount's Flight to Tangier. "And if he puts all that punch into the part of a lover," says Rudy Mate, director of Second Chance, "Heaven help the ladies." ▲▲▲

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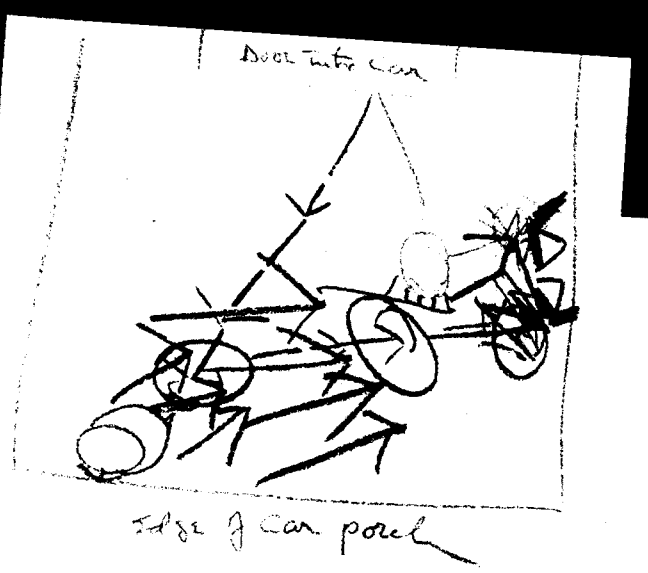

Palance plays triggerman hunting a girl, Linda Darnell, in Latin-American city, in RKO's upcoming 3-D Eastman Color film, Second Chance. He finds her—with prize fighter Robert Mitchum. Photos (left) show Jack building mood for menacing scene. Above, Palance fights Mitchum on platform of a disabled cable car. Sketch (right) is Jack's hen-track analysis of fight, one of graphs in which, with accompanying notes, he works out motives and emotions of characters before doing scene. Black crayon is for own role (arrows show "directed fury"), red for rival, gray for conductor, and black hodgepodge (right) indicates "murderous radiations—I feel like killing"

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He listened to Pop's music and sat in silent admiration

Island Summer

Pete was charmed by the new world he had suddenly found, with its brilliant personalities and dazzling new ideas. And there, one August afternoon, he found out something new about himself

By STEWART PIERCE BROWN

AS IF at a signal, all five boys started to run. They were playing noisily at the water's edge, splashing in the lacy hem of foam, when suddenly they turned and raced down the hard-packed sand. They ran with a wild, coltish awkwardness; their faces, which a moment before had been wide open with bright laughter, were now screwed tight shut with the furious effort to win.

This was the way it always happened, Peter thought, as he ran with the others, the fun always turned into competition, and all the enjoyment went out of it. It was so foolish, he thought, so meaningless. But he kept on running. At fourteen it is difficult not to run when everybody else does.

However, when the others finally dropped, panting, in the sand, he jogged on and, ignoring their breathless calls, went into the dunes alone. He scuffed luxuriously through the hot, white sand, enjoying the shimmering pockets of heat where the wind from the sea was blocked by the graceful dunes. He wandered aimlessly, following the gentle curves and slopes of the sand, trailing a long stick in lazy, abstract patterns in the thick whiteness beside him. He could hear the shrill complaining of the gulls and feel the fiery sun tightening his skin, and everywhere there was a smell of salt in the air. He left the other boys far behind.

He walked back inland to the fields of windbent grass, between the road and the beach. The grass was cool under his feet after the burning sands. When he came to his family's cottage he noticed that the outboard motorboat was tied to the little pier that extended shakily into the quiet water of the bay; and he thought of gassing it up and going out in it beyond the breakwater. Not that he particularly wanted to; it just seemed better than walking around doing nothing.

As he crossed the lawn toward the pier, the screen door on the porch behind him squeaked and then slammed shut; and he heard his father's voice calling, "Peter."

"Sir?" he said, turning wearily.

His father managed to look like a banker even in shorts and a checkered shirt. "I thought you were going to take care of the walk this morning," he said.

"I was down at the beach with the guys."

"What's that got to do with it?" his father asked evenly, and Peter thought: Oh, damn, he's going to be logical and reasonable this morning.

"Nothing," he replied, *(Continued on page 42)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

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W. DAVID SHAW

Miss Trivet insisted that she would no longer keep her safe-deposit box

TREASURE CHEST

By WILLIAM BRANDON

SPRING GARDEN, LONG ISLAND, is a well-to-do suburb, not rich, but well-to-do. Miss Eleanor Trivet was generally regarded as the most well-to-do person in Spring Garden. She lived in a pillared house overlooking the shore, and had a chauffeur named Gilbert. She also had a 1927 Rolls-Royce, which was brought out once every three months when Gilbert drove Miss Trivet in state to the bank in the village, where Miss Trivet clipped coupons from the bonds in her safe-deposit box.

Miss Trivet devoted much of her life and a great deal of money to bringing up her three orphaned nieces, May, June and Arabella. Arabella, the youngest, was married first; and May and June, who were twins, were married in a double wedding less than a year later. Shortly afterward Miss Trivet visited her safe-deposit box and took her bonds out and announced to the clerk in the vault that she would no longer keep the box she had held for more than thirty years. She took the bonds to her old friend Harvey Littlejohn, the manager of the bank's trust department, and told him to make them up into little trust funds for the three girls, somewhat as if Mr. Littlejohn were a children's dressmaker.

Mr. Littlejohn examined the bonds and said sternly, "Eleanor, this is madness. You're leaving yourself penniless."

Miss Trivet said, "Nonsense, I shall have the greatest of plenty. Now that I'm alone, I'll rent my house. The rent will pay the taxes and upkeep and even give me a little extra income. And so I shan't have any need of all this. And it will do them so much more good now, you see. It's really far better than if I went on keeping it simply for rust to corrupt, or however it goes. Why, I might as well come in every quarter and cut out paper dolls, for all it means to me, now that the girls are gone."

"You forget I know something of your affairs, and you haven't got plenty. I know how your capital has decreased in the last ten or fifteen years. Let me warn you, Eleanor, that your old age might not be entirely pleasant if you leave yourself dependent on others."

Miss Trivet said brightly, "Why, I haven't the least intention of being dependent on others. Although I must say they have all been insisting that I come and live with them. With each of them in turn. Can you imagine? Isn't that sweet, but I couldn't bear it to be fussed over and taken care of, and perhaps grow into a burden without realizing it."

"Then I fail to see what you will live on, since you are giving everything away."

"But, Harvey, I will have quite enough to live simply."

"You're used to the very adequate independence represented by these bonds in your safe-deposit box. Your nieces are used to thinking of you as comfortably established. As a matter of fact, I doubt if May and June and Arabella themselves will let you transfer all this to them and leave yourself with only enough for bare necessities. They're not selfish."

"I should say they're not."

"Then they won't take much pleasure in seeing you left hard up for their benefit."

"Oh, fiddlesticks. After all, it is my money, and surely I can do with it as I wish."

"Why, if you go at it haughtily enough I suppose they might accept it—perhaps on the condition that you come and live with them in return. They'd be inclined to demand that for your own good. At least, it is what I would expect of them."

Miss Trivet said in exasperation, "But that wouldn't do at all. I certainly intend to be completely independent."

"Your independence, Eleanor, so far as your nieces are concerned, is your lockbox in the vault."

Miss Trivet bit her lip and reflected. She said, "Then I shall simply have to keep my safe-deposit box, that's all."

"Now you're being sensible," Mr. Littlejohn said. "And put these bonds back in it and leave them there."

"Goodness, no, not that. I shall simply transfer some other things to the box, where they will be available. That should meet every objection, shouldn't it?"

Mr. Littlejohn said in astonishment, "Well, if you have other holdings, that's different. I didn't know you did."

"Oh, various little things," Miss Trivet said, with the airy vagueness typical of wealthy women. . . .

A few days later Miss Trivet appeared at the safe-deposit vault, followed by Gilbert carrying some large Manila envelopes. While the safe-deposit box was being unlocked and brought to her, Gilbert began to open the envelopes for her, but Miss Trivet snatched them from him with a little scream and took them into the privacy of a booth.

AT THE beginning of summer the big house on the shore was rented, Gilbert retired from chauffeuring and opened a fish market in Queens, and Miss Trivet took a small cottage in Spring Garden, paid for out of the proceeds of the lease of the big house.

She settled down there and lived quietly and happily, with occasional brief visits to May and her husband in Connecticut, or Arabella and her husband in Westchester, or June and her husband at East Hampton. She enjoyed these visits immensely and enjoyed her cottage equally well, and altogether was much happier with this new life than she had dared hope.

Sometimes May or June or Arabella or their husbands, when they were in Spring Garden, drove Miss Trivet to the bank for her quarterly visit and waited at the grilled gate of the vault while she went into a booth with her strong box and her little silver-handled scissors. It was impossible not to see at such times the satisfaction the children took in their well-to-do Aunt Eleanor; and this pleased Miss Trivet too.

In due time assorted grandnieces and grandnephews arrived, to Miss Trivet's further delight. Now and then in the summer Miss Trivet kept some of the small children with her in Spring Garden for a few weeks, while their parents took vacations, and on memorable week ends she had all her nieces and their families together for picnics on the beach. Once or twice it happened that they all visited the bank with Miss Trivet and waited while she locked herself in one of the booths of the vault with her safe-deposit box. The impressive solemnity of this rite, Miss Trivet noticed, affected even the littlest children.

It was after a number of these contented years that Miss Trivet dropped her safe-deposit box and spilled its contents as she was leaving a booth. Fortunately everything fell inside the booth, out of sight of Arabella's husband Henry, who was waiting for her at the barred entrance to the vault. Mr. Littlejohn, who happened to be in the vault, came to help. When he saw her papers scattered on the floor he said in a shocked whisper, "Good heavens, what are these things?"

"Paper dolls," Miss Trivet whispered back, picking them up and sorting them and replacing them in the strong box.

"Good heavens," Mr. Littlejohn said. He crawled under the desk in the booth to retrieve a pinafore and a Cinderella.

"They serve the purpose beautifully, and they are very amusing," Miss Trivet said fondly. "I always used to love to cut them out, as a child. Children never do, any more. Television and everything, I suppose."

When the paper dolls were all picked up, Miss Trivet had the box returned to its double-locked niche. The grilled gate of the vault rolled open for her, and she went out to join Arabella's husband Henry, and Henry took her arm to help her up the stairs with that slight excess of respect these visits to the vault produced.

Miss Trivet looked back over her shoulder at Mr. Littlejohn and winked. ▲▲▲

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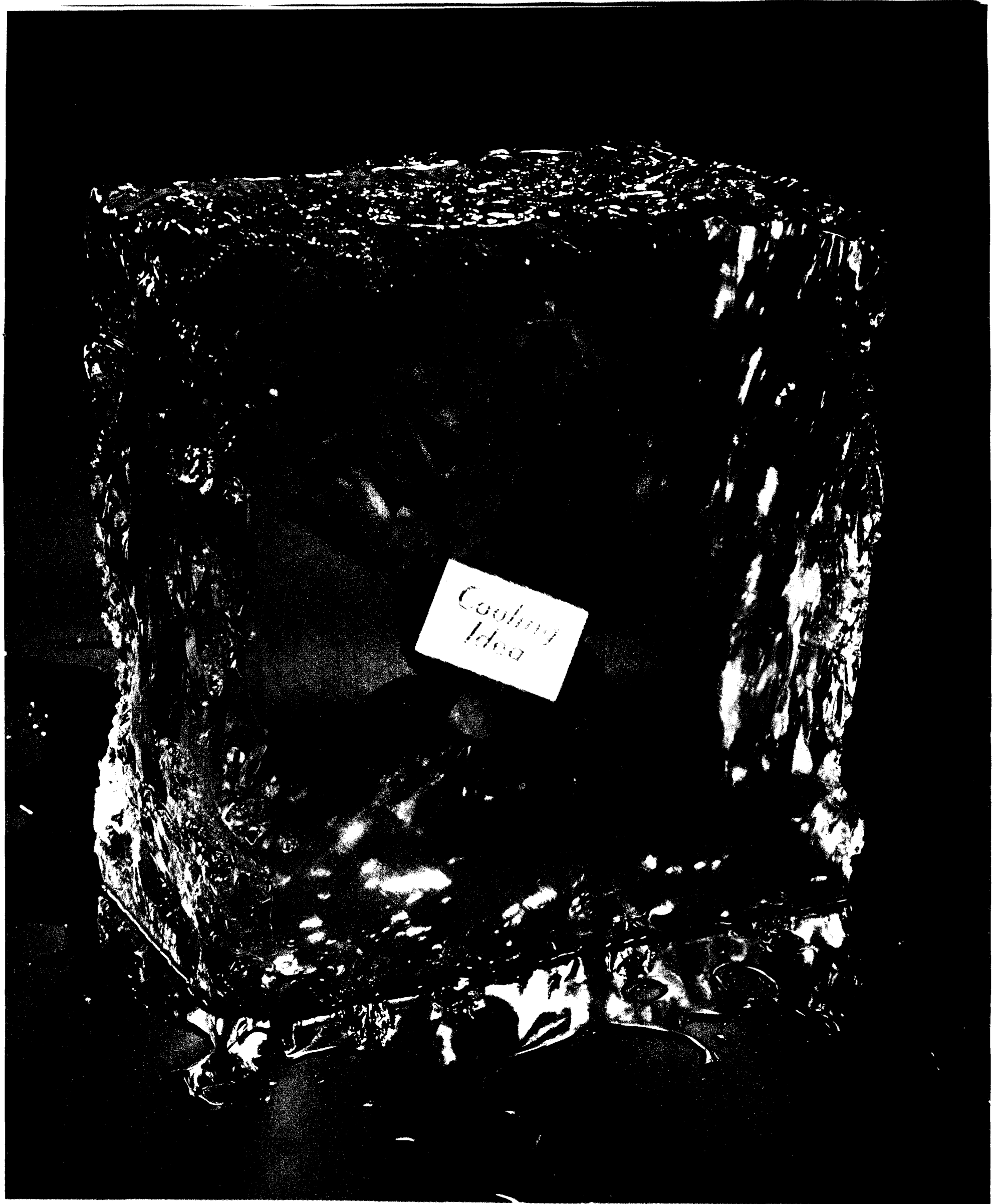

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"He never tells me a thing," complains the woman—and there goes another marriage on the rocks. The trouble is that most men don't know what to say or how to say it. A distinguished counselor offers a solution

HOW TO TALK TO HER

By MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

Pastor, Union Congregational Church, Groton, Mass., and the Christian Union Church, West Groton

ONE of the most common causes of conflict in marriage is noncommunication. In 1,107 out of the last 1,400 problems I have handled as a marriage counselor, there were clear indications that somewhere along the line husband and wife had stopped talking to each other. "He never tells me a thing" . . . "Why didn't she say that's what was getting her down?" . . . "What am I supposed to be—a mind reader?"

More than 500 of these couples, furthermore, admitted they *never* had learned to talk over together such mutual concerns as finance, their in-laws, sex adjustments or the division of responsibility for home and children. When those problems created tensions, the couples did plenty of talking; they were fully trained in the language of blame. However, they ignored the kind of discussion which could have kept such misunderstandings from ever arising.

Do you and your wife talk things over together? How often does your wife say, "Why didn't you tell me?" When she says it, how do you answer? Do you shut up grimly? Or are you able to open your heart to her freely and fully?

I have found that four out of five men who shut themselves off from their wives do it not because they want to, or because they're thoughtless, but because they feel they must. And, in spite of the well-worn marriage jokes, usually when a man says, "But I can't talk to my wife," the last reason he gives is that she won't let him get a word in edgewise.

Far more often he says:

(1) "There are some things you don't talk about. If you love your wife, you protect her all you can."

(2) "The less said the better; she'd only blow her top. I've got enough problems without worrying about her reactions to them."

(3) "What good does talking do? Nothing I say ever registers on her. We just don't speak the same language."

(4) "I'd never hear the end of it. I'd like to discuss matters with her, but if a plan backfires she keeps throwing it up to me forever."

(5) "I don't dare. Once she gets a chance to express an opinion, mine doesn't count any more."

There are other causes for clogged channels of communication between a man and his wife. They range all the way from a husband's picturing himself as the strong, silent type to a wife's inability to recognize herself as a band wagon blaring out to the world everything told her in confidence. But the five sources of trouble I have listed are the most common. I think that, by solving them, most couples could work out the technique for talking

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

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The man who tries to "protect" the little woman from the facts of life may just

together without the kind of chronic upbraiding which made one family-weary teen-ager say to me the other day, "I'm not waiting to be drafted; I'm enlisting. Anything the Army offers will be peace on earth compared to the combat zone of our home."

Let's take the five points one at a time.

* * *

"There are some things you don't talk about."

Perhaps you read about the wife who sought—and got—a divorce on the ground that although she had borne her husband four children he had spoken to her only four times in six years of marriage. Luckily, few men are that uncommunicative. Yet countless couples are missing much of the fun and fulfillment of marriage just because so many men are reluctant to discuss certain subjects with their wives.

That's right—it's usually the *man* who is reluctant to mention such subjects as sex or "sordid money matters." Often the explanation goes back to his early training and environment. I consider it hopeful that nowadays intelligent parents discuss openly within the family group everything from budgets to babies; many of our children will make a smoother adjustment in their marriages because of this frankness. But even those of us who teach our children a more wholesome approach are often tongue-tied with each other. We have shaken off mid-Victorian actions, but the attitudes remain.

Of every four women who tell me their husbands consider them unresponsive, three say their husbands have never discussed marital expectations or frustrations with them. These women have not been protected by that masculine reticence. They have been cheated.

In my study the other day, I saw just such a pattern start to develop. Ed and Jean had come to me for counsel before their marriage.

We had scarcely begun the session when Ed said, "I don't like to interrupt, but wouldn't it be a little better if you talked to us individually?"

"Why?"

"Well, that marriage test questionnaire you had us fill out was pretty frank," he said. "I think it might be less embarrassing if you told us separately where our answers were wrong."

That statement revealed much more than Ed had intended. He was making himself believe that his reluctance to talk was a display of consideration for Jean; actually, I'm sure, he was afraid that his fiancée might find out he didn't know all the answers.

At his insistence, I took Jean into our living room and left her with our two children. When I came back to the study, Ed said, "Don't get me wrong. I believe I'm broad-minded, but you must admit there are some things a man doesn't talk about in the presence of a decent woman."

"There *are?*" I said. Then I waited.

Finally his face turned red. "Oh, say now, I didn't mean *you* weren't—" He stalled, then started again. "But it's different talking with a professional woman—or is it?" Then he really began to think.

We had discussed only two of the questions when he said, "Wait till I get Jean. Maybe we'd better learn to discuss this stuff with each other. After all, it's we who are going to be living it together."

So Ed discovered that the husband who really loves his wife recognizes that her best protection is not ignorance, but knowledge.

* * *

"The less said the better; she'd only blow her top."

Ted, who told me that, had known on Thursday that he would have to work on Saturday, a day for which his wife was planning a family outing. When Ted got home Thursday night he said nothing to his wife, Marie, about the change in plans. Friday, when the children talked excitedly about the next day's fun, he squirmed, but still said nothing. It wasn't until Saturday morning that he finally said, "Honey, I don't know how to tell you this, but I've got to go into the office today."

"Why, Ted!" Marie said, shocked. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Look, I don't *want* to work today. It wasn't my idea. I'm as disappointed as you and the kids."

"But why didn't you tell me?" Marie's voice began to rise.

"This is exactly why!" Ted shouted. "I knew you'd blow up! The longer I could keep it from you, the less nagging I'd have to take!"

If there is one subject men the world over agree on, it's this: they hate scenes. They avoid them like the plague. And like those people in pre-Victorian times who thought that the only way to deal with the plague was to run away from it, they don't see that their fear merely spreads the area of infection.

Usually, the cause of bad marital scenes is a basic misunderstanding about what constitutes a *good* marital scene. Our ideas too frequently come from lived-happy-ever-after fiction stories—which sometimes make good reading, but inexact reporting. As a result, many people have the delusion that a happy home is one where there is nothing but sweetness and light, where peace and quiet reign supreme. It just isn't so. Men whose only demand is for unbroken peace and quiet are merely asking their wives for the impossible.

That was Ted's error. He'd had *his* explosion, when he first got the boss's memo telling him to work Saturday. Later, he forgot that first annoyance—and failed to realize he was denying Marie the same kind of release. Instead, he felt slighted because her first reaction had not been concern for him because he had to work.

Ted failed to share with Marie his first feeling of anger; Marie was unable to share it later. The technique for handling such a situation properly was clearly outlined in the Garden of Eden after Eve had taken that first bite into reality. When Adam learned that married life for him was not to be an endless Paradise, his first reaction was to blame Eve. But—unlike many modern men—he didn't shut off all chance for his wife to answer. The Lord didn't let him; He gave Eve a chance to state her side. Then He made both of them face up to their mutual responsibility. As soon as the matter was out in the open, Adam could clearly see that Eve was no more at fault than he. Together they faced their situation bravely. They did not spend the rest of their lives trying to get back the sweetness and light of Eden.

As Adam and Eve found, in some situations the more said the better. A wife must have her chance to blow her top. The husband who gives her that chance may be surprised to see how much easier problems become when they are shared.

* * *

"What good does talking do? Nothing I say ever seems to register."

That may be a simple problem of timing. June, for example, is trying to feed the baby so she can put him down for his nap before Sunday dinner. The roast is almost done, but she still has to make the gravy. She also wants to change her dress before her in-laws come, and she has asked Ken to keep an eye on six-year-old Ken, Jr., who is all slicked up for company.

The kitchen door opens, and she turns from lifting the roast out of the oven to see Ken, Jr., covered with mud from head to foot. The baby takes one look at him and starts to howl. Just then Ken, Sr., ambles into the kitchen, unshaven and still in his puttering clothes. "June, dear," he says, poking a garden book under her nose, "let's plan next year's planting early. We ought to do more of these things together instead of—" And then the doorbell rings.

"Just look at you, Ken!" June says, distractedly. "And look at Junior—after you promised to take care of him! Put that fool book down. Answer the door. Take the baby. Do something! Don't stand there like a moron. . . . At least you can get out of my way!"

Or, consider what June does to Ken. It's Friday night and Ken comes home exhausted. He's talked himself hoarse on long-distance deals all day. Twenty-one different salesmen have been in and out of the office for briefing on new schedules. He's given them all pep talks, individually tailored to each man's measure. He's also interviewed two new clerks and tried to convince the switchboard operator not to quit.

On the train home, a garrulous neighbor talks at him incessantly. At the front gate, Ken, Jr., meets him with a broken wagon. "Fix it right away, Daddy," he demands. Ken steps into the house to answer the telephone. As he starts into the living room, June stops him. "Ken, we've got to decide now about the new stove. And I've been thinking we might as well have the whole kitchen remodeled. Supper is late again, so see what you—"

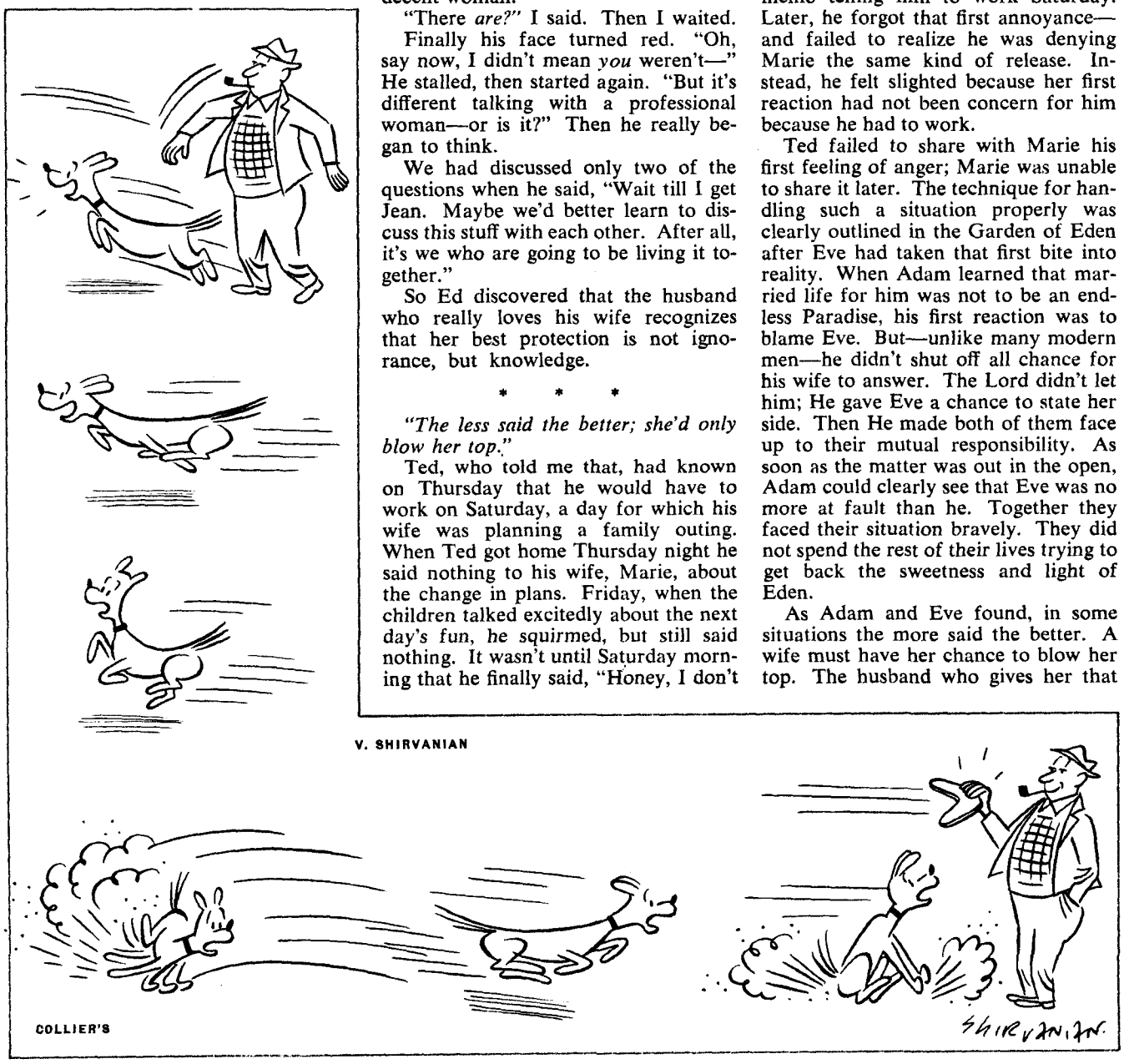
"No, for Pete's sake!" Ken groans in exasperation. "Will you *please* go away and let me be?"

When a man and wife claim talking doesn't do any good, the counselor looks first for bad timing. Both men and women talk best when:

• *They are fresh.* If you are a husband, don't tell your wife you'd like to bring the boss home for dinner when she has been up all night with a fretful baby. If you are a wife, when he's working overtime don't wait up to tell him that Junior tore his new suit. If you must tell him before morning, at least first feed the beast! Men and women both talk best when:

• *They are fed.* Psychologists have proved that shortness of temper increases in direct proportion to the length of time since the last meal. Smart fund raisers see to it that prospects have had a handsome banquet and plenty of after-dinner jokes before they say a word about finances. For most people not only talk, but respond to talk best when:

• *They are relaxed.* Your wife may



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e afraid of showing his own ignorance

have slept the clock around on Sunday, but Monday morning when she's packing the children's school lunch is not the time to tell her you are trading in the car and therefore she'd better go easy on the food budget. A wife can feed her husband to the gills, but if he has to spend the evening working on his income tax she'd better not mention that she promised he'd take the scouts on an overnight hike next week.

The best time to discuss your mutual affairs? Well, I know one couple who work out all their problems at breakfast. For others that would be unthinkable. Some people save their discussions for Sunday afternoons. Others talk best when out driving. The time doesn't matter; it's the timing that counts.

* * *

"I'd never hear the end of it. If a plan backfires, she keeps throwing it up to me forever."

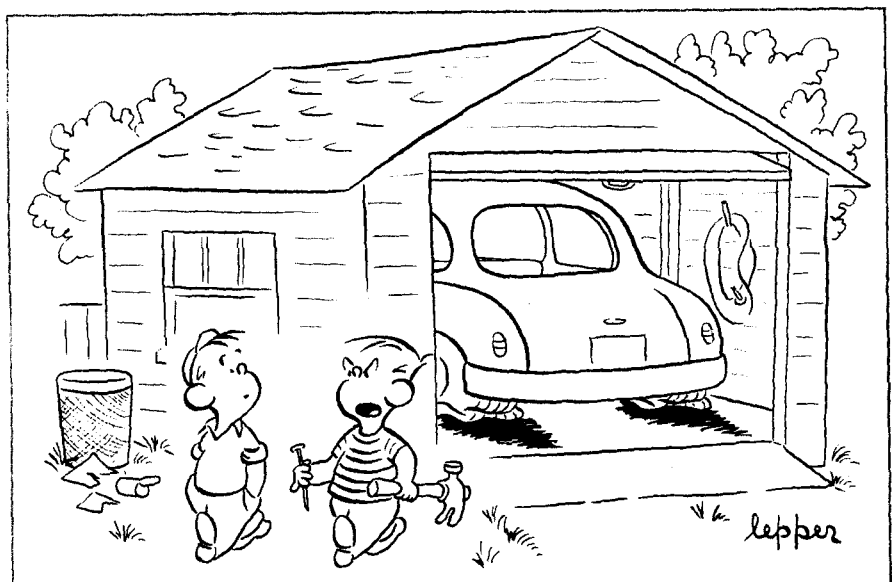
When Andy gives that as the reason he'll never again discuss family problems with Cathy, he's rebelling against he doesn't show outwardly his anxiety and fear.

There was reason for the pacings and histrionics in the days of appalling maternity and infant mortality. But in our day of competent obstetrical care, pacing papas-to-be cheat themselves and their wives of something they both need desperately in such hours: the strength which only communication with each other can give.

I know what that strength means, for my husband gave it to me. During our marriage we have had two children, and lost one prematurely. Never did I have to worry about my husband being in a dither. He was right there for me to hold on to when I needed him most. And there was no theatrical "Darling, I don't want you to see me like this" nobility on my part either. I had no fear of disillusioning him.

* * *

"I don't dare talk. Once she gets a chance to express her opinion, mine doesn't count any more."



"There's something funny somewhere. I know I heard him say *one* of them was self sealing"

COLLIER'S — EDWIN LEPPER

one of the loneliest misunderstandings marriage can bring. He's a victim of disillusionment. Once, when a dream died prematurely, Cathy found Andy at fault. She was surprised and shocked to discover a shortcoming in her husband. Now, when something goes wrong, she starts blaming him instead of helping him find a solution.

All happily married couples understand that disillusionment is necessary and healthy. Remember, to disillusion means "to free from deception." One marriage manual puts it this way:

"The first step toward permanent and satisfying marriage is disillusionment, the willingness to accept one's self and one's partner on the level of everyday living, to take the worse along with the better."

Take one common experience. The fiction is that if an expectant father loves his wife he's got to pace the hospital floor, chain-smoke packs of cigarettes, and act as if a scene out of an 1890 melodrama is due to be staged. Actually, when a man goes through those phony motions at such a time, he cannot possibly be giving his wife the aid and comfort she needs. Yet many a wife never forgives her husband if

There's just one way to deal with a back-seat driver. Tell her off.

Many a man regains not only his own self-respect, but his wife's when he says —quietly, but firmly—"Shut up!" Then, while her mouth is still hanging open in amazement, he states his side of the situation: "Now I'm telling *you*, and for the next three minutes don't interrupt."

She may be furious. If so, let her be. The important point is that instead of running away, or shutting up like a clam, you've broken the verbal deadlock. You're taking the first positive step whenever you say: *I'm telling you.*

The second step is equally simple. All you need say is, "I've been telling you; now you tell me!"

The third step follows just as naturally. Though it is strangely ungrammatical for New England, old-timers there have a lovely expression which is the key to intercommunication. When the New Englander speaks up for cooperation, he says distinctly: "Let's we!"

How do you talk to your wife? For the best results try this technique:

1. I'm telling you.
2. You tell me.
3. *Let's we* tell each other from this moment on . . .

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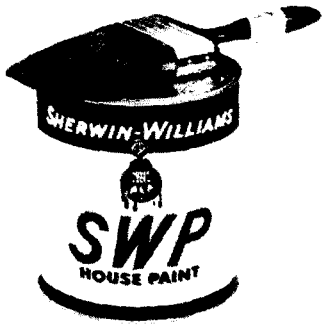

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VIRTUE
is its own reward

I met this elegant Mrs. Reynolds, who wrote a dog of a play, and everything was grand, until that handsome leading man, my dad, turned up

By WALT GROVE

GUS MONCIWEICZ and I are a well-known team. We write scenarios together. I'm the one who puts the actual words down on paper and so forth, but it's no great trick. I don't feel that I'm better than Gus is, or anything. He's a very sweet little guy, and the rumor about him that while he was working at Metro, he endorsed his checks with an "X" is definitely not true. He just never got very far in school, that's all.

Gus must weigh all of ninety-eight pounds. And he's somewhere near fifty-five years old and very skinny, very small, pretty bald and very, very sour. He suffers from several nervous disorders of his body, too. And now everyone's beginning to say *I* look like him, because we've collaborated with each other so much. It's a lie. *All right, I'm bald on top,* and I'm no great big guy; but I'm only thirty-eight years old—honest.

I grew up in Hollywood. But no one outside the industry is aware that I'm Franklin Still's son. That's right, Franklin Still, the big handsome guy who's the male lead in all those Mr. and Mrs. series films about that charming English couple. In those series films Dad is supposed to be forty-two, and he looks it. Dad is wonderfully preserved for a man of sixty, which is his actual, bona fide age. He *should* be wonderfully preserved; he's dedicated his life to his body—facials, massages, cold showers, brisk towelings, everything. And I have to admit he's done a wonderful job on himself. That doesn't mean I don't like my dad; I do. He's not too bright, but he's always been very cordial to me. The only thing is that I don't like to be around him too much any more since I lost my hair on top, because the fact is that I'm beginning to look older than he does when you get me in the wrong kind of light. I like him, but it's embarrassing for me, so I try to keep away from him as much as I can sometimes.

But last August I drove out especially to the valley to see my dad, to tell him good-by. Gus and I had finished a one-picture deal for Paramount, and we were going East for six months to maybe work on a play someone wrote, if we could find one. Dad said he expected to leave shortly himself for the salmon fishing off Nova Scotia, and he promised to look me up and say hello when he came through New York. I honestly never expected to see him. He's always planning some big safari and dashing out to buy a couple cartons of 6.5 Mannlichers or something, but he never actually goes. . . .

First thing in New York, Gus and I went to see Vincent Freed-

There he was, ruddy and bronzed, his mouth full of those gleaming, phony teeth. "Surprise!" Dad said. "I came up to take a look at the book, to see if it's right for me"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

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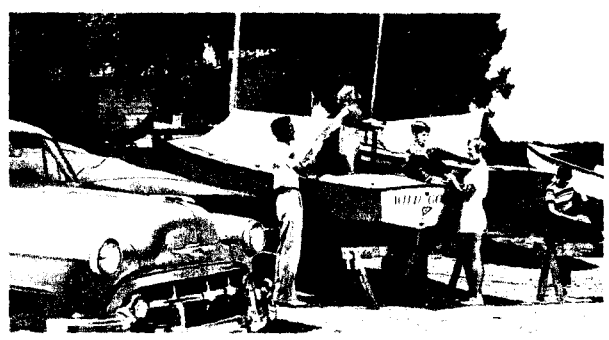

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man. Twice before we'd worked on his productions. Vincent said as a matter of fact he had taken an option on a thing and had been considering seriously giving us a ring out in Hollywood. So right away Gus started talking money.

"No, I want you boys to *see* it first," Vincent said to us.

"*You mean it's playing?*"

"In summer stock. Up in Connecticut. Really, I think you two ought to take a run up. I think you might do something with it. I've read it myself, and it's kind of a New England O'Neill thing, you know. I think it'll go if I can get a name for the lead. It's got an awful lot of snow and brooding in it. And how long's it been since Ethan Frome? Nineteen thirty-six?"

Well, the upshot was, Gus and I took a run up. We hired a car and a chauffeur to drive it, and when we got to the place it was entirely surrounded by green fields.

It was one of those lousy summer theaters in somebody's old barn. I'd always thought it was a gag, you know, about summer theaters being in old barns. But this one was actually *in* one. And smell?

Well, the theater, as they called that old barn, was two miles from the village, on the main road, on a hundred-acre-or-so farm belonging to a Mrs. Mona Reynolds. You could see her big palatial house from the barn. But the catch was that the Reynolds number had written the play Vincent had sent us to see. And the theater that was doing it was in her own barn. The whole lousy deal was as plain as the nose on your face.

Anyhow, I had a kind of a feeling. Vincent had told us to explain ourselves to the Reynolds number, so after some talking back and forth, I got Gus to walk up that main road to the house. We rang the bell, and a dame came to the door. She had on pants and a man's shirt, and she had kind of a general dairymaid air about her appearance. "Yes?" she said.

"Vincent sent us," Gus said. "This is Daniel Framm, and I'm Gus Monciweicz. Let us in."

SHE was Mrs. Mona Reynolds herself. She took us into the library of her house and gave us a couple of cigarettes. That was some old house. Some solid citizen had built that baby back about 1880, I guess, when they went in for everything square. And it had hand-inlaid parquet floors out of two kinds of wood, light and dark. All the furniture was old antiques, and there were all these family oil portraits all over the joint, all hanging crooked. I liked that. I mean, they were probably priceless ancestral relics, but Mrs. Reynolds didn't get up a sweat about them, she just let them hang crooked.

In the library I tried to explain to her how a couple of hacks like Gus and myself doctor up plays. She didn't get any of it, and that tickled me, because usually I'm around some wise-mouth who understands too much. And so Mrs. Reynolds turned out to be a pretty refreshing experience for me.

"Well, I don't see what there is for *you* to do," she said. "I've already *written* the play."

That made Gus sour. "Look, lady," he said, "how many plays have you wrote to date?"

"This is the first."

"How much money you got from it so far?"

"Five hundred dollars," she said. "For the option."

Gus snapped his fingers. "Then you're still nothing in my estimation but a gross amateur," he said.

Mrs. Reynolds looked kind of cut up by that remark, so I asked her what she wanted to write a play for in the beginning. And you know what she said? That she needed the money and thought it was a good way to get it. Well, I thought Gus would turn green, because really that was the mark of the rankest kind of amateur. I mean, there's always some poor, miserable old guy out in Iowa, or someplace, that knows exactly zero who's trying to write to make a buck. It wouldn't be so bad if they did it for kicks. But for money!

Well, Mrs. Reynolds went ahead then and told us the story of her play. Oh, what a dog! It wouldn't film. Nobody would've believed it, it was so commonplace and run-of-the-mill.

THIS Mrs. Reynolds was thirty-two, and when she had been just twenty she had married the late Mr. Reynolds, a man some fifteen years older than herself. So what did he do but die on her, leaving the farm and the house and small insurance. The income from the farm was hardly nothing, and she had two boys: Ollie, age eleven, and a younger one, nine. They were real boys all right. I saw plenty of them later on.

Anyway, that night we all went to the play together, the three of us. After dinner Gus and I stopped by to pick up Mrs. Reynolds. She came down the stairs, and she'd fixed herself all up. She had on some linen dress and pearls. She looked a little bit like that English actress Vivien what's-her-name, and something like Jean Harlow, and a bit like Hepburn, too, when she was young. And from that minute right on through everything that happened later, Mrs. Reynolds had me hooked. I mean that.

It was raining a light summer rain that night, and at the theater there must've been nearly six people in the audience. Mrs. Reynolds explained the worst thing in the world possible for summer theater is summer rain. About nine o'clock the play commenced. It was supposed to be snowing on stage, and the actors had on big coats, and they just dripped sweat. The first act moved on its belly. During intermission Gus cursed me for wanting to stay to see the second act. I had my hands full all right, but I got him back in. The second act moved. It was all right. But the third act was horrible again as the first. So we went back to Mrs. Reynolds' house after, and she gave us some coffee.

"Lady, I'm sorry for you," Gus said to her. "I advise you to stick to the farm or motherhood and give up your ridiculous aspiration. Ain't there somebody somewhere in this world that'd marry you and get you off the financial hook?"

Well, that didn't make Mrs. Reynolds feel any better, I could tell, so I asked her where she had got the idea originally. It came out of some old diary her grandmother's cousin, or somebody like that, wrote. Immediately the trouble with the thing was obvious to me. It was too real.

She'd already said she was going to put us up for the night in her spare bedrooms. So Gus went up, and I got her to give me the diary; and I sat there in the library and read it. The poor joker that had written it—you could just see him married to an old *Frau* that hated him, and them living together all winter long, and it was so cold they had to sleep in the kitchen. I felt sorry for the guy, all right, but the diary didn't have real plot, and you could hardly expect the public to pay four eighty to see some miserable human beings without plot or much suspense, when they could just as easily stay in their own home and be miserable themselves.

About eleven the next morning, when Gus woke up, I went in his room and told him the ideas I'd got on what to do with the thing. He was sitting up in bed, and his chest and arms were all covered with some red marks and blisters, and he kept scratching at himself.

He scoffed at me. "You sound like *The Scarlet Letter, by Eugene O'Neill*," he said.

"But it's an angle, Gus."

He kept scratching. "Look at me," he said. "What do you think's the matter with my skin?"

I heard Mrs. Reynolds out in the hall, and I asked her to step in, and she said Gus had the poison ivy. She explained all about it. Well, it sounded logical to me, but when Gus heard he'd been given the business by some vine with three leaves, wild horses couldn't keep him from going back to New York. Well, somebody had to iron out details with Vincent concerning money if we were going to work on the play, so Gus took the diary and left with it under his arm. So then Mrs. Mona Reynolds and I were alone.

SO THAT day after Gus left us, Mona and I, we were together all day, and practically all alone, except for her two maniacal kids, and she showed me around the farm, and we began to get pretty chummy. Gradually it came to me that she was hanging on my every word. She was looking at me, expressing with her eyes the same emotions that I was feeling in my own heart.

Well, I was just stunned by that. I couldn't keep from asking myself how an elegant creature with such a Back Bay manner and so forth could really go for a physical and mental runt like myself. Well, the basis of Mrs. Reynolds' strange passion was—*she thought I was a good guy*. She was broke, and she'd written her play, and she must've known deep down in her own heart what an animal the thing was. But because I seemed interested in the play, which meant I was really interested in doing her a good turn—the play being so vile—that proved to her that I was of sterling worth, and she fell for me. She really did.

I didn't have much of a chance to do anything about that until after dinner. When she finally got the little monsters salted away in their trundle beds, it was around ten. Then she came out to the veranda, where I was sitting with my portable radio. It was a nice night, cool, the moon up, and you could smell the hay that had been cut there across the road. I was listening to some dance music originating from Chicago, and jingling some loose change in my pocket. And she'd put on a dress, one of those kind that drifts all over the place. The kind you can see right through them, except they wear a slip underneath.

Well, she sat down and started fiddling with her handkerchief, which was made out of the same material as the dress.

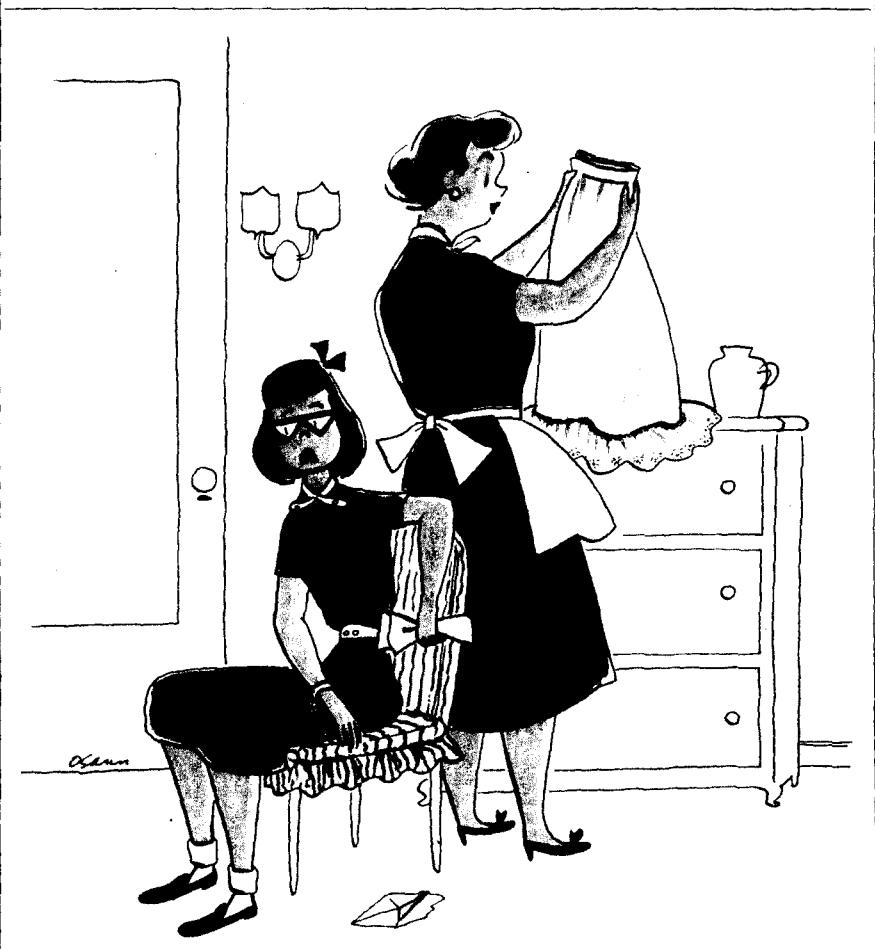
"Nice night," I said.

"Oh, yes. Lovely," she said, keeping up the business with the handkerchief. "Do you want a drink, Daniel?"

"No, I'm still pretty full from dinner," I said.

Well, she kept on fiddling with that handkerchief, and I could tell she was

TIZZY



"I think a woman should be wooed with flowers and candy, but Harry always sends poems"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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embarrassed and nervous and so on. And I'd already made up my mind I was going to try just one time to kiss her. I wasn't going to wrestle her around for a couple of hours. I had too much respect. So I put my arms around her and gave her a kiss.

She put her hands on my arms and squeezed me. We sat like that for I don't know how long, and then she pulled away and kind of looked at me. And we were both breathing hard from the exertion and effort.

She kept on looking at me with those solemn eyes, and I caught hold of her again and gave her another kiss. Then she began to cling to me like some absolutely sodden garment—and kiss? She made all the hair I had left stand straight up on the back of my neck.

TO THIS day, I don't know how long we were there on that piece of porch furniture. The next thing I remember was when I stood up and picked her up and held her like that in my arms. Me, who couldn't lift a book of matches without tearing a ligament.

She buried her face in my neck. Then she took a deep breath, and whispered, "Oh, Daniel . . ."

That woman. If I'd had muscles they would've bulged at the sound of her voice. So I carried her upstairs and set her gently down on the hall floor there in front of the door to her room and kissed her on the forehead, and told her good night, and the next day after that we were in love. I don't know how to say it exactly, it's hard to say, but I was willing to give up my past life in Hollywood and candle eggs there in the country, or whatever she wanted. I mean I was in love.

Gus showed at about noon the next day, when Mona and I were lunching on the terrace there and holding hands. Gus came out, and at first he didn't say anything; he just started pacing back and forth, back and forth. So I knew right away whatever it was, it involved money. Well, during the preceding twenty-four hours Vincent Freedman had been struck with an idea. From the second act of Mona's tragic play, Gus and I were going to write the book for a musical, but a serious musical like The King and I, or Kiss Me, Kate. Everything was set except for the male lead. For that Vincent had to have somebody Big.

It was *the* moment as far as my personal happiness was ever concerned, and then something so corny happened to ruin it all that I could've dropped dead if I'd had the time. For three or four days Mona was mad about me, and Gus and I were doing one of the most terrific jobs on the book we'd ever done on anything. Even Gus commented on it. Then on the afternoon of the fourth day old Dad arrived in his Jaguar. And Mona tiptoed into the study and said Franklin Still was inquiring for me. She didn't say "your dad." And I realized the old mongrel had had one look at her and decided to tell her nothing whatsoever about his little thirty-eight-year-old tot.

She and I went into the library, and there he was, ruddy and bronzed, his mouth full of those gleaming, phony teeth. From sheer force of habit, I played it the way he wanted. "Glad to see you, F. S.," I said. "This is Mrs. Mona Reynolds, the playwright."

Dad used some con expression like he was charmed or something. Mona replied it was an honor.

"And when do you leave for Halifax, F. S.?" I said.

"Halifax?" he said. "Oh, my plans have been changed. Vincent Freedman wants me to return to Broadway."

"In *our* musical?" Mona said.

"Well, I did come up to take a look at the book," Dad said, "to see if it's right for me."

They went off arm in arm, and they must've evidently stayed in that position for about three weeks, because during that time I didn't see anyone but Gus. Oh, I knew what was happening. Dad collected girls the way some people do dogs. No matter where he was, day or night, he always had some girl around him like she was on a chain. And did the girls love it! One time, there in Hollywood, a dame showed up on roller skates from Des Moines. Maybe you remember about it, reading about it in the papers? Well, she was the president or chairman of the board or something of the Des Moines Franklin Still Fan Club, and she'd roller-skated all the way out to see him in the flesh. She got to shake hands with Dad, and I wish you could've seen the look on her face when she busted out crying. She said she was happy enough to die. Well, that's the way my dad affects them.

"Finally! Six weeks I've been playing and I was beginning to think I'd *never* make a hole in one!"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE WOLFE

And the tragic thing was that my hands were tied practically behind my back because I was so busy. Vincent was operating with a limited budget of about a quarter of a million dollars, and they rehearsed the book as fast as we could write it. The chorus was working out in New York, and Dad's voice teacher flew in from the Coast. Then we opened for a week in the country at that barn.

IT WAS *the* hit of the summer country season. Dad drew customers like flies. Or so they told me. I never saw it myself, because at the end of our gruesome ordeal I collapsed in my bed with exhaustion and nervous disorders. I had everything—loss of weight, cigarette-smoker's stomach and all. So the show ran a week in that barn, and late one night Gus came into my room and told me Vincent was taking it the next day to New York for two weeks' rehearsals, and then it was going to open at the Ziegfeld. I asked him was Mona going, and he said yes and tried to get me to drink some hot milk; but I put on my bathrobe and brushed my teeth and went downstairs.

Mona was in the library alone there, poking at a small fire she had built for herself in the fireplace. When I saw her I felt very shy and said hello.

She looked around. "Oh. Daniel," she said.

"Yeah," I said. It was some conversation.

"Someone told me you were ill."

"Well, they're all saying I'll live now," I said.

"Really?" Mona said. "Oh, Daniel, that's a joke."

"Yeah. A pleasantry," I said. "Listen, why can't you and I get married? I make three thousand a week when I'm working."

"Oh, Daniel!" she said. All of a sudden she looked wretched, and I knew that until that second when I had brought it all back, she had completely forgotten how only a few short weeks before she had been so hot on me. And it hurt her too, because she was not the type of person who could pull a dirty trick on somebody and feel very good about it after. "I can't," she said. "You certainly must have a low opinion of me, Daniel."

"Oh, on the contrary," I said.

"Sit down, dear," she said to me. So I sat down.

"Dear, I'm going to marry Franklin," she said. It wasn't exactly a surprise. "It's not that you haven't meant a great deal to me," she went on in that same vein. "You have. A great deal. But I can't marry you."

"Don't I make enough money?"

She went into her handkerchief-twisting bit. "Can't you understand?" she said. "I was married to an older man once. This time I want to marry someone closer to my own age. And you *are* older, dear."

She didn't mean I was older than she was—she thought I was older than my own dad. Well, I just sat there for a second coughing, because I had such a terrible hacking cough. And I thought. She was such a refined person with breeding, and she felt so dismal about me loving her and so on. And I honestly wanted her to have whatever she wanted for herself. My brain was racing, I was trying so hard to think of how to keep her from ever finding out the real truth about my dad.

So I stood up and I put my hand on her shoulder; and what I was going to do was a pretty fine thing, of course, because I loved her, if you can understand that. I felt like Ronald Colman in that film, when he said there at the end, before they chopped off his knob: "It's a far, far better thing what I'm going to do now than I have ever, ever done before, and so forth." Or words to that effect. When he was playing that character Sidney Cotton.

"Honey," I said to her, "you're doing the right thing, so you go straight ahead. I'm overcome, because you know how I feel about you." I stopped and cleared my throat, and then I went on and she was crying. "Honey," I said "we've had to keep this a secret for business reasons. I don't want you to ever mention it to anyone, but you're right about me being older than F. S. The actual truth is that I'm his father."

And then I kissed her on her little white forehead and went up to my room and collapsed with a hundred-and-four-degree temperature.

The next day, everyone left but me and went into New York with the show, including Gus. I was too sick myself. Of course before Gus left he got me a nurse and the finest possible doctor in the locality, a big boisterous nut with a very loud mouth, who used to come into my sickroom like Santy Claus laughing, "Oh, ho, ho, ho!"

Well, I got rid of him. I paid him his bill, and he left me alone. . . .

You may not believe this, but there's a certain class of producer that just can't let their talent alone; they got to work it to death until it drops dead. Vincent Freedman belonged to that class. Night and day he would call you upon the telephone irregardless of the hour. There I am, a sick man in Connecticut and brokenhearted and despondent over Mona, although I knew I'd done the best for her, and what happens? Vincent calls me and forces me to come down to New York immediately and do last-minute rewriting. And it was in my contract. I *had* to go or lose money.

THAT was the day before opening night. The show opened Wednesday night, and that was Tuesday. About ten thirty that morning, Tuesday, I turned up at the Plaza there, where Gus had a room, and I went upstairs in the elevator. Gus and the house physician were both waiting for me, and the bed was all turned back, so I put on my pajamas and crawled in, with a pencil and a pad of paper. The house physician gave me a complete physical examination and said I needed a long rest. When he left, Gus gave me the rest of his Benzedrine, and we went to work.

Later, at five thirty, the telephone began to ring. It was Vincent, and he was outraged and worried half sick to death. Dad hadn't come to rehearsals all that day—and no one had seen him in twenty-four hours.

Then a strange thing happened. I told Gus what Vincent had said—because I answered the phone, see—and Gus turned white. And I mean whiter than ordinary. "Do you think that old fool has picked this time to go off on a bat?" he choked out.

Gus grabbed the telephone and called the New York office. I mean the New York office of the picture company on the Coast that had Dad under contract.

"What're you sweating for?" I said. "So Dad's been swept from the face of the earth. All right, that's Vincent's problem."

"Vincent, my Aunt Fanette," Gus growled: "I got my hard-earned dough in this thing."

Well, that was a surprise to me, because Gus never, never invested his own money in any show he wrote part of. And nobody knew where Dad was. And Gus got terribly excited and flung on his coat and hat and slammed out of the hotel room to evidently comb all the bars in the metropolitan area.

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Then at ten o'clock that night or so, the phone rang *again,* and it was a police lieutenant downstairs who wanted to see me, to talk to me. At first I thought they'd found Dad's body, so I told him to come right up.

Well, he was one of the nicest, brightest-looking young fellows you could ever hope to meet. He came in the door, and right away he took off his hat and asked in a low voice were we alone, and was it okay to talk. "I'm terribly sorry, sir," he said. "But the truth is we've arrested Franklin Still. We really didn't mean to. Honest."

IT WAS just one of those usual, ordinary raids of a dame's apartment, where she was making book and peddling a little marijuana now and then. The cops had been keeping their eye on her, and what bad luck they had to pick the only night when Dad was ever there to blow the lid off.

However, to get on with it. Dad told me all about it much later on. It wasn't anything like you might think. The dame was an old friend of his from silent pictures, and he hadn't seen her in years until he bumped into her there on Fifth Avenue. She asked him up for a drink, and they got to laughing and talking about old memories, and before Dad knew it the time had slipped by.

Well, when the cop first told me, I didn't know the truth, and I thought the same thing anyone would think. And I knew that no matter what else, it would wreck Mona's chance for happy marriage. So I sent a hired car that I'd hired myself down to 100 Centre Street, and the nice young police lieutenant got Dad out a side door without any photographers seeing him, and so home to bed. Dad treated him pretty generously, too. He gave him his autograph.

Well, the show went on the next night as planned, free from rotten publicity; and Dad went over big, and it was all a terrifying success. I hadn't planned to see the first night, but another funny thing happened and so afterward I went. I went with Mona.

That afternoon about two thirty, I was in bed with a sick headache from fatigue, having a cup of tea, when she busted into my room at the Plaza. She was beautiful, with her eyes flashing. She came straight to my bed and put her hand on my forehead. "You're sick," she said, looking me right in the eyes. "Well, I'm going to take care of you. I've done a rotten thing to you. I'm going to stay with you now and see that you get well."

At first I didn't get it, because she wasn't a nurse or anything like that, so for a minute neither of us seemed to say anything, and she just stood there admiring me with her eyes. Then she asked, "Why did you lie to me?"

Instantly I knew she had found out something, but I didn't know what; so all I could say was that I had never told a lie in my life.

"You're not his father," she said. "He's *your* father."

Well then I made a fool out of myself, I guess, because I tried to give her a piece of good advice, like Dale Carnegie or somebody, and I'm just not that type of person. I said, "Mona, what difference does it make how old a person is as long as he acts young?"

"That's true, dear," she said, "but your father has overdone it."

You see, somebody had told her about Dad's escapade. And she thought what any normal American woman would've, that Dad and the dame who got jugged had a love nest in her apartment. I was suffering from the same delusion myself, because I hadn't seen Dad for him to tell me the truth. And when I realized I couldn't ever bring them together again, I kind of broke down and asked her to marry me, and she instantly accepted. About five thirty she left the hotel room, and I got right on the telephone and called that diamond shop, Cartier's. And I gave the ring to her that night during intermission.

So when I saw Gus I asked him did he tell Mona about Dad, because I knew he was the only person who was mad enough.

"Listen, don't go getting ideas in your head," Gus said. "Virtue is its own reward. Don't you know that by now? How many movies you wrote anyway? So you were virtuous, so you got rewarded. So shut up."

WELL, that's all. Except after we were an instantaneous smash hit on Broadway, Mona and I went back to the farm and got married. Shortly before he went back to the Coast, Gus took a run up to see us. And he looked terrible. He'd lost weight and he was down to about ninety-four. So when he left I walked out to the car with him, and for a minute I felt sadder than a snake's belly; because we had collaborated with each other so long, and Gus had really taught me everything I knew. "I kind of wish I was going too," I broke out all of a sudden. "I'm sure going to miss Hollywood, Gus."

He gave me a kind of dirty look and spat on my gravel drive that leads from the road there up to the house. "Sure," he said in a very sarcastic tone. "*Ars gratia artis.*" And he left. ▲▲▲

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COLLIER'S — A. F. WILES

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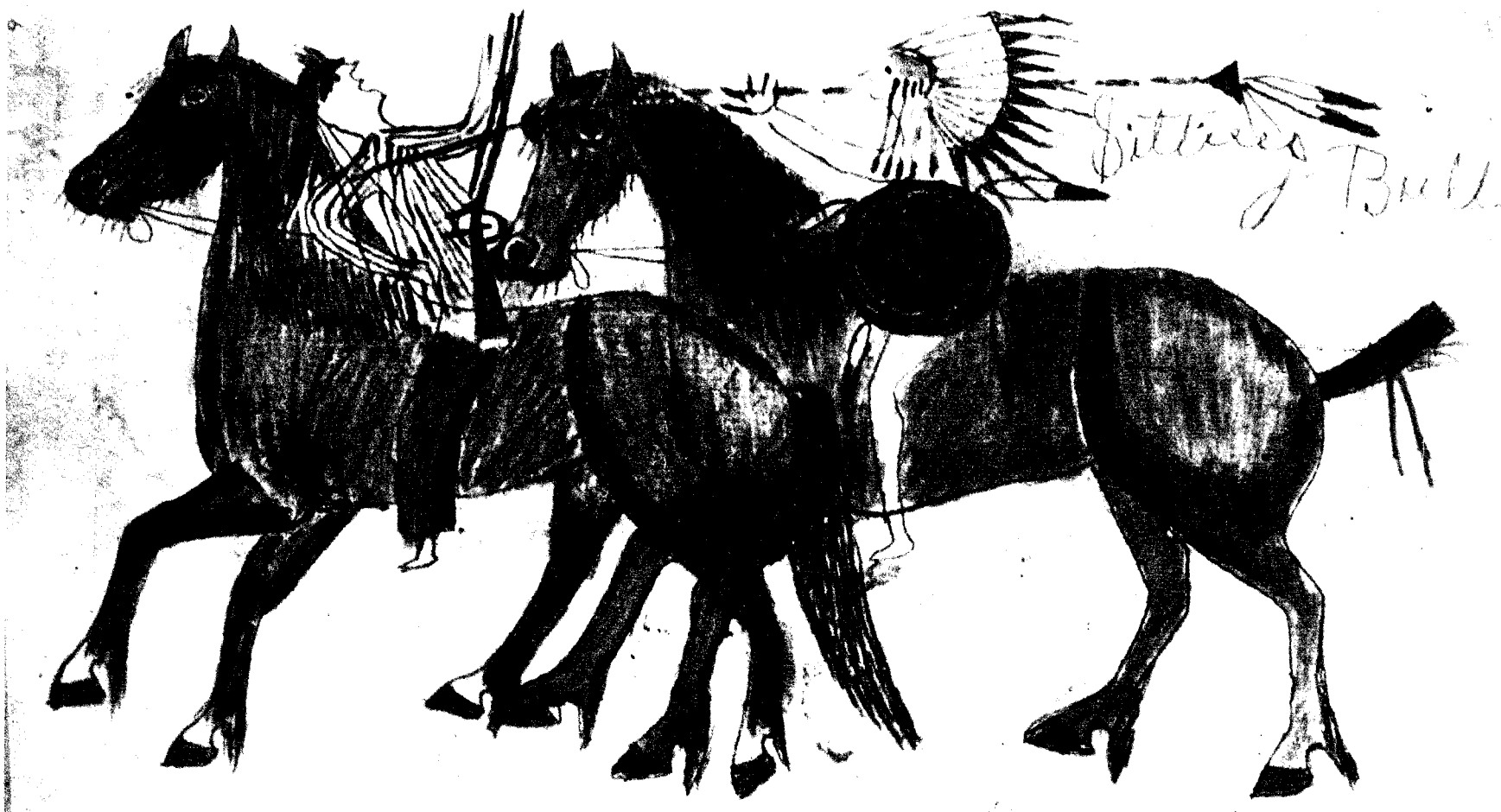

Sitting Bull made this painting after surrendering to the U.S. Army in 1881. It shows him killing an Assiniboin warrior 25 years earlier. Note his scrawled signature in upper right-hand corner and three-dimensional style he used in drawing horses

Sitting Bull Was an Artist

The great Sioux chief, still in the news 77 years after Custer's Last Stand, told high

Sitting Bull as he appeared at the age of 54. Chief figured in new dispute recently when his bones were moved from North to South Dakota

THE pictures on these pages are among the most unusual in the United States. They are autobiographical sketches by Sitting Bull—perhaps the greatest leader the American Indians ever produced—and are printed here in full color for the first time.

The great Sioux chief painted some of the pictures in 1870, six years before he commanded the annihilation of General George Armstrong Custer's forces at the Battle of Little Big Horn. He did the others after surrendering to the U.S. Army in 1881. Strangely enough, although many of the pictures have been in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington since 1915, they are not on public display.

The pictographs—as the sketches are technically known—illustrate episodes in which Sitting Bull demonstrated the courage that won him the admiration of his people. Each depicts a coup—an act of bravery performed in close contact with the enemy.

Quite aside from their great historical value, the paintings show that Sitting Bull was an unusual artist, employing for the most part a flat, colorful style somewhat resembling that of Matisse, Picasso and other modern masters. His figures are highly stylized: soldiers are given stovepipe hats and blue trousers, while frontiersmen wear buckskin shirts. And the cone-shaped affair dangling from the horse's bridle in one picture is intended to show that the chief had won his fight: it's a scalp.

Most of the sketches include the chief's war shield with its eagle emblem, and some show Sitting Bull wearing the horned war bonnet that proclaimed him a member of the Strong Hearts, an inner circle of the bravest Sioux warriors.

Although Sitting Bull's fame rests largely on his bloody victory over Custer, in reality he was a statesman as well—a man who fought as valiantly for his people at the conference table as on the warpath. Yet it was his destiny to live through the twilight of his once great race and to die at the hands of Indians in the pay of the white man's government whose conduct he had so long opposed.

Tantanka Iyotanka, as he was known in Sioux language, was born in an Indian encampment on the Grand River in South Dakota in 1831. His father, Jumping Bull, was a subchief of the small but warlike Hunkpapa tribe and young Sitting Bull early achieved tribal acclaim as a warrior. He became a leader of the Strong Hearts and through them eventually was named war chief of all the Sioux tribes.

From the first, Sitting Bull tried to make peace—peace with justice for his people—with the white man. He, like other Sioux leaders, hailed the treaty of 1868 which gave the huge Dakota Territory to the Sioux forever. But he was soon disillusioned. White men repeatedly violated the treaty by invading the Sioux lands.

The Sioux held many powwows to discuss what to do about the incursions. And it was at one of these parleys, in the summer of 1870, that Sitting Bull made his first autobiographical paintings.

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An 1870 painting pictures Sitting Bull, unhorsed and wounded in leg, about to kill Crow chief. A scalp dangles from bridle. Note Sitting Bull's symbol above horse

Sitting Bull shows how he captured an Assiniboin in 1861. He later adopted captive as his brother

Sitting Bull steals nine Crow ponies, one of which —a white mare—he later gave sister, Pretty Plume

Too

By HARRY HENDERSON

lights from his life in these historic paintings

The paintings fell into the hands of the U.S. Army in the fall of that same year—1870—when a starving Sioux appeared at Fort Buford and offered them for sale. But the officers who inspected them were more interested in the paper used than in the paintings themselves. Sitting Bull had made the sketches on the back of muster sheets of the 31st Infantry Regiment. Only one conclusion could be drawn: the Indians had captured the regiment's supply wagons. The hungry Sioux was questioned at length and eventually said he had stolen the drawings from Sitting Bull.

His story was supported by the fact that a "sitting bull" symbol appeared on each picture. And Indian scouts told the soldiers that the pictures indeed illustrated incidents in the chief's life. Army officers gave the Sioux $1.50 worth of provisions and turned him loose. The pictures themselves were sent on to Washington, along with the scouts' interpretations of them.

As the months went by, relations between the Army and the Sioux worsened steadily. A crisis was reached after Custer invaded the Hunkpapas' favorite hunting grounds in the Black Hills and announced he had found gold there. Hordes of white men rushed into the Territory that only a few years earlier had been given the Sioux "forever."

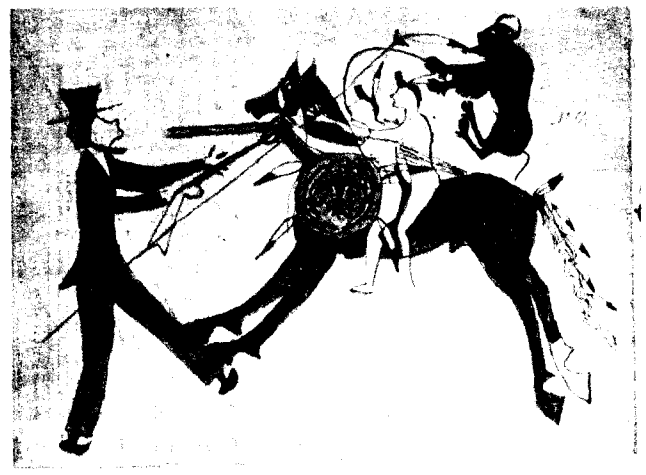
The Indians protested in vain and, in desperation, Sitting Bull went to Washington to make a personal appeal to President Grant.

The President received Sitting Bull in the White House. The chief, in his colorful tribal regalia, asked "trade, not aid" for his people. He presented a four-point peace program and demanded that the government live up to the treaty of 1868. Grant listened politely and gave the chief a beautiful rifle. But instead of reaffirming the pledges contained in the treaty, he tried to talk Sitting Bull into ceding even more Sioux land to the government.

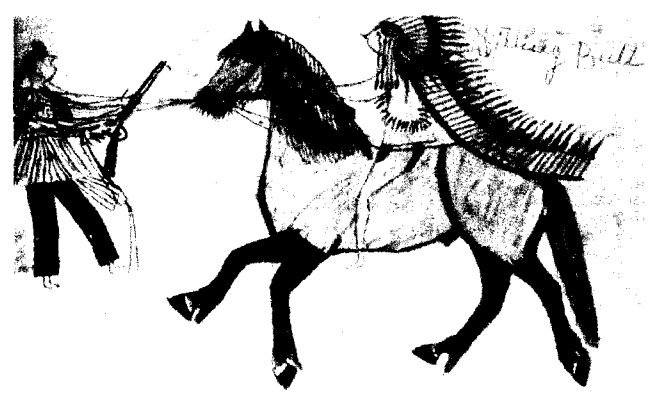
Angry, Sitting Bull returned to the Dakota Territory and united the Sioux for an attempt to drive out the white man by force. The Indians launched a guerrilla war—ambushes and sudden hit-run raids—against the white invaders. To meet the threat, the Army ordered the 7th Cavalry Regiment under Custer to clean out the Sioux.

The climactic battle between Custer and the Sioux came on June 25, 1876. Scouts had brought Custer word of an Indian encampment at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn Rivers. Believing it to be only a small party of Indians, the general divided his regiment into three columns to surround them and then led a charge into the center of the encampment.

The "small party" turned out to be 3,000 Sioux commanded by Sitting Bull. They overwhelmed the soldiers and killed all 264 men in Custer's main column, including the general himself. The flanking columns barely held out



Sitting Bull rescues adopted brother, Jumping Bull, who has lost horse, and kills soldier in a skirmish



Sitting Bull kills a Crow scout who approached too close to Sioux while trailing them for Army troops

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The Editors

When Sitting Bull appeared in a wild West

until reinforcements arrived, and by then the Indians had moved on.

When news of the massacre reached the East, a New York Herald correspondent dug the 1870 drawings out of the Army files and wrote a lurid description of the incidents depicted, contending that they proved the chief even boasted of his bestiality. The story was relayed around the world and accounted for much of the infamy still attached to the name of Sitting Bull.

The chief himself, meantime, had led his warriors north into Canada. But poor hunting, drought and homesickness proved too much for them and they gradually filtered back to the Black Hills. Sitting Bull was the last of the great Sioux chiefs to return and the last to surrender at Fort Buford, in 1881.

Now that Sitting Bull was finally in its hands, the Army didn't know what to do with him. However, advantage was taken of his presence to have him confirm that the 1870 paintings—sent West once more—were indeed his. He even went a step further. He offered a brief interpretation of each scene, except the ones showing the shooting of white men. Those he refused to discuss.

While the debate over his fate went on, Sitting Bull made two more sets of drawings. One set of 23 he gave to a young Army lieutenant, Wallace Tear, who had befriended him. Tear later presented the set to General John C. Smith, and Smith's son in 1923 gave it to the Smithsonian Institution. Sitting Bull gave the other set of 13 to Daniel Pratt, the post trader at Fort Buford. The Pratt set, now known as the Pettinger Collection, was loaned to the Smithsonian by Mrs. George H. Pettinger, of Oswego, Oregon, in 1938.

Both sets made by Sitting Bull in captivity differ from the earlier paintings in several respects. The paints supplied by the Army were more brilliant and varied than the chief's homemade variety. But the most striking difference is that the horses in the later sets were not drawn in the flat, two-dimensional style of the Plains Indians, but in a three-dimensional style that gave the pictures depth. Furthermore, in two of the Pettinger drawings Sitting Bull attempted to show people fullface rather than in profile. Research revealed that Rudolf Cronau, a German illustrator, had visited the chief in captivity and given him some lessons.

Still another difference between the 1870 drawings and the later ones was that Sitting Bull scrawled his name in

COLLIER'S

"We can get it for peanuts; or, in the language of the layman, three billion, four hundred fifty million, eight hundred thousand dollars"

JOHN RUGE

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English on the set he made for Lieutenant Tear. He had been taught to write his name by an American trader named Gus Hedderich during the Sioux's stay near Woody Mountain in Canada.

The Army eventually decided not to bring charges against Sitting Bull; after all, he had killed Custer and the other cavalrymen in battle. Released from captivity, the old chief took up chicken farming for a while. Then came an engagement with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He toured the United States and Europe for a salary of $50 a week, which he augmented by selling autographs for $1 each. For his act, he spoke a few words in Sioux in behalf of peace—which the show barker promptly translated into English as threats to kill all white people. Women screamed and men booed him.

But despite his side-show appearances, Sitting Bull retained his essential dignity—and his authority as leader of the Sioux tribes. When he returned to the reservation, he resumed his fight for what he believed to be justice for the Indians. But he was fighting a losing battle. The Sioux's plight was getting worse all the time. Three successive droughts killed off most of their cattle and unrest increased.

Rumors spread that an Indian Messiah was coming who would sweep away the whites. Finally the government ordered Sitting Bull arrested as a precaution against an Indian uprising.

At 5:00 A.M. on December 15, 1890, thirty-eight government Indian police surrounded Sitting Bull's cabin and broke in. He submitted quietly and asked that a circus horse given him by Buffalo Bill be prepared for the trip.

However, the wailing of his womenfolk brought neighbors running to his house. Indian police seized both the chief's arms and, while one held a pistol against his back, led him outside to the horse. Neighbors surrounded the procession.

"You have no right to do this," Sitting Bull, now angry, told the Indian police. "You are cowards to come to my house in the nighttime. You are dogs to raise your hands against your own people, and you do not deserve to be called Sioux, or even to live. I call upon my friends to kill you now!"

Guns flared on all sides. Sitting Bull was killed instantly. So were several "Metal Breasts," as the Sioux called the Indian police.

Surviving police ran back into the old chief's cabin and in a rage killed his 17-year-old son Crowfoot. Then they got a wagon and threw Sitting Bull's body into it, piled their own dead on top, and drove to Fort Yates, North Dakota. They buried Sitting Bull in the fort cemetery.

A few months ago, Sitting Bull's bones were taken from their resting place and reinterred in South Dakota. The resulting controversy made news all over the world, for the legend of Sitting Bull had spread far.

Indeed, the name of the famous Indian leader will never die—and his paintings will be passed down to future generations as a pictorial record of the high spots in the life of a courageous and capable leader. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S

"Who is this *brother* she keeps on 'oh-ing' about?"

PERRY BARLOW

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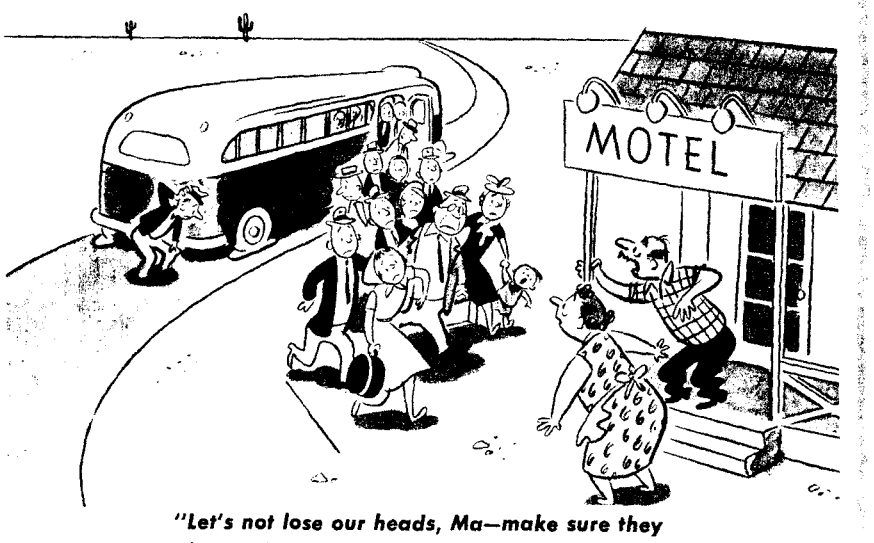

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New Orleans' Most

FOR most Americans the city of New Orleans conjures up gay visions of candlelit cafés, of moonlit balconies and lovely women. The New Orleans Bachelors' Club, a group of 100 of the city's socially prominent gallants, insists the vision is no idle reverie. New Orleans, they say, has the most glamorous women in the States. As evidence they introduce the 12 representative ladies on these pages, photographed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dickson.

Seated, left to right:

Miss Pamela DePass, 21, daughter of William K. DePass, president of a hardware and supply firm, was crowned queen of two New Orleans carnival balls and twice chosen Beauty Queen at Newcomb College where she is majoring in art.

Mrs. W. Loring Ferguson, Jr., 22, is married to the president of an insurance agency and has a daughter, 8 months. Her father, Laurence M. Williams, is vice-president of The Williams Company, a private holding company.

Mrs. H. Tharp Posey, 23, is married to a neuropsychiatrist, has a son, 18 months. Her husband is a descendant of President John Tyler.

Mrs. Joseph L. Killeen, Jr., 23, is the wife of an advertising agency executive. She has two daughters: one 3 years; the other 6 months. A sailing enthusiast, she won the Sir Thomas Lipton trophy in the Southern Yacht Club's annual regatta in 1948.

Miss Diane Greenslit, 21, is the daughter of H. Vance Greenslit, president of the Teche Greyhound Lines. She was a graduate in sociology this spring from Tulane University and was Homecoming Queen of Tulane in 1952.

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Glamorous Women

Mrs. Richard L. Hindermann, 25, is married to an insurance company executive, has two daughters, 4 years, and 18 months. Her late grandfather, architect Paul Andry, designed Tulane University and other fine New Orleans buildings.

Standing, left to right:

Mrs. J. Parham Werlein, Jr., 24, is married to the vice-president of one of the nation's oldest retail music houses, has a daughter, 2.

Mrs. Richard C. Keenan, 35, is the wife of a prominent attorney and has five children, 4 to 11. She is a descendant of Bouligny, one of Louisiana's eighteenth century Spanish commanders.

Miss Deirdre Gibbons Burke, 22, is the daughter of attorney Gibbons Burke. In 1952 she was Queen of The Elves, one of the carnival societies, known as "krewes," which march in the annual Mardi gras float parades.

Mrs. Royal R. Bastian, Jr., 28, is married to an executive of Esso Standard Oil of Louisiana. She has two sons, 6 and 3.

Mrs. John M. Parker III, 24, wife of a realtor, has two daughters, 3 and 1. She reigned as Queen of Rex in 1950.

Mrs. Irving L. Lyons, Jr., 41, is married to the head of I. L. Lyons, a wholesale-drug firm, and has five children, 8 to 17 years. Her father is General José Ortiz Monasterio, who served as chief of staff to former President Porfirio Diaz of Mexico.

Looking at the picture, it isn't difficult to understand a statement recently attributed to a member of the Bachelors' Club. "The city is full of wonderful ladies," he said wistfully. "Is it any wonder I never could make up my mind?" ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HALLECK FINLEY

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Island Summer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

and shrugged. "I was just telling you."

"I bought some whitewash for the stones. It's in the garage."

"They're still pretty white from last time, you know."

His father smiled patiently. "It seems to me we've been over all this before," he said.

"But I don't see why they have to be *whitewashed.*"

"Well, they do," his father said, smiling again, his voice still even and reasonable. "And let's see if we can get those stones straight this time. Use a pair of stakes and a cord if you have to."

"Stakes and a cord? For gosh sakes!"

The older man's smile faded. "Now see here . . ." he began.

"But gee whiz . . ."

"I don't like your attitude, Peter. I don't think asking you to whitewash a couple of dozen stones and arrange them in a straight line is asking too much."

"Oh, it isn't that."

"No? What is it, then?"

"Well, I don't know—it's the *idea.*"

"What do you mean, the idea?"

"The idea of white stones and a straight line and all that stuff up *here,*" Peter said. He indicated the island and the sea around it with a sweep of his arm. "This is a vacation place, for gosh sakes; you're supposed to *relax.*"

His father looked at him silently for a moment. Then he smiled again, slowly shaking his head. "You've got some weird ideas, young fellow," he said good-humoredly. "I hope you grow out of them." He clapped Peter lightly on the shoulder and went back up the steps, the squeaky door slamming behind him. "Let me know when you're finished," he called from the gloom of the screened porch. "I want to cut the grass."

IT TOOK Peter the rest of the morning to trim the walk; it was after lunch before he got down to the boat. He cast it loose and chugged noisily out into the bay, leaving a tiny blue cloud in the air behind him and a shimmering rainbow of oil on the placid water. He steered straight for the breakwater and the ocean beyond it. It wasn't until he had passed between the heavy rocks, with their sentinel lights in the red steel cages, that he looked back at the shore. The cottage, he thought without bitterness, looked like his family: dull, characterless, and without imagination, exactly like all the others in the row on either side of it.

The ocean was as calm as the bay. It reminded Peter of a huge blue mirror, not a good one, a cheap one, badly backed, with odd wavers and shimmers in it. The wake of his busy little motor made an ugly scratch across the surface of this gentle glass. He wished he could skim over it without disturbing it, and he felt a strange, minor sadness in knowing that wasn't possible.

He swung the boat in a long, lazy curve to his right. He could see the town ahead—the confused planes of its walls and roofs heliographing meaninglessly in the morning sun—through the delicate forest of masts at the foot of the hill. It was an unattractive, decaying town that had covered its old ugliness with new ugliness, with neon lights and filling stations and cocktail lounges.

As he passed through the busy harbor, bobbing jerkily in the confused wakes of other boats, he saw the fishing smacks being unloaded at the water front. Three years before he had applied for a job as a crew member with the little fleet that tied up here in the town. Then he had found out just how the islanders regarded the summer people, when captain after captain turned him away. Now, as he passed slowly down the line of little piers, with the widening waves of his wake slapping gently against their spindly, green-furred legs, he remembered that painful afternoon and was touched again by the same strange sadness he had felt when he marred the mirror of the sea.

In the boat he picked his way aimlessly through the field of mooring buoys and bobbing boats, like a cow grazing lazily among rocks and stumps, and then headed out toward the open ocean again. He stretched his legs out in front of him, cushioning his heels on the bunched-up life jacket lying in the bottom of the boat. How like his father, he thought, to insist on the life jacket. No matter who took the boat out, whether it was Peter, who was an excellent swimmer, or his mother, who could barely paddle out to the raft, the jacket had to go along. It was a law; and to Peter, it was a law as rigid and unthinking as the man who made it. There were no special cases in his father's file, he thought, at the bank or at home. For him, the world was made up entirely of standardized types.

And while Peter knew that the life jacket, like the stones in the walk, was a petty thing, it stood for more important difference between the way he looked at the world and the way his family looked at it. They had an austerity, a certain passionless determination with which they went about the business of living, that somehow made him ashamed of his own unrestrained interest in the world about him. It seemed to him that his mother and father long ago had adopted a little ledger of rights and wrongs, and it was by this that they brought life to account, without ever questioning anything along the line. And they intended that he should adopt the same standard.

COLLIER'S "Sorry. . . I'm a stranger here myself" VIRGIL PARTCH

He straightened up on the hard, board seat and looked about him. To his surprise the island was out of sight. He saw only the ocean, vast and limitless, stretching off to the end of his vision, without a boat or sail or any sign of life. It met the sky in a thin and distant line, and that's all there was—the endless sea and the endless sky, with the brassy sun pressing down over them. Except for the occasional squealing of a hungry gull, there was no sound but the motor and the steady lap of the tiny waves against the sides of the boat. Peter felt remote and alone, and once again the strange sadness returned.

Nor did it go away when he twisted around and discovered the island a mile behind him and realized he had unknowingly changed course. The sadness stayed with him and grew, until it was no longer small, and he understood then that his feeling of remoteness and aloneness had nothing to do with how near or far the island was. He could see the beach, where the boys had raced in the sand; he could see the bay, where his family sat on the screened porch; he could see the town, where the fishing boats were unloading. They were all part of the island, all connected with one another, and they looked infinitely far away across the still water.

He turned off the motor and lay down in the bottom of the boat, burying his face in the dark life jacket. The sun burned down on his shoulders, and the hollow slapping of the water was loud in his ears. . . .

How long he slept, he didn't know. The insistent whine of a power saw, coming to him faintly across the water, finally woke him. He got to his knees, squinting and blinking. He had drifted into Galleon Bay, a cliff-encircled inlet at the western end of the island; and the sound of the saw was coming from a small boathouse, standing near a small pier on the far shore. The saw stopped as Peter stood up. He yanked the motor into life, and its sudden explosions hammered off the surrounding cliffs, shattering the silence of the secluded little bay. Hastily he retarded the throttle and steered slowly toward the pier.

The man who was using the saw was out on the upper deck of the boathouse, making a chair. He was a tall man, with large sorrowful eyes, and he worked in silent concentration, oblivious of the boy approaching in the boat beneath him. He took great pains with each piece of wood he fed to the saw, turning it carefully, almost lovingly, against the terrible blade. There were several leather thongs on a rack behind him, and as Peter drifted to a stop at the foot of the dock, he could smell the strong leather smell, mingled with the fragrance of fresh wood and the acrid smell of glue.

Peter tied up his boat, climbed up onto the dock and walked up to the boathouse railing, where he sat, watching the man cut and pare the pale wood and sand it smooth. In the far corner of the roof was a finished chair, a sturdy, clean-lined frame of satiny wood, with a seat and back of richly gleaming leather strips.

AFTER several moments the man switched off the saw and straightened up slowly, smiling briefly and sadly at Peter. "Noisy, isn't it?" he asked in the new silence. He spoke with a heavy accent which Peter thought might be Russian.

"For its size," Peter said, nodding. The man wiped his hands carefully on a piece of waste, then offered Peter a cigarette. Peter shook his head and said, "No, thank you," then he added, "I'd like to sit in your chair, though."

"Surely, go ahead, sit down."

Peter lowered himself into the chair. The leather creaked under his weight, but the position of his body was comfortable. "This feels good," he said, relaxing against the leather, and the brief smile flickered across the man's face again.

"That is nice you like it," he said, his voice soft and full of sorrow, like his eyes. "It's my own favorite, that one."

Peter got up and walked slowly around the airy workshop, examining the well-oiled tools, the stacks of raw wood, the heap of pungent hides in the corner. Piled neatly on a long table were sketches and plans for more furniture. "Did you do these, too?" he asked, leafing through them.

"Yes. I design the pieces and make them, too," the man said. He was sitting on the railing, smoking. "In New York I have a little shop downtown. We are up here for the summers." And solemnly holding out his hand, he added, "My name is Alex." Peter told him his name, and they shook hands. They both smiled, quickly, shyly. "You like to work with wood?" Alex asked.

"Well, I don't know. I never did much of it," Peter said. He picked up a newly sanded piece of wood. "It sure feels good. Smells good, too."

Alex smiled more broadly and nodded. Peter tapped the sketches with the wood. "I like these," he said, "very much."

Alex's nod grew more emphatic. "Ah, yes, yes. It is very exciting to design and make something that has beauty and yet *does* something, too."

Somewhere up the hill in back of them a bell rang. Alex looked at his watch in surprise. "Lunch?" he said, lifting his eyebrows. "I had no idea . . ." He slid from the railing, throwing his

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cigarette into the water. "Will you join us?" Peter hesitated. Alex smiled and took him by the arm. "Of course," he urged. "There is plenty. Come on." And they went up the path together.

The house was low and rambling, with large rooms. At the long dining-room table sat three young women and two men. They were all talking animatedly and laughing loudly, and for a moment Peter paused in the doorway, intending to turn back, feeling his role of outsider. But Alex pushed him forward gently, introducing him simply as Peter, without naming any of the others; and a place was quickly made for him, so that before he knew it he was seated and eating with them.

THE meal was noisy and relaxed. From the pleasant confusion the identities of the diners emerged easily and informally. On Peter's left was Nadine. She wore paint-stained dungarees and a man's shirt; her hair was held back with a rubber band; she wore no make-up; and when she went to the kitchen for more coffee, Peter noticed how she held her back straight and pointed her toes out, walking with a curious, bouncing step.

Across from her sat a thin, nervous girl everyone called Duffy, who smoked her cigarettes down to the last fraction of an inch; she was wearing the dirtiest dress Peter had ever seen. The third girl, Marthe, was tall and large-boned, and she swore, in a hoarse, dry voice, with a colorful violence that shocked him thoroughly. On Peter's right sat Ferris—a tall, slender, exceedingly tanned young man, with a helmet of blond hair and a low voice—who was a painter. The other man was heavy and bald-headed; everyone called him Pop, and Peter learned by listening that he composed and played the music to which Nadine danced. Duffy, he discovered, was a writer.

They all talked at once, and their laughter burst forth in unexpected and prolonged explosions. They swept Peter along in their noisy enthusiasm, taking his presence completely for granted, including him in their joking, absorbing him into their midst so quickly and completely that he even made a joke of his own. It was the first joke he had ever made, and he was pleased to hear Duffy laugh wildly at it. He laughed himself then, because it seemed so easy and natural all of a sudden. The conversation swirled around him and flowed easily and swiftly from topic to topic, each one, to Peter, more exciting than the one before. Much of it he didn't understand, and much of what he understood shocked him. He was shocked, too, by the free and easy way the men and women behaved with one another, the casual manner in which they touched, the careless freedom they took with one another's persons. But somehow these things only added to his excitement and, in a strange way, to his enjoyment. He wasn't being treated like a guest, nor was he ignored. He listened when one of them spoke, and when he spoke—which wasn't often—they listened to him, at least as much as they listened to anyone. To his surprise, it seemed to make no difference to them that he was so much younger.

When the meal was over they all got up and left the dishes on the table and went outside to lie on the grass and talk some more. Peter couldn't remember when he had enjoyed himself more.

When he decided to go, Ferris, Nadine and the bald man went down to the boathouse with him. They urged him to come back soon; and, growing suddenly bold because he was about to leave them and because he didn't want to, he said, trying to sound much more casual than he felt, "Like tomorrow, maybe?"

"Sure, tomorrow," Nadine said, blowing him a kiss across the widening water as he pushed off. "Tomorrow or any day."

"Any day, all day," Ferris called, waving.

Pop gave him a careless salute. "See you soon, Pete," he said.

And Peter saluted him back, then chugged out across the bay, with a whole new summer opening up before him. . . .

He didn't come back the very next day, for fear they would laugh at his eagerness. But on the second day he left home early and went straight to Galleon Bay, growing more and more worried, as he roared through the morning stillness, about what kind of a welcome he would receive.

They hardly welcomed him at all, which made him feel considerably relieved. They simply absorbed him into the activity of the moment, showing no surprise at seeing him, but thrusting a chair at him as he came up on the porch and asking him to carry it out to the carriage house, where Ferris was setting up his studio. All morning they moved Ferris' things, along a path lined with stones which were neither white nor straight.

After lunch Ferris showed Peter one of his paintings. Nadine and Alex were with them, and they watched Peter as he studied it. There was a large, crude yellow tree in one corner and diagonally opposite it a jagged burst of lightning. And that was all: the rest was a strange blending and clashing of raw colors and off tones that Peter found pleasing and at the same time disturbing. The whole painting pleased and disturbed him: there was a feeling about it of a doom more final than an electric storm; it seemed to Peter to threaten the complete destruction of that bright and hopeful yellow tree.

As the others listened, he said these things, slowly, stumbling over the terms of this new language, feeling his way unsurely over this strange ground. But he finally got it all out, a painfully honest expression of what he felt; and he sensed somehow, though the others said nothing, that he had passed a test.

HE CAME back the next day and the day after that. Soon he was coming every day; soon he was a part of the household at Galleon Bay, eating with them, shopping with them, working and talking with them. He watched Ferris paint, he listened to Alex's theories of design, he sat in silent admiration while Nadine danced. He tried to understand Pop's music, as he tried to understand Ferris' pictures, and once when he helped Duffy read proofs, he tried to understand what she was saying in her story. After the first pleasant confusion of sorting out so many new personalities, after the first few weeks during which he divided his time almost equally among them—not by plan, but because that was the schedule his artistic curiosity set up within him—he found himself turning more and more to Alex's workshop. Peter liked the man, he liked what he made, and he liked the precise, demanding work that was the bond between the two.

He began spending long hours in that airy studio, with the water chuckling under the flooring, the fragrant pines brushing lightly against the shingles, and the sunlight glancing off the bay on to the ceiling in brilliant, shimmering patterns of white and gold. All through the hot, breathless days of early summer they worked.

At first Peter was only a spectator, watching, fascinated, the deft way Alex turned the wood and joined it with the leather, so that the result was a whole in which, as Alex explained to him, form followed function but was never sacrificed to it.

Then he learned to help: handing up the proper tools, tending the screaming saw, laying out the soft, dark, polishing cloths. And finally, following one of Alex's designs, he made a piece himself: a simple wooden stool that gave him more satisfaction than anything he'd ever done in his life.

As Peter and Alex worked together, they talked—an endless, easy, relaxed conversation, interrupted by lengthy pauses as one of them concentrated on a particularly delicate piece of work or went up to the pump to fill the gallon jug with drinking water. They talked when they weren't working, too, when they were out in the boat or walking into town together through the shroudlike island fog. They talked of beauty and utility, of furniture and painting, of books and music and color and sound and of appearances of things in the eyes of men. Half the time Peter was drunk with new ideas, more than he could absorb.

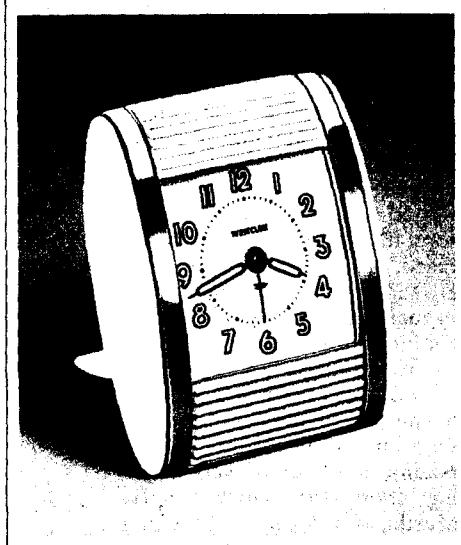
ON THE rare days he spent with his family, he felt like a stranger. Listening to them at the dinner table endlessly discussing the best way to reach Route 1 to Boston, or why only one grocer in town carried frozen vegetables, or the whereabouts of Amy Tunison's wandering husband—he would feel an impatience so tense that his legs and arms prickled, and it was impossible for him to sit still. He would fling himself from the table, with barely an excuse, and go out onto the porch alone, glaring down at the soldierly line of whitewashed stones in the moonlight. I don't belong here, he would think, I just don't belong here. And the next morning he would leave for Galleon Bay before breakfast and stay all day.

One such day, late in the afternoon, he paused in his work and leaned idly against the sun-warmed railing of the boathouse, looking out over the quiet waters of the bay. It was a still afternoon, heavy and oppressive, with menacing, metallic clouds in the western sky. Alex had gone for water, and Peter could hear the iron gasping of the pump. Somewhere farther off someone was hammering, and after a moment there was the sound of the station wagon coming down the road. Peter smiled. Ferris was putting a new partition in the studio, and Duffy and Marthe were coming back from the village. The homey, unexciting sounds warmed him. He was a part of this little community, a member in good standing.

There was a flicker of lightning and the first distant rumble of thunder. A sudden breeze ruffled Peter's hair. He lifted his face to the cool touch of it, still smiling. The rain began, drumming softly on the roof of the boathouse. . . .

The summer at Galleon Bay passed slowly. The hot days melted and ran together, until Peter lost all sense of the calendar. He drifted along with his new friends from one rich, golden day to the next, drugged with the exciting adventures of his mind which served only to deepen the tranquillity of his spirit. It was the middle of summer,

So you're going on a trip...



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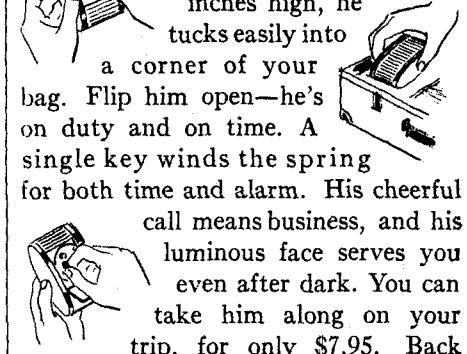

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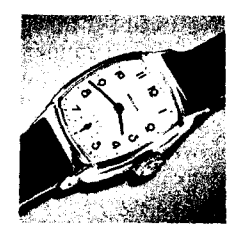

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and the season moved even more sluggishly, a river of heat. Dust piled thickly on the roadside grass, and the fields shimmered brightly.

Late one August afternoon, as they all sat on the porch, Ferris switched on the little radio and searched idly along the dial. Suddenly a brisk, authoritative voice cut through the soft summer air: "It's two and two on Robinson now, in the first half of the eighth. Runners on first and second—here's the pitch—" With a groan, Ferris quickly moved the pointer past the station to a program of symphonic music. "Baseball!" he said, shuddering.

PETER smiled to himself, but the smile faded. Hearing the familiar nasality of the announcer's voice and the worn baseball phrases, he realized he had missed them. He realized, too, that he was annoyed with Ferris for having tuned the broadcast out so automatically. But then why not? he thought—no one here was interested in the game. He wasn't even a real fan himself. Yet they could have waited at least for the score before turning to Mozart. Confused, he became aware of a growing sensation that was vaguely familiar but which he couldn't immediately identify.

Then slowly, as he looked around the porch and listened to the talk of the people sitting there, he began to recognize it. Nadine and Ferris were arguing about the dance; Duffy, Marthe and Pop were attacking the latest best-selling novel. And as he listened, Peter realized he had heard these same discussions and arguments all summer. He was reminded of the conversation of the boys on the beach and of his family. Each separate group had its own language, its own terminology, its own favorite expressions and figures of speech, and used them over and over again. It was all the same, he thought sadly, getting slowly to his feet—too much Martha Graham was just as bad as too much Jackie Robinson or too much Amy Tunison. He went down the porch steps and out on the little pier. Sitting there on the warm, splintery boards, looking out over the sea, watching the gulls soaring in curves against the sun-bright sky, he realized that the sensation he had felt a few minutes before was the same strange sadness that had troubled him so often in the early part of the summer. Only now it was no longer strange; now he knew what it was. It was loneliness.

He locked his arms around his legs, bowing his forehead to his knees. Was there no place to go, he wondered, no place even to *begin* to look?

He heard footsteps on the path behind him, then Alex's voice said: "I'm going into town, to the express office. Will you finish the sanding?"

The question roused Peter, and with an effort he lifted his head and nodded. "Yes," he said, "sure, I'll finish it."

Alex smiled gently. "Good, thank you. I'll be back here a little after five," he said.

Peter watched him go back up the path. Alex was the only one who didn't take part in the endless arguments, he realized. He saw him get into the station wagon, and the car bumped out the dusty drive. Peter got up and went into the boathouse.

He had been working less than an hour when Nadine leaned in over the railing. Peter switched off the sanding machine.

"Peter, darling," she said, "have you got any money?"

"A little change, I think. How much do you want?"

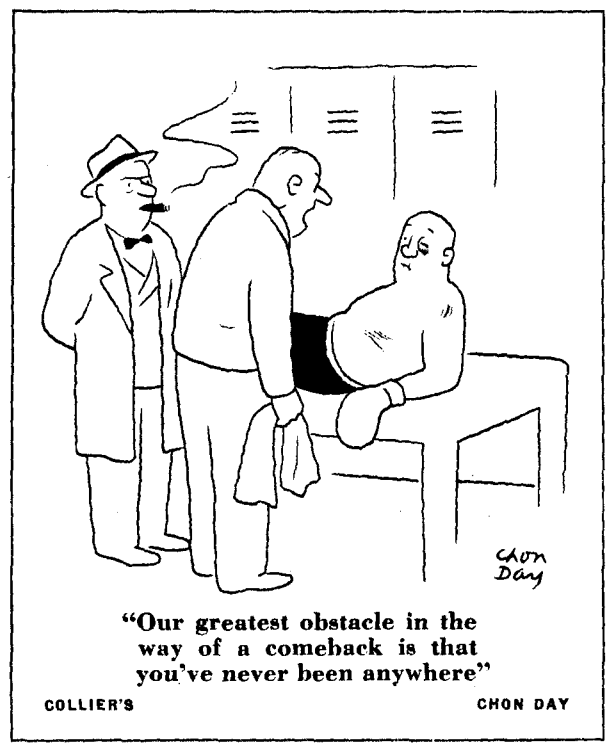
"It's for the gasman," she said, nodding back toward the house.

Peter recognized the truck owned by the man who supplied the island cottages with bottled gas. "I've got less than a dollar. Ninety-three cents," Peter said.

"Oh, damn it! Alex *would* have to be gone now. This old goat won't put the new tank in unless we pay him for the old one. When is he coming back?"

"Alex? A little after five. Why? Is he the official bill payer?"

"He's the only one who's working, isn't he?" Nadine said crossly. "Well, we'll have to wait until the next delivery, I guess. We're sure to run out before then." She went angrily back to the house, and Peter could see her talking to the gasman. After a moment the truck drove away, the new tank still in the back.



"Our greatest obstacle in the way of a comeback is that you've never been anywhere"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

He stood watching the cloud of dust settle in its wake. His hand rested on the sander, but he didn't turn it on. Something Nadine had said had never occurred to him before. Alex *was* the only one at Galleon Bay who was working, or at least he was the only one who was earning any money. Certainly he was the only one who paid any bills. Peter thought back: the grocery man, the woman who rented them the cottage, the man at the filling station in town, the butcher—Alex paid them all. The furniture Alex designed and made sold well, and they all lived on the income from it here in the big cottage. No wonder Alex was too busy to get involved in the arguments and discussions; no wonder he was always working. He was the breadwinner. He supported the whole project; without him the community would collapse. The others owed their freedom to him.

Peter stood stock-still in the middle of the boathouse floor. He thought of his father and felt shame spread hotly through him. Like Alex, his father was a breadwinner, and it was to him that Peter owed his own freedom. Like Alex, his father had been too busy supporting the group to become an active part of it, and Peter had done little to help him. He realized, as he stood there with the half-sanded piece of wood forgotten in his hand, that in every group there had to be someone like Alex and his father, someone who applied himself to his work and provided the others with the freedom to search for whatever it was they thought worth seeking. And it made little difference whether he was a designer or a banker, whether he was a painter of strange pictures or an insurance agent. Peter saw it now with a clarity that made him thoroughly ashamed of his past blindness.

He finished the sanding hurriedly and left the boathouse before Alex came back.

He went back to the other end of the island, to the beach near his family's cottage. None of the boys were there; the long stretch of sand was deserted. They're probably up in Boston to see the Red Sox, he thought. He stood for some time watching the sandpipers racing along the bubbling sand. Then he walked slowly back to the cottage.

On the path to the pier he met his father, wearing swimming trunks and old sneakers, and carrying two short planks and a toolbox. "Hi," Peter said. He wanted to say more, but he didn't know how.

"Hello there, stranger," his father said, and Peter wondered if he, too, wanted to say more. His father went on down the path. He put the boards and tools down at the water's edge and stood frowning at the pier. Then he bent over and squinted under it. He straightened up, still frowning. Finally he stepped gingerly off the bank and waded out into the water above his knees, bending over to peer under the pier again. Finally, he stood up, his frown deepening, and scratched his jaw.

Peter came down to the end of the path. "What's the trouble?" he asked.

His father sighed. "This thing needs reinforcing," he said. "It's getting shaky." He pushed against the pier with his shoulder, and the boards creaked noisily. Peter stooped and looked under the pier. Then he stepped on it, shaking it with his foot, and it wobbled under his weight. "That's what I mean," his father said. He shook his head sadly. "It's pretty far gone, I'm afraid."

FOR a moment, Peter studied the pier in silence. Then he kicked off his moccasins and slid into the water next to his father, examining the underside of the boards. "Well, now, maybe not," he said finally, "maybe not."

"Maybe not what?" his father asked, looking at him curiously.

"Maybe it's not too far gone," Peter suggested.

His father bent over alongside him. "How do you mean?" he said. "It looks shot to me." But the usual tone of authority was missing from his voice. He kept looking at Peter, who was testing the underside of the pier with his hands.

Finally Peter straightened up, absently dusting off his fingers. "We could cross-brace it," he said.

"Cross-brace it?"

"Like this," Peter said, crossing his wrists in an X. "It would steady it both ways. Did you bring a saw?"

"A saw?" his father repeated, surprised. "No, I don't think so."

Peter turned, as if to go after one, but his father scrambled out of the water ahead of him. "No, wait there," he said, "I'll get it for you." He went up to the garage almost at a trot, and when he came back he was whistling. He grinned at Peter, and Peter grinned back at him as he came splashing into the water. He handed Peter the saw and then rubbed his hands together briskly. "Okay," he said, his grin widening. "Where do we start?"

They stooped and went in under the pier and for over an hour they worked there together, their voices and their hammering echoing hollowly between the water and the boards.

Finally the man crawled out and pulled himself up on the bank. He pushed against the pier with his foot. It resisted solidly. "Like a rock!" he called.

Peter joined him, the hammer still in his hand, and tested the pier. "Not bad," he said, trying to hide his satisfaction.

"Solid as a rock!" his father repeated, hiding nothing. He pushed the pier again. "That's a good job, Pete, a darn good job."

Peter pointed at the line of piers down the shore of the bay. "Maybe we ought to go into the business," he said.

His father laughed. "I could carry your tools," he said, taking the hammer from him.

Peter blushed and said, "We worked pretty well together."

"Emily," his father called up to the house, "can you come down here a minute? I want to show you something." He winked at Peter. "And bring some Cokes—there are a couple of thirsty workingmen down here!"

AT DINNER that night Peter brought out for the first time the stool he'd made in Alex's workshop. Everyone admired it, and his father insisted that he wanted it for his study back in the city. After dinner they all went into town to the movies, and when they came home they sat up until after midnight, talking. And sometime during the day—Peter couldn't remember whether it was when he and his father were crouched under the pier together, or when everybody was talking at once around the dinner table or, later in the night, when he was sitting in the movies and sensed his family beside him in the dark—but sometime during that time his loneliness had left him.

Nor did it return the next day, as he worked with Alex in the boathouse. He felt now it never would return, because now he knew what his mistake had been. He had been trying to make wholes of each of the parts of his life, instead of making all the parts into one whole. He had been isolating, instead of integrating. But now he knew that it wasn't necessary to accept one way of life and reject all the others. He could put the best elements of each together and make a whole new world for himself, a world in which he would truly belong.

At least he could try, he thought, as he lay in his bed one night near the end of summer, listening to the rain falling lightly on the sleeping island. It was, after all, up to him. He had to do it himself and not just drift along petulantly, expecting it to be done for him. That was the secret, he realized, bunching his pillow up under his head; you had to do it yourself.

Outside, it went on raining gently, but Peter could tell from the direction of the wind that in the morning the sun would be shining. ▲▲▲

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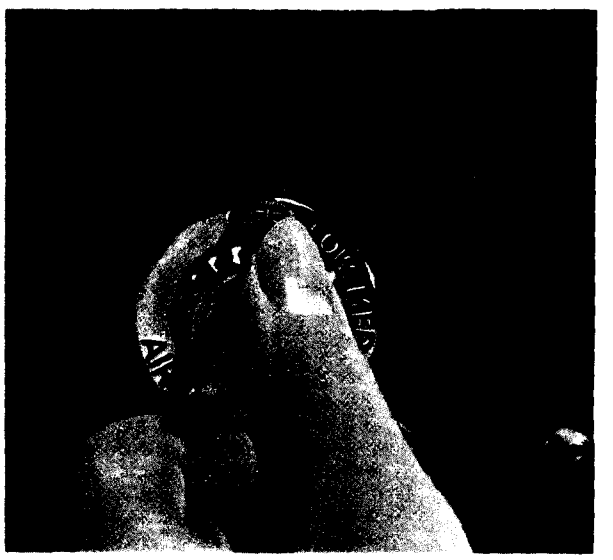

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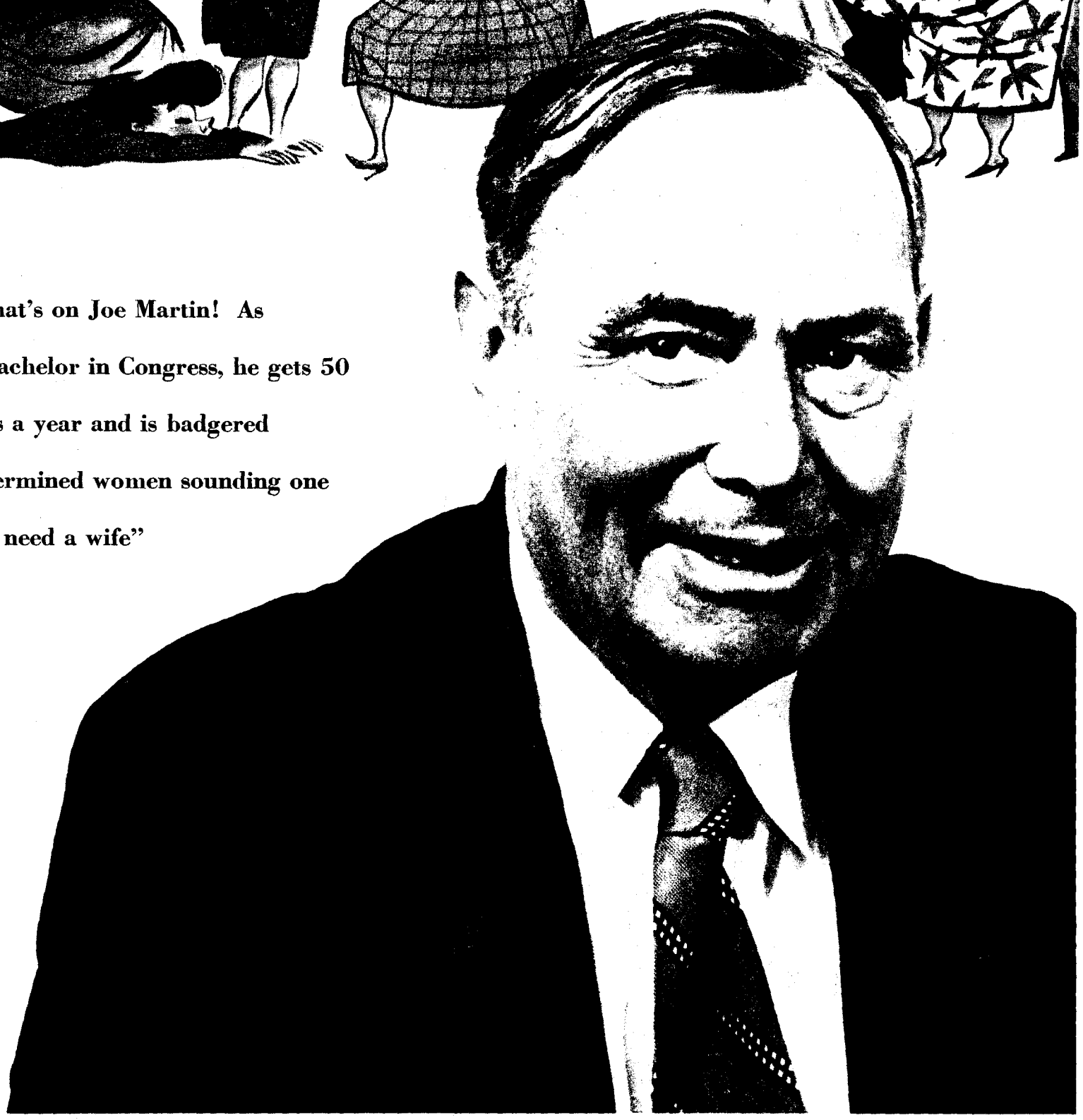
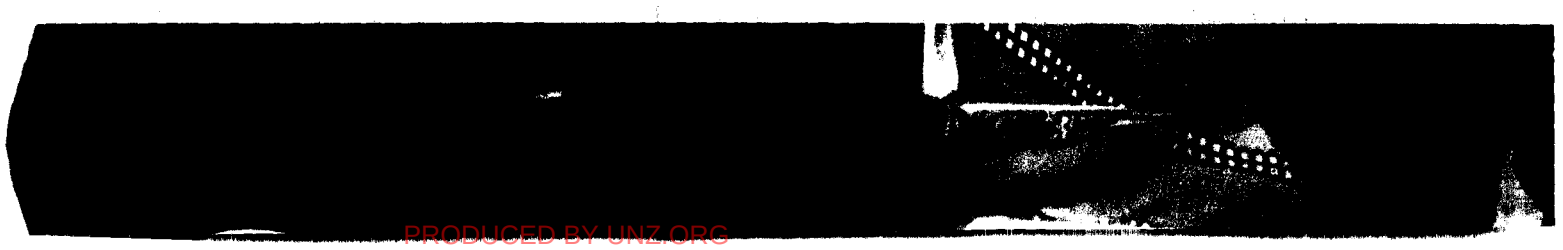
Oh, the pressure that's on Joe Martin! As the most eligible bachelor in Congress, he gets 50 marriage proposals a year and is badgered everywhere by determined women sounding one refrain: "Joe, you need a wife"



IT ISN'T EASY TO *STAY SINGLE*



GEORGE TAMES

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LOWELL HESS

IN WASHINGTON

By ANDREW F. TULLY

SPEAKER of the House Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, poked a tousled head out of his office recently and addressed a most unparliamentary inquiry to Jim Milne, his administrative assistant.

"Say, Jim," asked Martin, his face showing baffiement, "what in tarnation does 'dreamboat' mean?"

Milne laughed and translated the term into language intelligible to a bachelor from New England.

Joe Martin sighed the heavy sigh of a patient man bedeviled by amiable lunatics.

"Oh," he said. "Well, this lady"—waving a letter—"says I'm her, uh, dreamboat, and she wants to marry me."

Joe Martin was not interested. At sixty-eight he is not only content but delighted to live out his remaining years in placid celibacy. But the incident illustrates the extra hazard faced—and surmounted—daily by our Speaker of the House, a hazard for which he receives no additional recompense from the taxpayers.

As the highest-ranking bachelor in the Congress, he is a challenge to every right-thinking unmarried female in the country. It is well known that ladies, although they may spurn matrimony themselves, consider an unmarried male—particularly a male of prominence—a national disgrace. They see him as a quarry to be hunted down without mercy—if not for themselves then for some other woman whose eligibility they have investigated and found impeccable.

On the national political scene, Joe Martin is the No. 1 quarry. Women get him into corners at parties, accost him in hotel lobbies and ogle him in elevators with the object of convincing him that what he needs most is a wife.

Those who lack carfare to the nation's capital write him letters. Joe gets about 50 letters a year proposing marriage. He used to get even more, but, he says, "I'm getting older and they're getting wiser." Most of the letters are dead-pan, from ladies who apparently figure that all Joe needs is a good sales talk to get him to that altar.

There was, for example, the letter from a woman who said she had seen Joe on television during the Eisenhower inauguration festivities and that he looked tired. "I don't think you are getting enough sleep," she wrote. "If we were married, I would read Keats and Shelley to you every evening until you relaxed and went to sleep. You should taste my liver and onions.'"

Before the 1948 campaign, when there was talk of Joe running for the Republican Presidential nomination, a woman wrote that she had had a long talk with Wendell Willkie's ghost. "Mr. Willkie," she wrote, "told me you were the only Republican who could win, but that first you had to get married. Yes, I'm single."

There was also the woman who wrote Joe offering to sign over $250,000 worth of property to him if he would say "I do."

She'd Propose from House Gallery

Martin never answers these letters, which frequently enrages the writers. "This is the third time I've written you," one woman told him. "I'm not going to waste any more paper on you. I'll be in the Gallery tomorrow, and I'll propose to you right in front of everybody."

Happily, the lady never showed up.

Placed in such constant jeopardy, another man might slink about furtively, like some wild, hunted creature. But Joe Martin daily goes his friendly, extroverted way, seemingly unmindful of his precarious position. Joe, who's one of the nicest guys in Washington, just doesn't believe a woman honestly could have any romantic yearnings for him.

"I'm just plain folks," he says. "I figure these ladies are just being kind to an old bachelor."

To be sure, Joe Martin is no Gable. It was once said of the late columnist Heywood Broun that he resembled an unmade bed. In Joe's case, the bed has been made, but by a bachelor.

Candid Portrait of a Legislator

He has a short, stubby figure, and dresses conservatively in blue suits that he seems to put on absent-mindedly, or while half asleep. His hair is still jet black, but it is so unruly it has the appearance of having been dropped accidentally on his head.

Yet, despite his modest protestations to the contrary, Joe Martin is as well liked—indeed, cherished—by Washington's ladies as he is by their husbands. Mamie Eisenhower once called him "cute as a button"; and witty, intelligent Martha Taft, wife of the senator from Ohio, says he is one person she's always glad to see.

The women's press corps, which is noted less for its sugar than for its spice, adores Joe Martin. Isabel Griffin, who covers the capital for a group of New England newspapers, calls him "the Congressman's Congressman," and insists she never heard anybody make a nasty crack about him.

Joe, in turn, treats female correspondents with old-fashioned courtesy, occasionally leavened with a dollop of pure blarney. A group of news-

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Joe ducks the ladies gallantly. Asked to

hens once told him teasingly that he couldn't be President, because he wasn't married and wouldn't be able to provide the White House with a hostess.

"Ah," replied Joe, his eyes a-twinkle, "but I would have a different hostess at every party—chosen from the ranks of Washington's delightful women reporters."

The romantic dangers which beset Joe Martin have increased since the Republicans took over Washington, because of the number of parties at which the Speaker's presence is considered mandatory.

Joe attends an average of four parties a week, and often is out every night when the social whirl is at its dizziest.

These shindigs naturally give ladies a great opportunity to make time with the Speaker, but Joe's personal habits clothe him in an armor all but impenetrable to Cupid's arrows. He doesn't drink, he always leaves parties early, and he never dances. "I know better than to get out there and try to jig," he says. "The closer you get to the ladies the more irresistible they are."

Avoiding a Romantic Crisis

When the advances are made by the ladies themselves, Martin always manages to wriggle out of harm's way, sometimes with amazing grace. Joe is not noted for his wit, but in moments of romantic crisis his easy geniality occasionally leads him to utter words of such elegant gallantry that he takes even himself by surprise.

Thus, no one was more startled than Joe at his response one night when an attractive woman announced that she'd be pleased if he asked to see her home. "I should like to drive you home," Joe said, with a bow straight from old Vienna, "but it would be a shame to disappoint every other man at the party."

Although Martin ducks entanglements, that's not to say he has no social dealings with women. Hostesses constantly seek him out as an extra man. Joe's demeanor on such occasions is half businessman and half bashful boy. What he wants to do most, wherever he is, is talk politics. If a woman has enough political savvy, Martin is as much at ease with her as he would be if she were a male.

Ladies Who Can Talk Politics

That's why, although the Speaker has no special lady friends, he likes to drop in on Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, widow of former Speaker Nicholas Longworth, and Mrs. Robert Low Bacon, a long-time Republican hostess in the nation's capital. At the Longworth and Bacon homes, Joe knows he can talk politics all night, and with people who understand what he is talking about.

"Joe Martin's no problem at all," one hostess says. "Just give him a hearty meal and have somebody around he can talk to about the 1954 Congressional campaign."

Unfortunately, the effectiveness of this simple, wholesome approach to a basically wholesome man is lost to a certain segment of the population. Joe Martin's high position makes him a prey for every two-bit talent-peddler who wants to get his client's name in the paper—especially those concerned with the glorification of movie actresses and others in the entertainment industry—and invariably they want Joe to pose with and, if possible, embrace their product.

Martin shuns these characters with

BUTCH

COLLIER'S **"This'll be embarrassin', Slug. Maybe we better come back some other time"** LARRY REYNOLDS

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ake one home from a party, he said: "I wouldn't want to disappoint the other men"

COLLIER'S "Ahhhhh! I'm pretending it's wintertime in Florida—and it's costing us well over a hundred dollars a day . . ." KIRK STILES

extraordinary single-mindedness. He has a deep, almost religious respect for the office he holds and he is constantly on guard against any attempt to cheapen it. He is fond of saying that the office is not his, but the nation's, and that he is merely its temporary custodian.

Unnerved by Sirens' Kisses

Nevertheless, there have been times when, through trickery, a press agent has maneuvered his blonde client into a position where she could throw her arms around Joe and present him with a resounding buss. Joe, a gentleman with an old-fashioned concept of female gentility, has always managed to break loose from the siren's clutches without looking silly, but the experience unnerves him.

Once, when some Miss North Side of Chestnut Street, or something, had planted a kiss on the Martin cheek for advertising purposes, a reporter asked Martin what it was like.

Joe thought a moment, while regaining his breath. "Why," he replied, "I don't rightly know. It sort of smelled like a strawberry sundae."

The Speaker is inclined to take in stride his success at keeping romance at arm's length, but if pressed to utter a few words of guidance for other bachelors he will confess rather shyly that "I guess I just never had time to get married."

That's almost literally true. At twenty-four, Joe Martin bought the North Attleboro Evening Chronicle to become the nation's youngest daily newspaper publisher, and since then he has had too much on his mind to think about taking a wife. In 1918, he acquired an insurance agency, and in 1945 the weekly Franklin (Massachusetts) Sentinel. Betweentimes he served three terms in the Massachusetts House and three terms in the state Senate before coming to Congress in 1924. He sent his brothers, Albert and Eddie, through Dartmouth, and since his father's death 20 years ago he has supported his mother, now ninety-two and his sister Nettie in the family home in North Attleboro.

In Washington, Joe has always traveled at a swift, almost furious pace, and the fact that he is a bachelor high in Republican councils has tended to heighten this pace. When there has been party work to do, Joe's married colleagues have always been able to call on him for more than his share—with the explanation that, after all, he has no wife to account to.

It's No Job for a Married Man

Nothing could suit Joe Martin better. As a man wedded to politics, he would be delighted to spend 24 hours a day with his spouse. Besides, as he points out, his work has kept him "out of mischief," meaning out of female reach.

By way of illustration, Martin mentions that in a recent year he traveled 27,000 miles, visited 28 states and made 137 speeches.

"You can see," he says, "there was no opportunity to be married *that* year."

In contemplating his single blessedness, Martin also acknowledges that no wife would ever put up with the kind of routine his political role demands of him. "Take that day a few years ago," says Joe. "I landed at Tulsa at 1:00 P.M. for a speech, was at a board of trade dinner in Chicago at 7:30, and was in bed in Washington at 1:00 A.M. I'm afraid that after the first dozen times or so a wife might get a little cranky about that kind of thing."

It's quite possible that Joe himself would find marriage, at this late date, a trifle confining—or, at least, inconvenient. Joe Martin is not only a bachelor—he is The Compleat Bachelor.

In Washington, Martin has never bothered to set himself up in what a woman would consider a real home. Instead, he has always lived in a kind of transient casualness in a two-room suite at the conservative Hay-Adams hotel, across Lafayette Park from the White House. For Joe it is merely a place to hang his hat and rest his head. The rest of his life is lived outside. His suite does not include a kitchen, a matter which causes Martin no concern whatever because, unlike many other bachelors, he does not see himself as a master of the skillet.

Many years ago, he admits, he cooked himself an egg. "But I didn't like the looks of it, so I didn't eat it."

Joe has no particular interest in other domestic activities, either. He doesn't know how to sew on a button. But he takes pride in his neatness and likes to boast that the chambermaids at the Hay-Adams find him less trouble than any other guest. Sure enough, one of the maids I spoke to paid Martin the highest tribute the fair sex can bestow.

"He hangs up his things," she said. "He'd make a good husband."

Martin also lays low the canard that bachelors are slugabeds. He is up every morning in time to have breakfast in the House dining room by eight-thirty. Usually, his first meal consists of a half grapefruit, whole-wheat toast and coffee, but if a rugged day lies ahead, Joe fortifies himself with ham and eggs. His other meals are plain. Lunch might consist of a hamburger with onions and vegetables, topped off with apple pie and tea. At dinnertime, he likes a shrimp cocktail or onion soup, and then chicken, or liver or a steak. Dessert is usually sherbet and ice cream, half and half.

In his official capacity, Martin makes a dutiful round of embassy parties—where, incidentally, diplomats always call him "Joe"—but he has no taste for the exotic victuals which grace the buffets. He tries to stick to turkey and ham; caviar, he says, is "too rich for my Yankee blood."

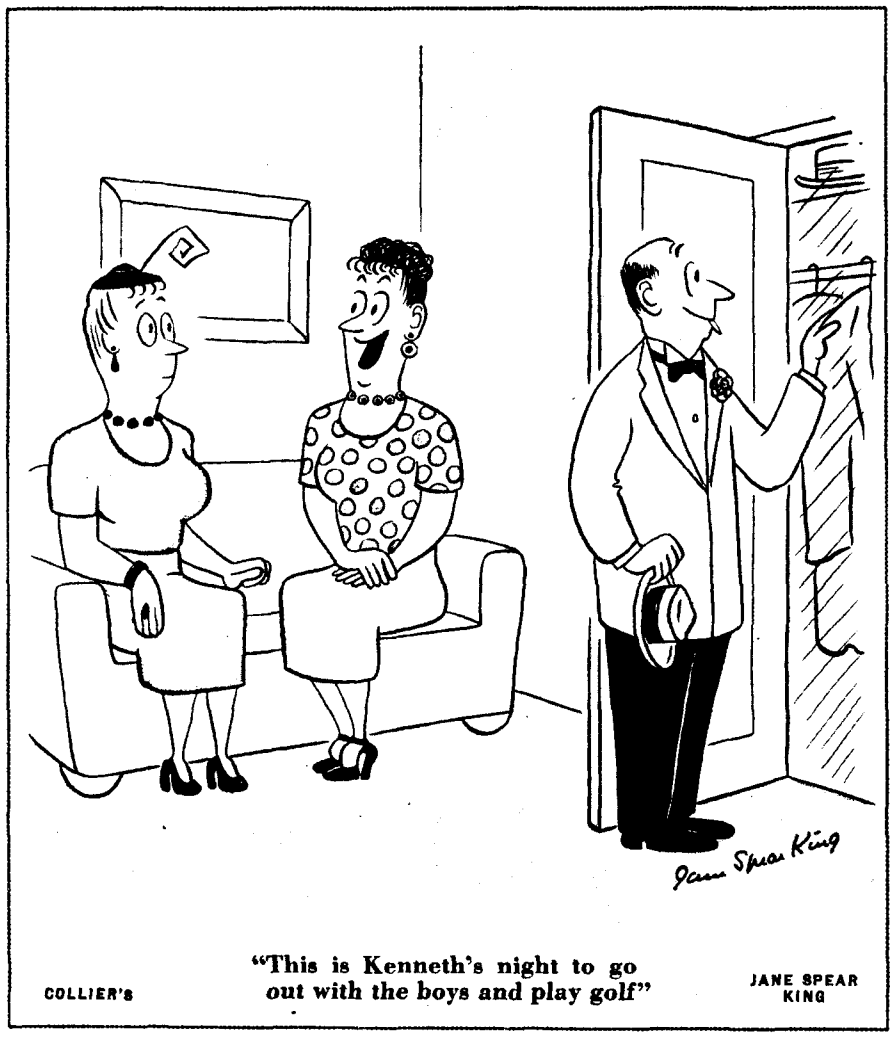
Placid Weeks at Family Home

Whenever he can, Martin gets home to North Attleboro for a few placid weeks at the family homestead with his mother and sister. There he has the added companionship of his pet boxer, Chips, whom he regards as a suitable substitute for a helpmate—and less trouble.

"A man's best friend is his dog," Joe likes to say. "He'll be with you when all the rest desert you. And besides, you don't catch a dog hankering for a diamond necklace."

Summertimes, Joe swims daily at his cottage at Sagamore, on Cape Cod, but he admits that most of the year he takes no exercise except for an occasional walk. Yet he says his doctor told him recently he has the constitution of a man 20 years younger.

In sum, Joe Martin is an extremely happy man of excellent health and apparently boundless energy, having the time of his life doing everything he likes to do. It is a picture some other men might contemplate with envy. But the average woman beholding Joe Martin's full life can be excused if she finds something lacking. For, of course, there is no wife to take the credit. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "This is Kenneth's night to go out with the boys and play golf" JANE SPEAR KING

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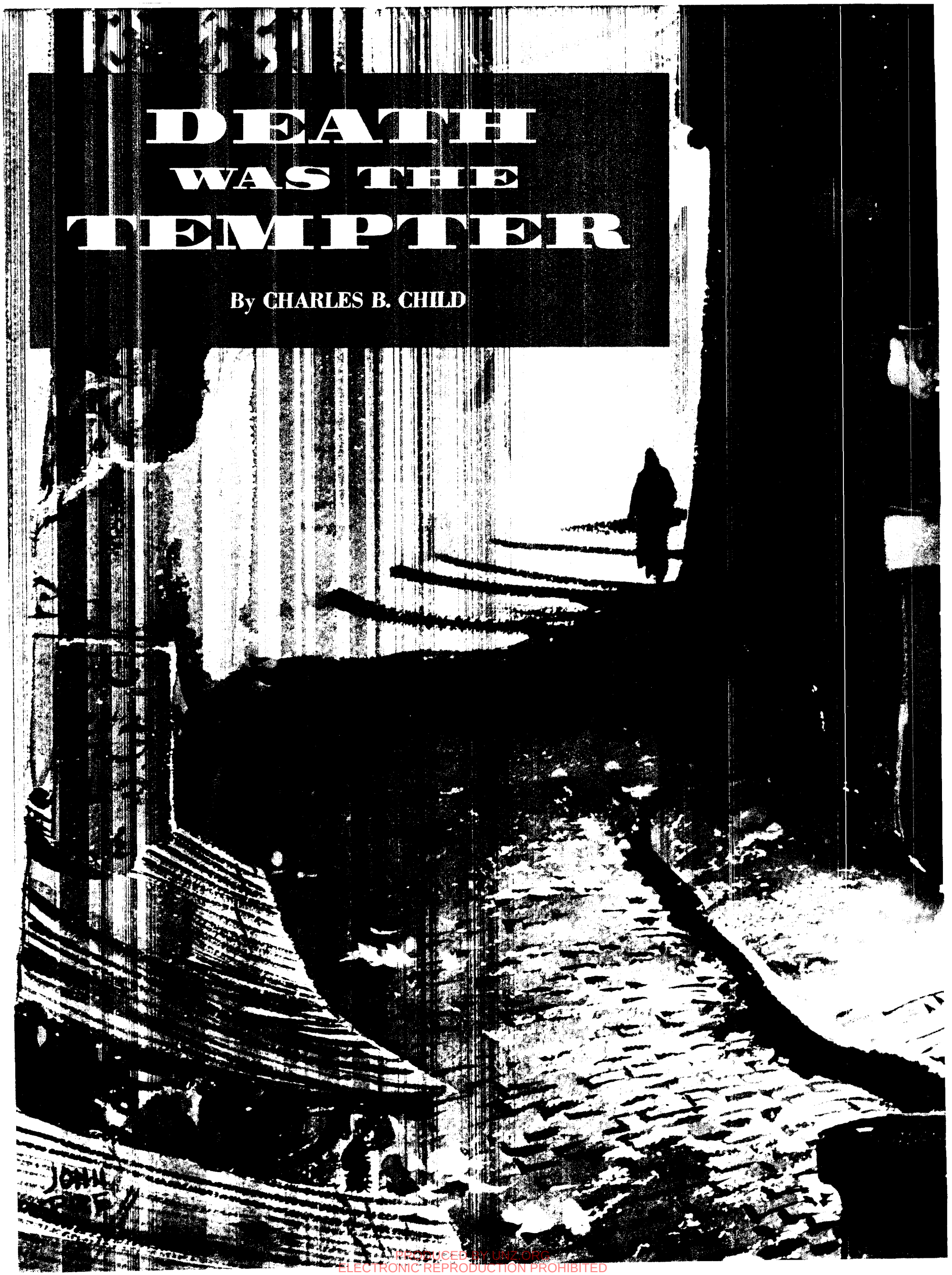
DEATH WAS THE TEMPTER

By CHARLES B. CHILD



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A much-hated man had been killed, and to Inspector Chafik it seemed the alleys of Baghdad teemed with baffling suspects

MAHMUD ALI, a beggar of Baghdad, who had his pitch on the Street of the Servant of the Prophet, was roused by the birds that swarmed into the city as the hot day ended. Their fluting disturbed his slumbers, and he cursed them as he looked up. The brilliant sunset was fading in the high desert sky, and the flat roofs and tiled domes of the city were becoming cloaked in shadows. And then a young man in ragged clothes raced by, with arms extended, chest heaving and wide-set eyes staring. The fleeing figure had come and gone in a moment, and only the beggar was left in the narrow street.

He runs from fear, thought Mahmud Ali. Yes, he runs from fear—and I know that one. . . .

He grasped his cudgel and peered about. It was a business neighborhood, and the offices were dark, except for a suite in a nearby building where a light had just come on. A breeze from the river scattered some rubbish that littered the street and moved on. The silence became oppressive.

All at once a door slammed, and there was the clatter of feet. A thin voice shouted, "Help!" Then, deepening with emotion, the voice called, "Murder!"

The beggar picked up the cry and amplified it, shouting: "Murder! Murder! Police! Police!" . . .

The police inspector was at the Al Hamra, a garden cinema, enjoying a mystery film, his favorite relaxation, when they called him. "My dear Yusif," he said to the constable who tapped his shoulder, "kindly take my seat and report tomorrow how it comes out. Personally I suspect the blonde with the delightfully distracting curves." He finished the glass of pink sherbet he had been sipping, took a last look at the screen, and went out. He was a neat little man in a civilian suit of white linen, his sleek head topped by the black *sidara* of a Moslem.

He was of very ancient race, even for the Middle East. Profiles not unlike his own—fine-featured, rather heavy-lipped and with sunken cheeks—were embossed on relics dug out of the rubble of Babylon. He had a swarthy complexion, and flat, dun-colored eyes that reflected the cynicism of four thousand years of civilization. His voice was soft, he walked like a cat, and his pride was the pride of kings.

The driver of the squad car briefed him as they threaded their way through the traffic. The dead man was Hanna Kamil, a lawyer who was respected in Baghdad, and he had been killed in his office on the Street of the Servant of the Prophet in the old part of the city.

A crowd loitered outside the three-story building, and the Inspector used his elbows to clear a way. Authority failed to dislodge a gaunt old Bedouin who was arguing with the guard at the entrance, and, rising on tiptoe to give himself stature, the Inspector touched the Bedouin's flowing robes and said, "O Father of Burning Sands, the lawyer you seek cannot attend to your business—he has had a prior appointment with Death!"

Brushing by, the Inspector went up a flight of worn steps and was received by a dark, towering man who wore the uniform of a police sergeant.

The sergeant, whose mahogany face was carved in the likeness of a hanging judge, said, "Sir, I fear you have been inconvenienced—"

"Alas, Abdullah! Those who get themselves killed never do so at my pleasure!" He patted his assistant's arm and then paused on the threshold to salaam to the corpse. "Chafik J. Chafik, Criminal Investigation Department, Baghdad Police," he announced himself. "May your soul be at rest, Mr. Kamil," he added piously.

Inspector Chafik pushed up his sleeves, flexed slender fingers, and briskly went to work.

Hanna Kamil had been sitting at his desk when he had been killed by a bullet fired into the back of his head at close range. He still held the pen with which he had been preparing a brief; there had been no struggle, but the mur-

Chafik stopped to light a cigarette; he was aware only of silence and shifting shadows. Then, though the night was warm, he felt cold. Someone was following him

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

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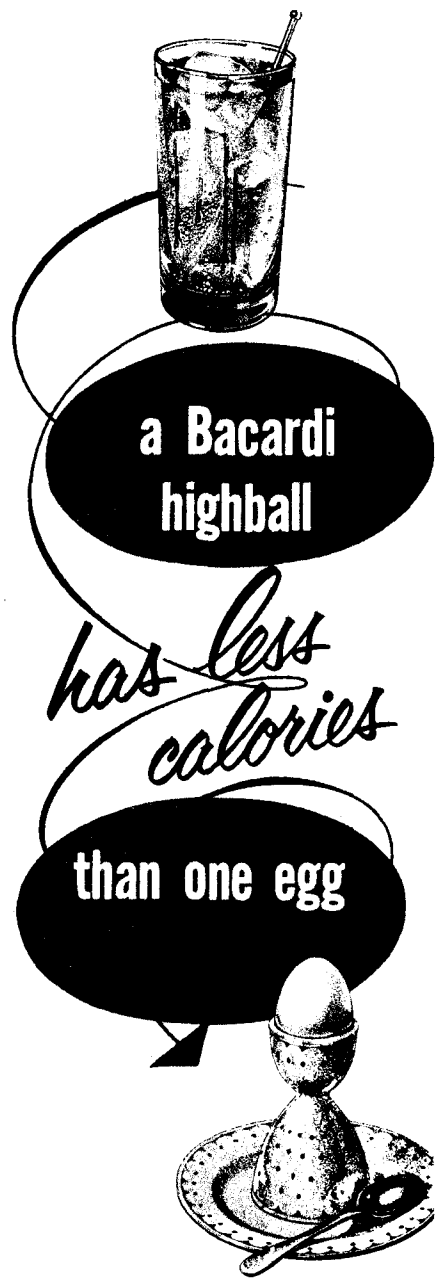

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derer had evidently made a hurried search of the room after the shooting, for it was strewn with papers.

"He was working late," explained Sergeant Abdullah, who loomed behind Chafik, like the Inspector's shadow elongated on a wall.

"Who found his body?"

"The confidential clerk, sir, one named Sayed Abbas. I have all the details here," Abdullah said and produced a notebook.

"Be brief."

"Yes, sir. The witness, Abbas, states received permission to go to the mosque for the sunset prayer. *Maghrib,* today, was shortly after six o'clock. At about seven the witness returned. He was late, his watch had stopped—"

"Hearsay or fact?"

"Fact," the sergeant said reproachfully. "I have ascertained that Abbas stopped at a café to ask the time and, being told, he ran—"

The Inspector's smile was thin. "Hanna Kamil had a reputation and I can well understand why his clerk ran," he said. "Continue."

"Sir, the witness saw the alleged murderer coming out. He is very observant for a witness and has well described the individual. Furthermore, there is corroboration—a mendicant at the street corner also observed the suspect, and avers he knows him." Sergeant Abdullah stopped abruptly, and the Inspector looked at him curiously.

"This secondary witness is unsatisfactory?" Chafik asked.

"Sir, he is avaricious and demands payment for information."

"A paid witness has no favor in the eyes of the law. Encourage him to be a better citizen, Abdullah. Meanwhile, send me Sayed Abbas—"

"Here?" the sergeant said, and looked meaningly at the corpse.

"Here," Chafik said. "Now go to the mercenary witness."

"Yes, sir," the sergeant said.

SAYED ABBAS was middle-aged and colorless. He wore somber clothes, and his withered neck was encased in a high collar.

The Inspector was abrupt. "Who was the man who visited your employer in your absence?" he asked.

"I do not know," Sayed Abbas said, trying not to look at the body. "Neither client nor friend was expected—"

"Yet somebody came here, and Mr. Kamil found their company agreeable, for a time!" Chafik said grimly. "Here is the document your master was working on when he was killed. Toward the end of it he paused twice, and was sufficiently distracted by conversation each time to let the writing dry naturally. Elsewhere he blotted each line, possibly a habit—"

The clerk made a distressed sound. "How well I remember that habit," he said. "Almost you make him live again—"

"How long were you in Mr. Kamil's employ?"

"Fifteen years, five months and three days."

The man's mind for detail was a rare pleasure, and Inspector Chafik warmed to him. "So," he said in a friendly voice, "you saw a stranger come out of the building, running, yet you did not stop him. Why?"

"He had authority," explained Sayed Abbas timidly. "He was shabby, but something about him made me stand aside."

"Your respect was perhaps fortunate. Did he see you?"

"I think not. Surely if he had just come from killing my master—O Merciful One! If I had not heard him on the stairs—the sound of his heavy boots, such a clatter!—if I had stopped him—if—"

"Exorcise those ifs," Chafik said gently. "Otherwise they will rise and gibber at you in the watches of the night."

He went and raised the dead man's head. "This puzzles me," he said, indicating the waxy face to the shocked clerk. "There is an amiable expression. Mr. Kamil was not put out by his unexpected visitor. Conversation at the moment of death must have been casual, even pleasant. I do not understand it at all. He had been interrupted, he had quite a notorious temper, and yet—"

"My master was a pious man," Sayed Abbas said defensively.

"Pious but harsh. There was a recent incident. It is in my mind—something concerning somebody who was employed here . . ." The Inspector was vexed because he could not remember.

The clerk said, "Is it possible you refer to our former office boy, Farisi?"

"Ah, yes!—Mohammed Farisi, a youth whom Mr. Kamil charged with petty theft. This foolish individual then made a threat with a knife and was jailed for a year," he said, and then added thoughtfully, "He was released last week."

The Inspector reached over the corpse with a murmured apology, lifted the telephone and told police headquarters what to do.

"Poor Farisi," Chafik said compassionately. "You see what happens, Mr. Abbas, when a small transgression is not forgiven."

The clerk sighed. "My master was a hard man," he admitted. "Farisi's theft was indeed a petty one, but remember what the Koran tells us: 'As for the man who steals and the woman who steals, cut off their hands as a punishment.' " When the clerk quoted the scripture, his reedy voice deepened, and it was as if two men had talked.

An echo from the grave, thought Chafik. If I opened this very confidential clerk, sawdust would come out; he is still Kamil's puppet. Aloud the Inspector said, "Fortunately we do not interpret Islamic law so literally in this country." He took out a cigarette and, after a few draws, let it smolder unheeded in his fingers. A draft from the open window fluttered the papers scattered on the floor. "Why this wanton scattering of documents?" he asked in the distant voice of a man thinking aloud.

"They are private, very private," Sayed Abbas said as he knelt to gather them. "A deed box has been profaned, Inspector! The secrets of clients—"

CHAFIK snatched the papers. He skimmed them and then said, "They concern one Trad. Who is this Trad?"

The clerk hesitated. "I am not sure I have the authority to disclose—"

"I warn you, I become as pettish as a wife when secrets are kept from me! Trad is surely the son of Sheik Hussain al Rafaat, one of our great landowners, and I remember a scandal—the sheik exiled his son for a marriage—"

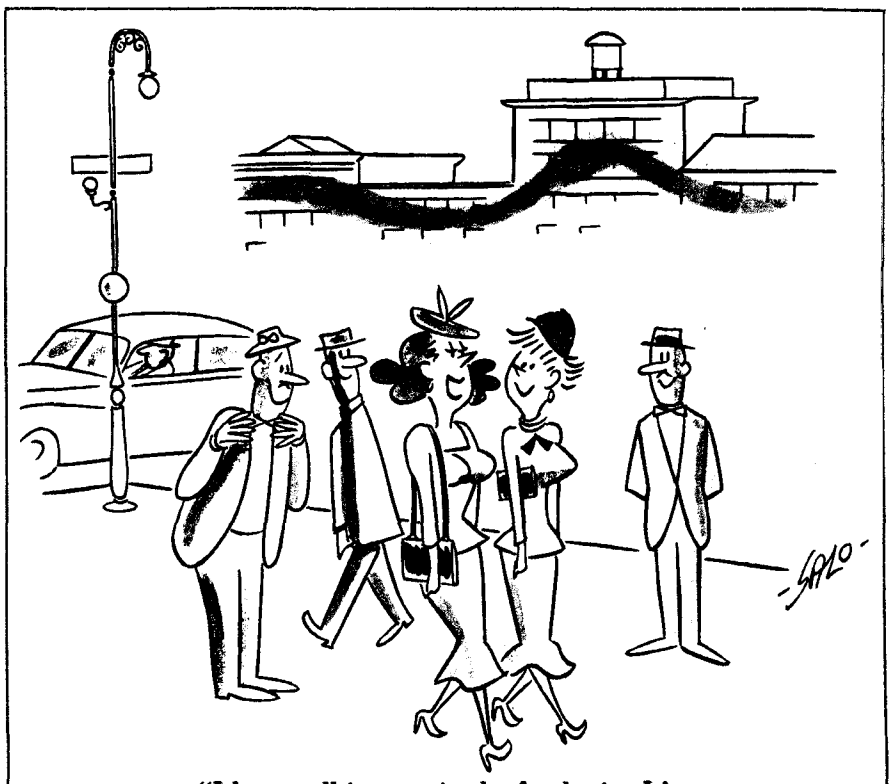
"The woman was of no family," Sayed Abbas said.

"What is family? Do we not all come from the same potter's wheel? However, a father's edict commands obedience, and although I understand this woman is virtuous . . ." The Inspector stopped. He was thinking: Chafik J. Chafik, you, too, have a son who one day will grow up. Would you deny yourself the delight of him because he took a bride not of your choosing? Embarrassment made him angry, and he slapped the papers down. "These are receipts, each for a hundred dinars. It would appear the sheik made a monthly allowance to his son, paid through Mr. Kamil. Did Trad come here to draw the money?"

Sayed Abbas shook his head and said, "My master must have arranged such payments privately; I knew nothing about them. A hundred dinars was quite generous," he added enviously.

"It's not scrapings from a pot. You and I live on less," the Inspector said. He had had his back to the clerk, and now he turned suddenly. "Was Trad your employer's visitor?" he asked.

"I do not know Trad," the clerk said; and then his voice changed to the deep bass and he went on judiciously, "Fur-



"I love walking out in the fresh air. It's such a wonderful way to meet someone who'll take you to a stuffy night club"

COLLIER'S — SALO ROTH

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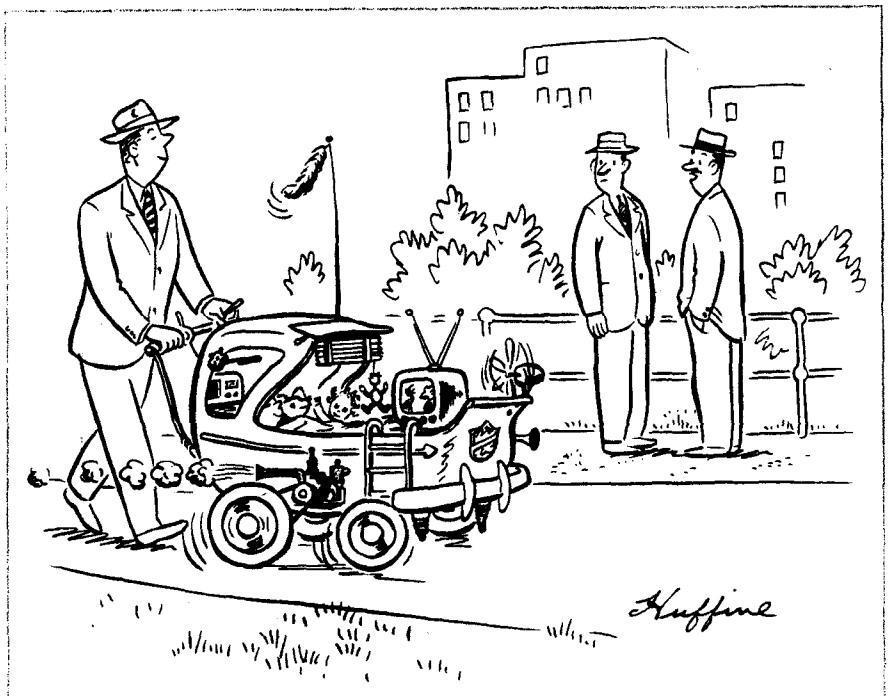

COLLIER'S **"Boy, is he going to turn into a spoiled brat!"** DAVID HUFFINE

thermore, the man I saw was poor, shockingly poor."

"Was he dissipated?"

"Oh, no, Inspector! I said he was shabby, but his clothes were cared for. Oh, no! No profligate he!"

Emotion had put color in the clerk's pale face and Chafik was moved to pat the man's arm. "He obviously made a good impression; you feel sympathy and defend him well," he said. "Sometimes it happens to me; with the greatest regret I have had to introduce the nicest people to the hangman."

The clerk beat his hands together and was about to continue his protest, when there was a knock on the door and Sergeant Abdullah came in. "The secondary witness," he said, "is now most co-operative. We conversed in the basement, and it was quite airless. The mendicant has identified the running man and is prepared to lead us to where he lives. It is unbelievable, sir, but he states—"

"The son of a sheik, one called Trad," Inspector Chafik said as he selected a cigarette.

THE wall was ancient and enclosed the labyrinth of the great bazaar of Baghdad. There was a strip of wasteland between it and the modern town, and here the homeless had put up shacks made of dried palm fronds and mud, roofed with flattened gasoline cans. The smoke of cow-dung fires rose from the compounds where the cooking was done, and everywhere there were children and dogs, prowling.

The beggar Mahmud Ali pointed and said, "There he lives, that *shaitan* who passed me with blood dripping from his hands."

Inspector Chafik asked, "Shall the sergeant test your truthfulness?"

The beggar said sullenly, "It may have been the sunset, but I thought the hands were red."

Chafik picked a path through litter and refuse, which decreased as he approached the shack Mahmud Ali had indicated. The sandy forecourt was bordered with whitened stones, and an attempt had been made at a vegetable garden. Burlap covered the doorway.

The Inspector reached out to raise it, and then clapped his hands instead, saying, "Permit me to enter. I am the police."

A man came out. He was of medium build and as deceptively fragile as the tempered blade of a sword. His shabby clothes were Western; frayed trouser cuffs flapped around his bare ankles. "Yes?" he said.

Just in time the Inspector checked a salaam. Behind the man he saw the one room of the lean-to. It was clean, and he saw a woman crouched there, cradling a child.

Chafik had pity for these young people. He was troubled by his policeman's duty and took refuge from compassion in abruptness. "You are Trad, son of Hussain?" he said.

"I am so named, and you will say Sheik Hussain al Rafaat when you speak of my father."

"Your pride is worthy of him. But please do not be arrogant. I, too, am arrogant when afraid."

"Why should I be afraid?"

"It would be reasonable. You were seen coming from the presence of a corpse, and although corpses are not uncommon, this one had a bullet—"

"I did not kill Kamil!"

"You are ahead of me," the Inspector said softly. "I mentioned no name. And there is no accusation, yet." He turned to Sayed Abbas, whom he had brought with him, and asked formally, "Is this the man?"

The beggar, Mahmud Ali, pushed forward and shouted, "That's the one! I saw him running from his crime! I—"

Abdullah silenced him.

The commotion caused the woman to put down her child and to come out and stand by her man. She said in a gentle voice, "I beg you not to disturb our son. He sleeps." She had veiled herself with a corner of her tattered robe, but the round of her cheek and one eye were exposed, and Chafik could see she was beautiful.

Trad said, "The Lady Alisha—my wife."

The Inspector salaamed. "I know now why you defied your father," he said, admiring the woman. "And yet I confess I am puzzled that you keep her in poverty."

"I am a sheik's son," Trad said, and added bitterly, "That was my training, and who will give me work? I cannot even carry loads like a common back porter, not a *fils* can I earn, although I have tried."

"But what have you done with your money? Your allowance?"

"Allowance?"

The Inspector produced the receipts

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he had found in Kamil's office. "Explain these," he said.

The young man looked at the papers. "I cannot explain," he said in bewilderment. "I know nothing about an allowance, nothing. The signatures are very like mine, but I signed nothing!"

"Do you suggest a reputable lawyer risked forgery for such a small return?" Chafik asked, raising his eyebrows.

"I would go to greater risks for less," Trad said grimly. "Just now I gave my boots for money to get food for my son." His thin face was bitter as he pointed to his bare feet.

"Yes," the Inspector said. "So if Mr. Kamil pocketed the allowance your father made—or you thought he pocketed it—it would be a motive." He stopped and looked at the squalor. "A sheik among his own people knows no law but his own, and you are a sheik's son," he said softly.

CHAFIK turned from the couple and peered through the doorway of the shack. There was a blanket in a corner where the child lay, a nursling of a few months. Faint choking sounds came from it, and the inspector ran and snatched up the bundle. The tiny face was puckered and red. "What have you given him?" Chafik asked indignantly as he put the child against his shoulder and patted the small back.

When the choking changed to healthy crying he surrendered the baby to the mother. "How old?" he asked.

The woman whispered, "Little Hussain is five months."

Chafik took off his coat and looked at the spot on it ruefully. "You feed *kafta* and *pilav* at that age?" he asked.

"My man—" Alisha said and gestured helplessly. "There is no nourishment in me, and Trad, he—"

"But meatballs and fried rice!"

Trad said defensively, "I got the food from the street vendor, Sadi Salah. They are all thieves, those vendors, and it was all he would give me."

"And then you went and murdered Mr. Kamil?"

"I did not murder Kamil!" Trad said. "I went to him by appointment. He was dead when I got there. I was frightened and ran."

"Why?"

"Because the man had warned me of danger, and I was fearful for my son and wife."

"What man warned you?"

"The man who sent me to the appointment with Kamil," Trad said. He was now calm. "I am not religious but I always keep the sunset prayer. I go over there under the wall where it is quiet—"

"Admirable!"

"—I had started the second *rak'at* when the man came and said, 'Go you to your father's lawyer! Go quickly, he awaits you.' "

"It was very wrong of him to interrupt your prayers," Inspector Chafik said. "What kind of man was he?"

"A Bedouin."

"Describe him."

"A man wearing a cloak."

Chafik said, "A paltry description."

"How can I describe a Bedouin?" demanded Trad with anger. "His voice had a certain quality; I might recognize that, but the cloak covered his body, and his headcloth was drawn over his face. All he had time for was to tell me to go to Kamil, and to warn me of the danger."

"Danger to you or Kamil?"

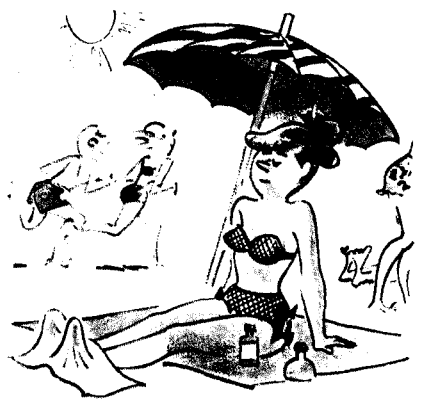
"He did not say. He gave me the gun, and—" Trad covered his mouth with his hand.

SUNTAN

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN

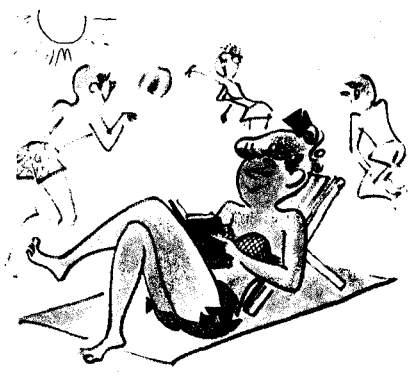
1st Day—Extreme Caution

2nd Day—Careful Preparation



3rd Day—Test Area

4th Day—Increased Exposure



5th Day—Full Sun

6th Day—Reckless Abandon

7th Day—Gorgeous Peel

8th Day—Extreme Caution

"You foolish young man!" Inspector Chafik said. He extended his hand and snapped his fingers. "Surrender it!"

There was an ominous sound—the creak of Sergeant Abdullah's leather holster—and Chafik saw Trad's face darken with the challenge. "Do not wave a flag at a bull; put your pistol away," the Inspector said to his assistant without turning his head.

"Give him the gun," Alisha said quietly to her husband.

Chafik looked at the woman gratefully. "A Beretta," he announced as he took the gun. He sniffed at the muzzle. "She has been fired recently—fortunately she cannot hold her tongue and will gossip to ballistics—"

Trad shook off his wife's hand and lunged; but the arm of Abdullah fell like a shield, and there were others who had gathered who came to secure him. "I did not kill Kamil!" Trad shouted as he struggled. "The gun was given me! I told the truth—the truth—"

Chafik's drab eyes were cynical with the experience of many such scenes. "Take him away," he said.

The woman flung herself at Chafik and beat at his chest. "My man did meet a Bedouin!" she cried. "I, too, saw him! Several times in recent days."

He put her away. "You are a loyal wife, but the evidence of a wife is neither here nor there when it concerns a husband," he said.

He felt a hand pluck his sleeve and turned wearily; it was Kamil's clerk. "You will at least check the story?" Sayed Abbas asked Chafik anxiously.

"But Trad has no witness," he said. "You yourself know how numerous Bedouins are in Baghdad. I cannot question every one." The Inspector frowned then, for he remembered the gaunt old Bedouin who had blocked his path while arguing with the guard outside the scene of the crime.

THAT Father of Burning Sands who had an appointment with Kamil! thought Chafik. I sent him away, I did not question why he was there at that late hour. Truly I deserve reprimand!

"Yes, it was very careless of me," he reproved himself aloud. Suddenly aware that Sayed Abbas was looking at him, puzzled, he hid his confusion by saying, "I can do nothing for Trad."

"But the sacrifice he made for his child! Surely—"

"Mr. Abbas, if Trad sold his boots for food, the incident may move a judge to mercy. I will inquire into it. That is all."

"How implacable you are!" the clerk said, and he let go of the Inspector's sleeve and stumbled off into the darkness, brushing his eyes.

Chafik called after him, "I have not finished with the witnesses yet. Go to the precinct station, Mr. Abbas." He ground out his cigarette and said to Sergeant Abdullah: "Take these other people there. I will come later. Like Mr. Abbas, I need a walk."

As he went away, he muttered, "So I'm implacable? Well, what else do they expect? I'm a policeman." . . .

The Inspector walked through narrow streets overhung by balconies. "A policeman!" he repeated to himself in a flat voice. "What a detestable profession! I have seen how Trad lives, but instead of being moved by pity, I use his misfortune to explain why Kamil was killed—but does it? Would *you* cheat for a few paltry dinars, Mr. Kamil? But you are dead, and I should respect your beard—"

He heard the echo of his voice and slapped his face. "Chafik J. Chafik,

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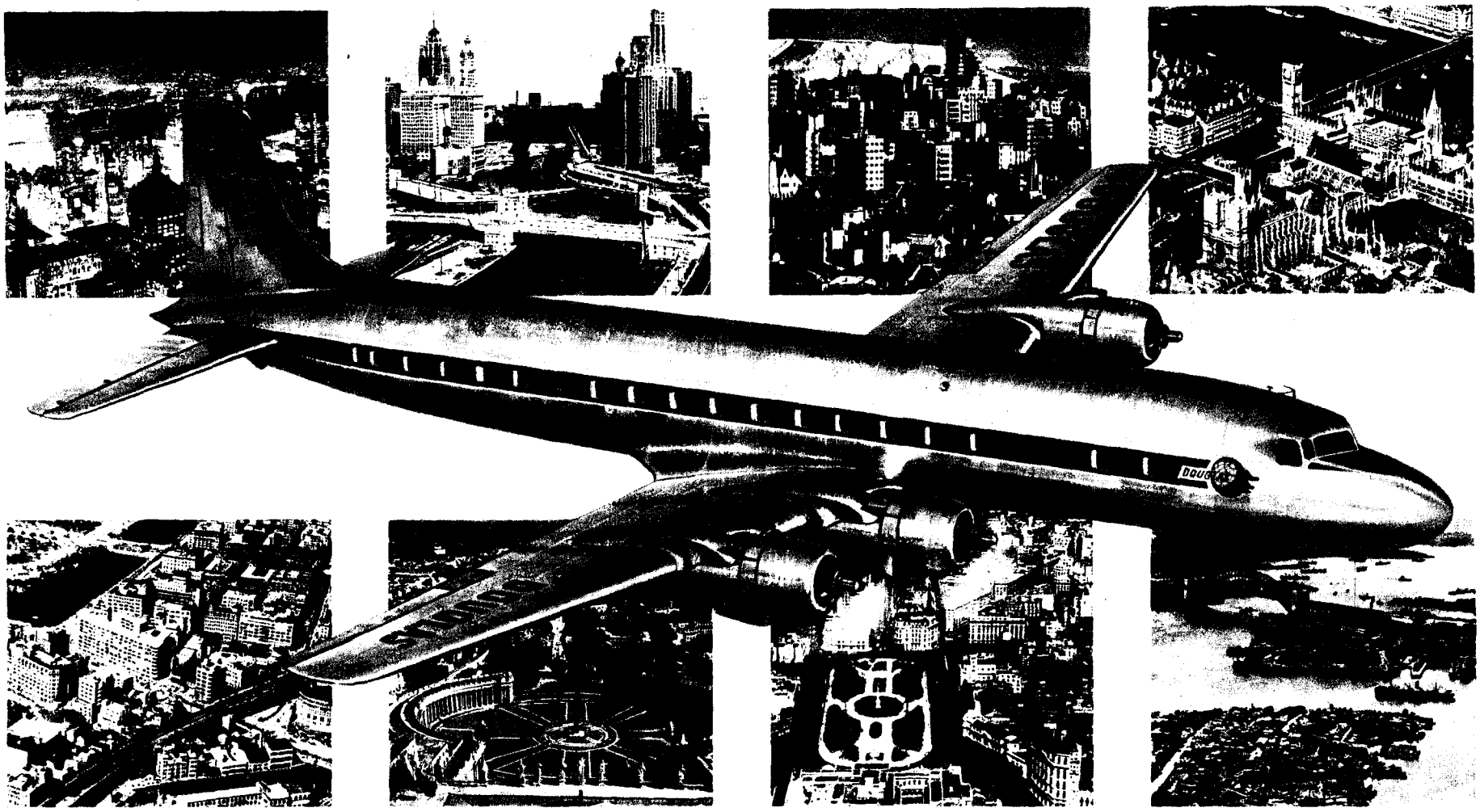

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why can't you think silently?" he said.

He stopped under an oil lamp set in a sconce on a house wall and got out his cigarettes. He was aware of the silence and the shifting shadows, and all at once, although the night was warm, he felt cold. There was somebody at his back. He welcomed the threat; it was good to escape from thoughts. He walked on then, and when he came to a suitable doorway, he stepped into it and stood twisting the heavy signet ring on his finger with pleasurable anticipation.

He expected a footpad; but the man was a Bedouin, and the Inspector recognized the gaunt old man as he went by. Chafik stepped forward and tapped him on the shoulder and said, "O Father of Burning Sands! You were the one at Kamil's door—"

The Bedouin turned swiftly. He wore a loose cloak over an undergarment of fine muslin, and his headcloth of gray printed Paisley hung to his shoulders and partially hid his face. He carried a formidable staff. "You lurk like a snake and you hiss like one," he said, looking at Chafik with leaden eyes.

"Why do you follow me?" the Inspector asked.

"Because you took Hussain's son—"

"What is that to you?"

"I eat Sheik Hussain's salt. Jabir ibn Jabir they named me. I am my lord's steward," the Bedouin said and showed Chafik a silver chain of office.

"I salaam to your lord," Chafik said, raising his hand. He finished the salaam casually, with his hand on his breast, near his shoulder gun. He knew how swiftly a knife could be drawn from under a robe.

Jabir said, "I did not follow you to kill you, only to ask why Trad was—"

"The evidence says he killed your lord's lawyer."

"If he killed because he was cheated out of moneys, it was a just killing," the Bedouin said.

"Tribal law—an eye for an eye—does not extend to Baghdad," Chafik said. "Now tell me why you knew the money was not paid."

SHEIK HUSSAIN'S steward took a paper from his pouch. "The lady sent a letter," he said. "It grieved my lord," he added with an old man's sadness.

Chafik held the letter to the street light. Alisha had written: *In the name of the Compassionate One, take Trad back into your tents, and his son too, to be raised as a sheik's grandson. Then I, unpleasing to you, will go hence, asking nothing. By God I declare never again will I show my face to my man or my son! Better my heart breaks than they be destroyed by poverty. . . .*

"May my son win such a wife!" the Inspector said passionately.

"Hussain regrets his hastiness in condemning the lady," confessed the steward. "He wrote to Kamil, his lawyer, asking why the allowance had not been paid. There was no reply, so he sent me to Baghdad—"

"And when you saw the poverty of Trad, you were angered?"

"I did not know until just now how Trad lived. I did not take vengeance on a cheating lawyer, as you suggest," said the shrewd old man.

"A desert man is alleged to have given a message, and a gun, to Trad tonight—"

"I was not that man."

Chafik said softly, "I am beginning to understand. There are new threads to go into the pattern." His hands made the motions of weaving, as if he fed the loom of his brain: "An unpaid allowance, a gentle woman's letter, the curious discourtesy of a lawyer who did not answer his client—and this lawyer a hard man, severe in justice, as witness the youth who transgressed. . . ." The Inspector's shuttling hands became still, and he added thoughtfully, "A thread forgotten; it was very remiss of me to forget the youth. He stole such a small sum, but the harshness of the punishment caused him to threaten his employer with a knife."

"Do you talk to me or another?" Jabir asked roughly.

"Eh? I talked? Oh, that unconquerable habit!"

A whistle shrilled in the distance, another nearer, and then others came in rapid succession. "This arpeggio opens a police symphony," the Inspector said absently. He apologized to Sheik Hussain's steward and took him by the arm and hurried him along.

They followed the strident call to a dead-end lane not far from the wasteland where the homeless, and Trad, lived. Here a brazier had been set up, and a tangy odor of barbecued fish, saffron rice and heated oil filled the air. A man lay sprawled by this wayside kitchen, and a small crowd was being hustled away by the patrols.

Chafik reproved them. "Today's carbine in the back is tomorrow's dead policeman," he warned his men. "Who did this?" he asked, looking down.

The police told him they did not know. One said, "He is a street vendor and, being a vendor of food, he must have many enemies. One came and stabbed him just now." And another added, "He made hard bargains."

"What is his name?"

"Sadi Salah," a constable said.

Chafik repeated it and said, "I know that name. Yes, this one was a hard bargainer." He bent to examine the corpse. "Swiftly and decently killed," he announced, and then added in a worried voice: "But his feet are rubbed clean; he must have worn boots recently. Furthermore, I was told he *did* have boots—Trad's! Compassionate One! Why did I forget?" He rapped his head with his signet ring, and his eyes were opaque like the stone. . . .

The precinct station had a sour smell, and Inspector Chafik sprinkled orange water on his handkerchief. He had commandeered the *mufawwad's* office, a bare room with a brick floor. A tabletop on trestles served as a desk, and there were a few chairs. The rank of district officer did not rate a carpet, and Chafik, with pride, thought of the one in his office at headquarters.

He read a report from the police laboratory. The experts stated that the gun taken from Trad had killed Kamil. "I can no more doubt ballistics than I can doubt the infallibility of fingerprints," said the Inspector. "However, science is not human, and I am. . . " He turned out the ceiling light and adjusted the green shade of the desk lamp so that he stood in shadow. "Lighting is so important when one creates illusion," he explained to Sergeant Abdullah.

"Sir?"

"You are about to witness a play."

"Sir?"

"I have a plot in mind with a more pleasant ending than the one suggested by ballistics. Unfortunately there is no script, and I must improvise. Surely, at the end, somebody will speak the line to ring down the curtain!" The little man made an actor's gesture and said: "Bring in the actors."

MAHMUD ALI, the beggar of the Street of the Servant of the Prophet, was ushered in, along with the wife of Trad, carrying her son. Sayed Abbas followed; then came Jabir ibn Jabir, steward of Sheik Hussain. And then the door opened for a young man, a plump and surly youth, at whose appearance Chafik raised neat eyebrows. "I do not know this one," he complained. Sergeant Abdullah said, "You ordered his detention, sir, and so I parade him. He is named Farisi—"

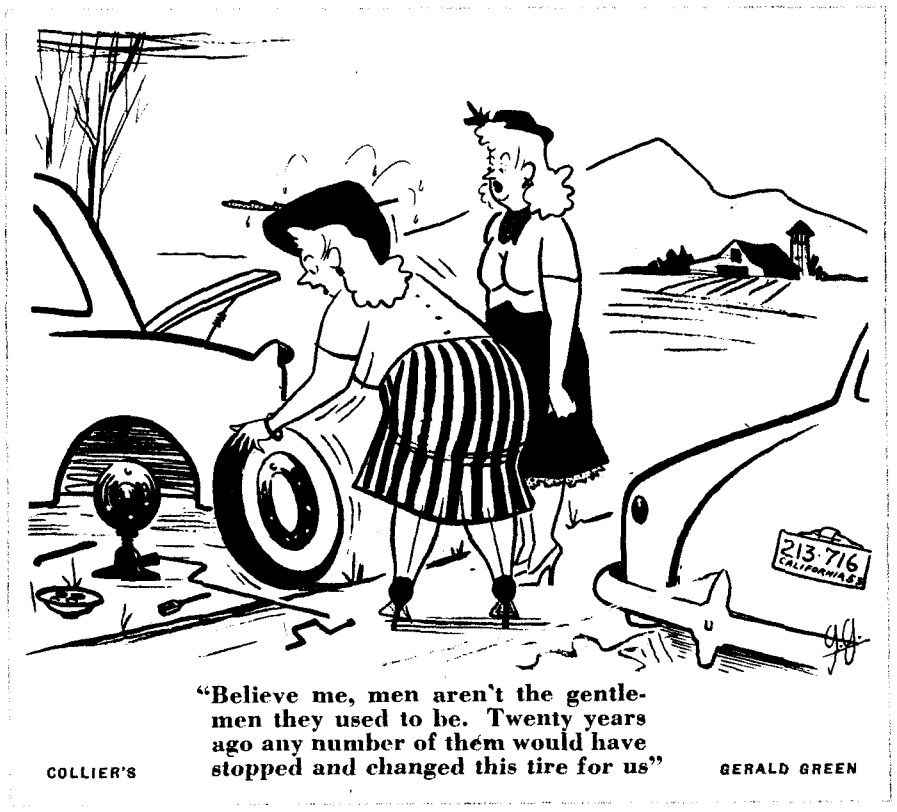
"Ah, yes! Mohammed Farisi, the office boy who was so harshly dealt with by Mr. Kamil. Poor adolescent!" Chafik added, shaking his head.

The door opened again, and the last one to enter was Trad, Sheik Hussain's son, wearing handcuffs.

The Inspector looked at the group and his sharp face softened only for the child sleeping in the mother's lap. "So late for him," he said solicitously. "I trust his digestion is better?"

"He is well," Alisha answered from the folds of her *chader*.

"I am relieved. At that age they resemble clocks, and a foreign body on the balance wheel inevitably stops the



COLLIER'S

"Believe me, men aren't the gentlemen they used to be. Twenty years ago any number of them would have stopped and changed this tire for us"

GERALD GREEN

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COLLIER'S **"I'd like to borrow a few dollars until your next payday, dear!"** FRITZ WILKINSON

works. However, your son's stomach provided a clue, madame."

The Inspector took out a cigarette and rolled it between thumb and forefinger. The light of the desk lamp sharpened his cheekbones and darkened the hollows of his eyes. He peered from the web of shadows like a spider. "Hanna Kamil is not with us," he announced. "He had a prior appointment with the corpse washers. And also not answering the roll call is the phantom who Trad claims gave him the gun—"

The sheik's son rattled his handcuffs. "You mock me!" he said.

"—a veiled man who had only a voice," the Inspector needled.

"I would recognize the voice!" Trad shouted. "He was a Bedouin, and—"

Chafik rapped on the desk. "Bedouins!" he cried with mounting anger. "Must I parade voices and Bedouins to please you? Can't you be satisfied with this one?" He tilted the lamp and the light fell on Jabir ibn Jabir.

THE gaunt old man did not blink. He said in measured tones, "Next time you walk alone in Baghdad, I shall come silently and go silently, and you thereafter will always be silent."

His master's son said, "Cover your mouth, old man! I rode your knee before I rode a horse; you did not give me the gun!" Trad looked away from the Inspector as he added coldly, "One does not hope for justice from a policeman."

The Inspector rose on tiptoe. "Mr. Abbas!" he shrilled at the clerk who had a chair near him. "You, as a law expert, tell this individual the extent of my duty!"

Sayed Abbas polished his glasses thoughtfully. "Yours is the unenviable duty of proving guilt," he said at length.

"And has not Trad's guilt been proved?" Chafik demanded. "Must I also do the work of the investigating judge and extract confession?" He threw away his unlighted, crumpled cigarette and reached for another. "Or must I hang him personally?" he asked.

The law clerk raised protesting hands and pleaded in a reedy voice: "Surely, mercy is also expected of you—"

"Mercy? Do any of us know the meaning of the word?" The little man tilted the desk lamp so that it blinded the plump youth who had once been Kamil's office boy. "What mercy did this one get?" he asked, his voice quiet.

In prison they had taught Mohammed Farisi how to hate, and his voice was thick with it as he said, "Why can't you let me alone?" The Inspector remained silent, and the youth moved uneasily; finally self-pity cracked the shell of defiance and, huddled in the chair, choked with tears, Farisi said, "I did nothing! I did nothing!"

The light on him was merciless and so was Chafik's voice when he said, "See what happens when a hard man uses the lash instead of the reproachful, parental hand. Oh, yes! Hanna Kamil was quite a hard man, and that is why he died." He waited and then added absently, "The slaying of Sadi Salah, the food vendor, also comes into the story. He died because a man pawned his boots." The tilted lamp moved to pick out Mahmud Ali, the beggar of the Street of the Servant of the Prophet, and Chafik commanded, "Stand up, mendicant!"

Mahmud Ali whined, "Your honor, what have I done? I told the truth about the man running, this Trad. I—"

"Did the noise of his running awaken you?"

The beggar said indignantly, "I was meditating, not sleeping. The cursed birds disturbed me with their impious cries, and when I looked up, Trad had gone by. He made no sound—"

"No sound," Chafik repeated. "So you corroborate the evidence of a baby's stomach, O Father of Lamentations! Trad was barefooted when he went to Kamil's office—"

As the words echoed in the silent room, the Inspector looped the cord of the desk lamp around his foot, jerked, and plunged the room into darkness. "How clumsy of me!" he exclaimed, and knelt to find the plug.

Fumbling, he went on casually, "Mr. Abbas, in your evidence why did you say Trad wore boots? You even stressed it, and told me of the clatter he made coming down the office stairs."

"I was mistaken," Abbas whispered.

"You were," Chafik said conversationally, still kneeling. "Your watch had stopped, and you returned later than you had planned. Trad was already some distance down the street by then, and in the fading light you did not see him clearly. Therefore you described him as you last saw him: Trad at his prayers with his boots at his side, as they would be when a Moslem talks with God."

THERE was the noise of a chair being pushed back. "Your detailed mind, Mr. Abbas!" Chafik said. "You remembered too much!"

"O Merciful One! Merciful One!" the clerk exclaimed.

"I might never have thought of the boots if the food vendor had not been killed. Of course it would seem essential to stop his evidence. There was nothing really conclusive about the child's upset stomach—" The Inspector waited. He was still on his knees and had the connection ready to slip into the socket. "Really, fate has been too cruel," he went on. "It could happen to any one of us. A normally honest man is trusted by his employer with certain payments. He is tempted and embezzles. All goes well until Trad's wife writes her father-in-law, and he sends an inquiring letter to his lawyer. The embezzler intercepts it, but this is only a stopgap. Jabir ibn Jabir is on the way, and Mr. Kamil's harshness is notorious, witness the youth whose crime was so petty—" Chafik sighed. His pity was for the man in the web.

"So Kamil must die. He is shot while he sits at his desk. He is tranquil because he has no reason to fear the old employee who stands behind him. Useful clues are scattered. And then the murderer puts on the robes of a Bedouin over his Western clothes, an excellent disguise needing neither a false beard nor facial padding, and he goes and gives the gun to the young man he has selected to hang for his crime—"

A chair was overturned with a crash. "What are you saying?" Sayed Abbas cried. "O Merciful One! What are you saying?" The reedy voice changed to a deep bass before it was cut off.

Trad shouted, "That is the voice of the Bedouin!"

"Yes, that is the voice, this man's second voice," Chafik said. "He came to you veiled in anonymity, and I veiled him in darkness so that you would know him again. Yes, here is the poor fool whom death tempted."

The Inspector plugged in the lamp.

▲▲▲

Next Week in
COLLIER'S

A Complete Novelette

COMMAND

By
PAUL HORGAN

When Laura Hazard began to show marked favoritism for two of the young troopers at Fort Delivery, she did not suspect their rivalry would be settled in a skirmish with the Apaches

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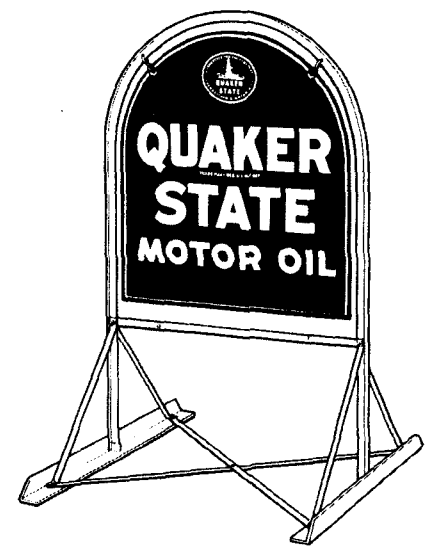

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How Safe Is Your Food

Is it fresh fish? Inspector Donald Martin of the Food and Drug Administration's Boston office takes a deep whiff to find out. If it isn't,

A legal mix-up has robbed government inspectors of their main weapon in the fight against the few unscrupulous food and drug makers—and we all share the danger.. Something must be done, and fast

ONE day not long ago, an agent of the government's Food and Drug Administration dropped into a small Eastern chemical plant for a routine inspection. One of the products manufactured by the company was labeled "preserving salt," and when he got to it the agent paused thoughtfully.

"What's in this stuff?" he asked the plant owner.

"Perfectly harmless!" the man said with a trace of indignation. "That's an excellent salt. Preserves processed meats indefinitely. No discoloration. No spoilage . . ."

"What's in it?" persisted the agent.

"The ingredients are listed! You can see for yourself. Perfectly harmless!"

"No thiourea?"

"What?"

"Is there any thiourea in this salt?"

"Well, sure," blustered the manufacturer. "A little. It makes a fine preservative."

The FDA man nodded grimly. "That's right," he said. "And a perfect poison. Just a drop of that stuff can upset a kid's thyroid gland enough to affect his growth. It can cause goiter. And enough of it can result in serious brain damage. Give me a list of the firms you've sold that salt to—and fast!"

Thanks to the agent's alertness, no thiourea-permeated meat ever reached the consumer's table. Instead, the "preserving salt" case merely became another entry in the records of the FDA, the U.S. Health Department agency which guards America's 157,000,000 consumers against dangerous, impure or dishonestly labeled foods, drugs and cosmetics. The FDA's is a gigantic task, affecting everyone's daily life. And it is becoming vastly more complex, as racketeers rush in to capitalize on high prices and the greatest consumer prosperity in the nation's history.

Yet a few months ago, one of the agency's main weapons—its power to enter a factory for inspections—was yanked away from it by a legal fluke, and so far, little has been done to restore that vital authority.

Unless some action is taken quickly, there is real danger that we may slide part of the way back toward the appalling situation that existed at the turn of the century, when a tiny segment of the food and patent-medicine industries was threatening the health of the nation. Disclosure of those conditions by Collier's spurred Congress to pass the original Pure Food and Drug Act in 1906. Then, as now, honest businessmen backed the law.

Today, the FDA must ride herd on products for which we spend $50,000,000,000 annually—more than a quarter of our national income. It has supervision over 2,000,000 separate items turned out by 77,000 factories and processors. It must also set standards for the importation of tea, watch over the seafood packing industry and make constant tests of antibiotics among other activities.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION

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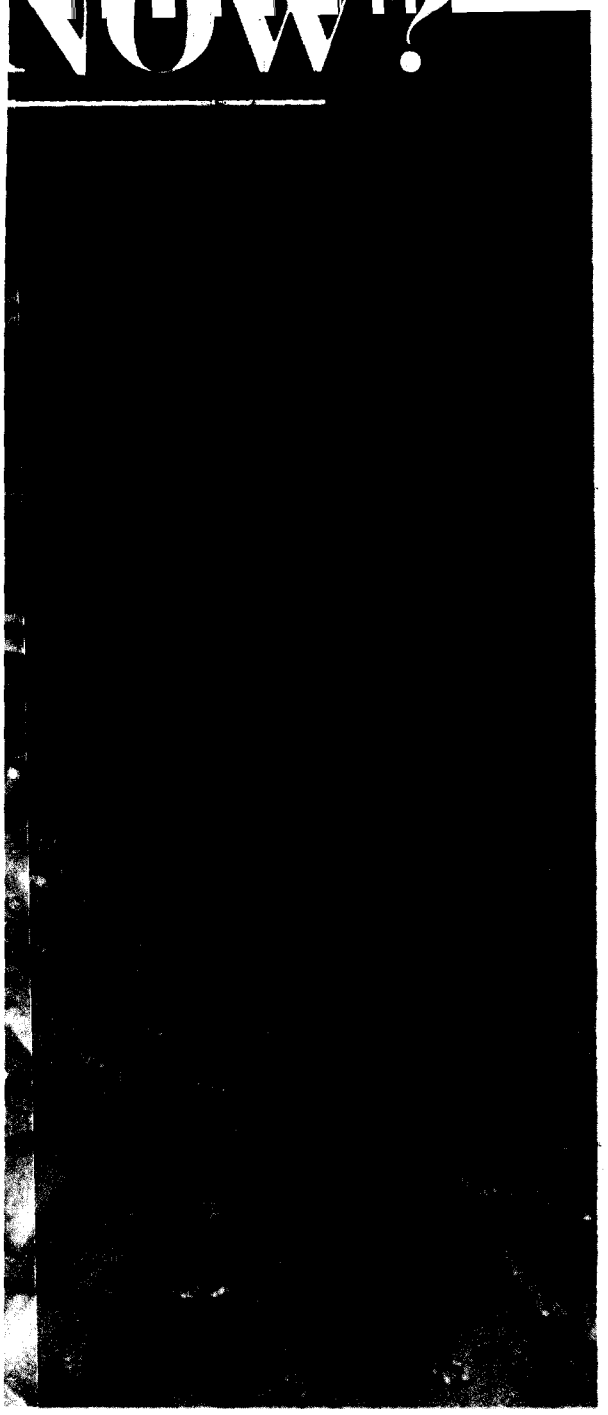
NOW?



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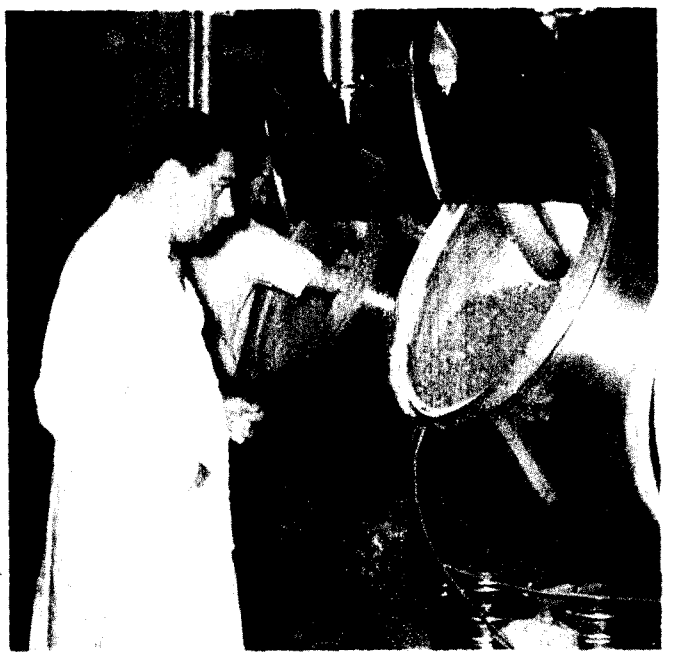


At Chicago drug plant, FDA inspector Sam Abrams examines big batch of pills, as required by law

Can of fruit must be brim full. Agent Dale Miller of Los Angeles makes a routine check

At an Ohio cannery, FDA's Eldred Carmack helps plant workers keep an eye out for bad tomatoes

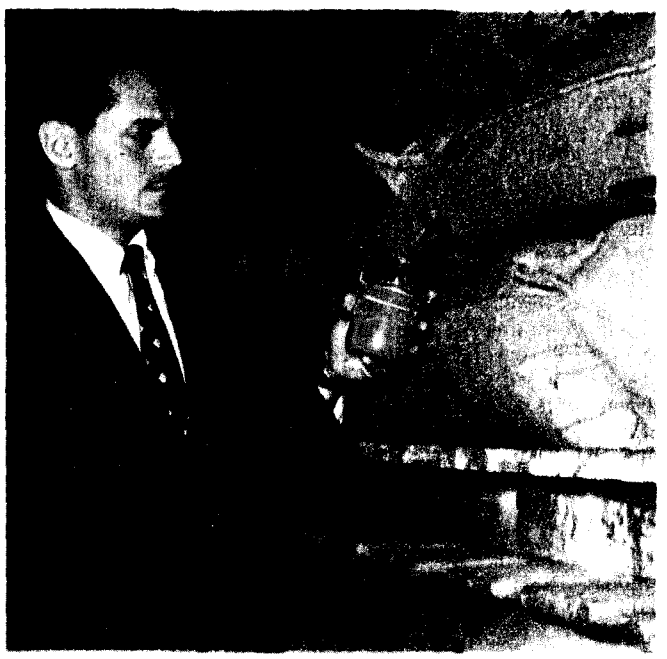
Bread must meet weight specifications. Agent Robert Keating checks dough in Denver bakery

By BEN MERSON

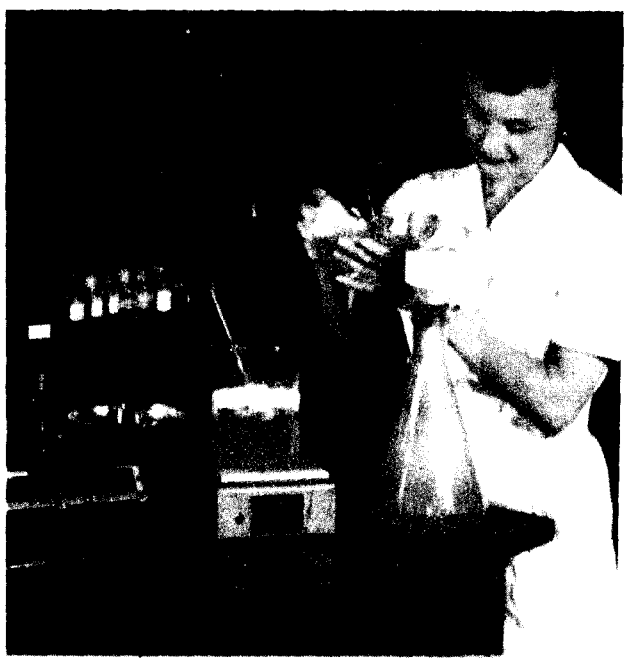
Considering the size of the FDA staff—only 1,050 employees, including 300 chemists and 205 inspectors—this seems like an impossible chore. And so it would be—except that 98 per cent of all manufacturers are ethical men, who maintain standards that have made American products the finest in the world. Their integrity leaves the FDA free to concentrate on the other two per cent—the chiselers, the fly-by-nights and the greedy.

Most of these offenders have been trapped by factory inspection—the sudden and unannounced appearance of an FDA agent at the scene. These spot checks have been the backbone of the agency's strength. Last year, four fifths of the FDA's nearly 2,000 court cases were based on factory inspections. "Through factory inspection," says Commissioner Charles W. Crawford, "the FDA has been able to save the public—and the government—millions, and stop rackets at their source."

Last December the U.S. Supreme Court nullified



Imports are watched, too. Inspector Albert J. De Angelis samples some paprika on New York pier



Mrs. Rita Reichardt, of Chicago, FDA chemist, analyzes the ingredients of candy Easter eggs

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A factory-inspection law trapped most food racketeers and slipshod firms—unti

the enforcement of factory inspection. The FDA had been making such spot checks under the 1938 Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. The act stipulated that inspectors first had to ask an owner's permission to enter his premises—but if the owner refused he was liable to criminal action. The court held that the law was vague and contradictory, and therefore declared these sections invalid.

The immediate danger was so apparent that President Eisenhower, in his State of the Union message, asked that Congress immediately restore FDA's inspection power. So did scores of business firms and trade associations—among them the American Drug Manufacturers Association, the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, the Toilet Goods Association, Inc., and the Grocery Manufacturers of America. But Congress has dawdled.

As a result, inspection can now be carried out only on a voluntary basis. "But the volunteers are the same reputable businessmen who never had anything to hide," Commissioner Crawford points out. "The diluters, adulterers and cheats can lock their doors in our face. And they do."

To crack the blockade, the FDA is compelled to track down suspected products on the open market and then subject them to scores of time-consuming tests—a procedure which costs the taxpayer five times as much. And as the racketeers know, certain dangerous items defy analysis and can be detected only by factory inspection.

Men Eager for Quick Profits

The laboratory work is complicated by the tremendous job of testing the hundreds of new chemicals that are constantly developed. Food and cosmetics manufacturers are not required to prove in advance the safety of any new chemical they add to their products. Reputable manufacturers insist on the pretesting of every chemical additive anyhow—either by their own scientists or by university researchers. But unscrupulous and careless operators take no such precautions. And in their greed for quick profits, they sometimes use dangerous or impure compounds.

They haven't had much success. Until it was saddled with its present handicaps, the FDA was renowned as one of the most efficient agencies in Washington. During its forty-seven years, it has saved the nation at least $1,000,000,000 and thwarted innumerable plots against the public health and pocketbook. Many of the FDA's exploits have become legendary.

The Case of the Bootleg Butter is typical. The Food and Drug Administration isn't interested in the relative merits of butter and margarine. But the agency is required by law to see to it that restaurants inform customers if they are serving margarine, and that people who buy butter get what they pay for. For a while last year, a lot of people in New Jersey, New York and New England were paying for butter and getting a blend that was 50 per cent margarine, which should have been less expensive. It was an almost foolproof swindle; only a man with a nose like a divining rod could tell the difference.

Somewhere on the East Coast, there's a man with such a nose. FDA officials don't remember who provided the tip, but it galvanized the government agency into action—and, sure enough, the butter was part margarine.

The FDA's New York district office agents discovered that the contraband was spreading from New Jersey to Massachusetts through a series of middlemen, many of whom were unaware that they were being duped.

Agents Greeted with Insult

The trail led to a New Jersey wholesaler. Confident they had found the source, FDA men converged on the plant. They found nothing but pure butter and a proprietor bristling with indignation. "If you got nothing else to do," he sneered, "maybe you should go out and find yourselves a job."

FDA agents did—the painfully tedious job of examining the shipping records of all margarine manufacturers. (The right to examine such records without permission was also taken away by the Supreme Court decision.) Obviously, if the bogus buttermakers were using margarine, they had to buy it somewhere. But it soon became evident they weren't buying it under their own names. Not a single butter manufacturer was listed as a margarine customer. All the purchasers seemed legitimate.

All, that is, but one—a new bakery in a nearby city. This firm had ordered more than three tons of margarine, an extraordinary amount. There had to be an interesting reason, and an agent found it. The bakery was no bakery. It was a warehouse, and the owner was none other than the New Jersey butter wholesaler. But the warehouse was merely a depot for the margarine. The bootleg butter was being made elsewhere.

The climax was like something out of a Hollywood scenario.

Secretly trailing the next shipment of margarine, FDA agents watched as it was delivered to the warehouse, put aboard another truck and then rushed through the Holland Tunnel at dawn to a butter-manufacturing plant in New York City. This was plainly the scene of operations. So they gave the racketeers time to operate.

At 9:00 A.M. the agents marched in. At noon they drooped out—baffled, frustrated and feeling foolish. They had searched everywhere, made a diagram of the entire building. But they had discovered nothing; not so much as a pat of bootleg butter, or a trace of margarine. It was incredible.

The FDA men were about to drive off when agent Jerry Martel glanced back at the factory, then at the diagram in his lap. He leaped out of the car, and quickly paced off the front of the building. "Something's missing," he yelled, and darted into the basement.

What Martel meant was that the outside of the building measured larger than the inside—unless the cellar had walls ten feet thick. It didn't. It had a secret room, craftily camouflaged by removable shelves and a sliding door. Inside, the agents found the margarine, the mixing machines and the packaging equipment which the racketeers had used to flood the market with more than 250,000 pounds of bootleg butter.

COLLIER'S "The convention on television! It was?" BEN ROTH

Charged with being leaders of the mob, the two owners of the factory and the Jersey wholesaler were indicted and are now awaiting trial in federal court. If convicted, they face maximum penalties of three years' imprisonment and $10,000 fines on each count.

Public Gypped in Many Ways

Bootleg butter is just one of the slick schemes that have been used to pick the public purse. Fringe operators have a whole bagful of tricks, ranging from eggless egg noodles and maple-less maple sirup to frozen turkeys pumped up with water. The variations are endless, and although the FDA has most of them catalogued, an imaginative swindler occasionally comes up with a new one.

One of the latest came up at the U.S. Naval Supply Depot in Brooklyn, in the shape of 250 bags of Colombian coffee. When the coffee arrived, the supply depot crew primed the roasting ovens, stoked them with coffee beans and turned on the heat.

Then they opened up the ovens—and stared. Some of the coffee wasn't coffee at all. It was popcorn, white and puffy and ready for eating. The FDA was called in. Agents examined the unroasted coffee and found it was 20 per cent corn, dyed green.

When a protest was sent to the Colombian authorities, the following explanation came back: "The disastrous affair must be blamed upon a truck driver, who sought to enrich himself by substituting worthless corn for our most worth-while coffee. But unfortunately justice must wait. The gentleman feels that he is not sufficiently important to be the center of an international incident. Wherefore he has vanished."

Quite as brazen, but infinitely more cunning, was the great olive-oil swindle of 1948, when racketeers turned to chemistry in a bid for new revenue. Before their plot was exposed, they had netted nearly $1,000,000, were on the verge of strangling all competition and had baffled the best brains of the FDA.

Paradoxically, the FDA had anticipated the racket. Olive oil had practically disappeared from the market since World War II. Its price was so high that consumers gladly paid as much as $8 a gallon for a blend of 20 per cent olive oil and 80 per cent vegetable oil.

Okay Except for the Odor

The opportunity for swindling was apparent. And the first hint came in the autumn of 1947, when FDA inspectors picked up a few samples on the open market. The expensive aroma of olive was absent. Congratulating themselves on their catch, the inspectors turned the samples over to FDA laboratories. "Exactly as labeled," said the chemists' report, "a blend of 20 per cent olive oil." And then the report added privately, "That's what the analysis shows, but we can't believe it."

Neither could the trade. As time went on, complaints poured in from dealers: "The competition's throttling us. Something's wrong. The blends don't look right. They don't taste right. They must be adulterated."

Put out under a score of different labels, the blends blanketed the country. Analyzing each blend—and each batch of blends—became a full-time job for FDA chemists. They examined samples bought at retail, samples taken at the factories and samples collected in transit. The results were always the same: chemically, the samples were 20 per cent olive oil.

It was particularly baffling to the brilliant Dr. Jacob Fitelson, at that time chief analytical chemist of the New York FDA laboratories, who had devised the testing method—the only quantitative test for olive oil.

He had discovered that a substance called squalene was present in almost all oils—animal, fish and vegetable. Olive oil contained the largest amount, a fact which enabled Dr. Fitelson to work out a mathematical formula for testing olive-oil blends. The formula, accepted as a standard by the courts, had smashed racket after racket. Now it was impotent. The public was being swindled daily, but the squalene test—the only legal evidence—said no.

Dr. Fitelson had almost despaired of finding a solution when he met Dr. Joseph Matthews a few months later at a convention of scientists. Dr. Mat-

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...he Supreme Court found a flaw in it. Now Congress must act

thews, a former FDA chemist, was now employed by a drug and chemical manufacturing firm in upstate New York. He was bursting with news. "You know that squalene—that laboratory freak of yours—we've found a market for it," he beamed. "We get it as a by-product when we extract the vitamins from shark-liver oil. Nobody ever had any use for it. Now we've got a buyer from Brooklyn."

The buyer, who claimed to be a chemist, had come to the chemical firm armed with samples of silk fabric whose brilliant colors he attributed to squalene, used in a new dying process he had invented. "Since then," grinned Dr. Matthews, "we have two other steady customers. What do you think of that?"

"I think," said Dr. Fitelson, softly, "that we're on to some of the slickest crooks in FDA history."

A few days later he was positive. Investigation disclosed that the buyer was a druggist, not a chemist. And he had no connection with the dye industry.

That explained everything. The racketeers were using cheap vegetable oil and doctoring it with squalene. By adding the precise amount, they were making their product test like a 20 per cent olive-oil blend. Legally it was foolproof—unless the FDA could prove that the squalene was not indigenous to the oil, but had come from the labs of the New York chemical concern.

There was only one way to do it: add a chemical marker to the squalene.

But selecting the chemical marker posed a tremendous problem for Dr. Fitelson. The marker had to be harmless, stable and soluble in squalene; something that would not deteriorate or fade out, or betray itself by imparting color, cloud or flavor. Moreover, it had to be completely foreign to all oils, so that when the chemical was retrieved, the only explanation for its presence could be the marked squalene. Finally, it had to be so sensitive that it could be identified by chemical tests in dilutions of one part to ten million parts of oil—because only a drop of squalene was required to give vegetable oil a seeming 20 per cent olive-oil content.

The Doctor Finds His Marker

Dr. Fitelson ultimately found what he was looking for—anthranilic acid, a white crystalline powder used industrially as a starting point for the manufacture of dyes. It answered all the requirements.

After the New York chemical company had added the marker to the squalene, FDA agents began tracing all the shipments. Some went directly to a Brooklyn drug firm. Others got there through a dummy corporation. Still others were purchased for the Brooklyn company by a wholesale drug firm, which believed that the squalene was being used in a new dye formula.

To take their case to court, the agents had to prove the squalene was being used in interstate commerce.

The proof came a few weeks later, when agents fanned out into the retail market and bought hundreds of samples of blended oil. Practically every sample had been diluted with the marked squalene. Then, at a given signal, the agents swooped down on the packers. The oil in their vats contained the same chemical. The evidence dovetailed, except for one strange gap: in not one of the 16 packing plants involved could the agents find a drop of *unblended* squalene. There was a missing link between the Brooklyn drug firm and the packers.

Questioned day after day, the packers refused to give any information. They were paralyzed by terror. One of them told an agent, "If I talk, I'll get splattered all over the street." Another cried out, "My kid would get run over. And who could say it was murder?"

Extortion by Mobsters Bared

Finally, one of the packers broke down. He said the mobsters had sucked in their victims by promising easy profits and full protection—and economic ruin or even death for failure to co-operate. "Co-operate" meant buying $25-a-gallon squalene for $500 a gallon, plus the cunning service of having the blending done personally by the squalene racketeers—which was why the FDA had been unable to find any raw squalene in the plants.

The packer's statement resulted in the indictment of 16 persons, including Joe Profaci, of Brooklyn, who was later named in Kefauver Committee hearings as a director of the Maffia. Profaci's Santuzza Oil Company and the Brooklyn drug company were fined a total of $18,000. Seven individual blenders were given suspended sentences of one year each.

Fortunately, in this case the racketeers used a harmless adulterant. Other swindlers, however, sometimes resort to more risky additives.

One of the most persistent offenders is mineral oil. Long regarded as innocuous, it had been used in a variety of dietary foods, particularly in low-calorie salad dressing. But research proved that it prevents the body from absorbing various important vitamins. The FDA barred it as an additive in 1945. Nevertheless, some unscrupulous restaurants catering to dietary faddists, try to slip it in from time to time.

However, the most challenging of all such problems was the Mystery of the Saltless Salt, whose solution made medical history and saved an uncounted number of lives.

The saltless salt—lithium chloride—had been put on the market in 1949 by four widely separated firms. It was sold as a substitute for ordinary table salt—sodium chloride—to persons on a salt-free diet, mostly sufferers from high blood pressure and other circulatory ailments. By using lithium, the manufacturers claimed, these persons could satisfy their craving for a salt-flavored seasoning without any risk.

As proof, the manufacturers cited the results of limited laboratory and clinical tests. The evidence was not convincing to the FDA, which began a study of lithium in its own laboratories. Not bound by law to await the results, the manufacturers went ahead with their sales. The result was disastrous. The salt substitute, used to excess by salt-starved patients, caused dizziness, nausea, trembling of the arms and legs, mental confusion and even coma. But neither the victims nor their doctors ascribed the trouble to lithium, since these symptoms often accompany hypertension and related diseases.

The doctors were further disarmed by the fact that lithium, in minute quantities, had once been tried as a cure for kidney stones—unsuccessfully, but apparently without toxic effect.

Disguised as a boon to ailing humanity, the poisonous salt might have continued to wreak havoc indefinitely, had not a New York doctor discovered that lithium chloride accumulates rapidly in the blood. This information alarmed the FDA, whose biochemists were arriving at some startling conclusions of their own. Animals on a very high salt diet survived after being given large doses of lithium daily. The extra salt apparently neutralized the poison. But animals on a normal diet—or a salt-free diet—not only developed the advanced symptoms of a dozen circulatory diseases, but ultimately died.

The FDA went into action instantly. It asked manufacturers to recall all stocks of lithium, alerted hospitals and medical societies, and flashed the story to newspapers and wire services. Then the FDA took to the radio, and for two days, hour after hour, broadcast warnings throughout the nation to "Stop using this dangerous poison!"

The warning saved innumerable lives. Many patients, seemingly doomed, recovered when they stopped using lithium. Scores more, showing a variety of symptoms, shook them off almost overnight. It was one of the most amazing reversals in medical annals.

How the Law Is at Fault

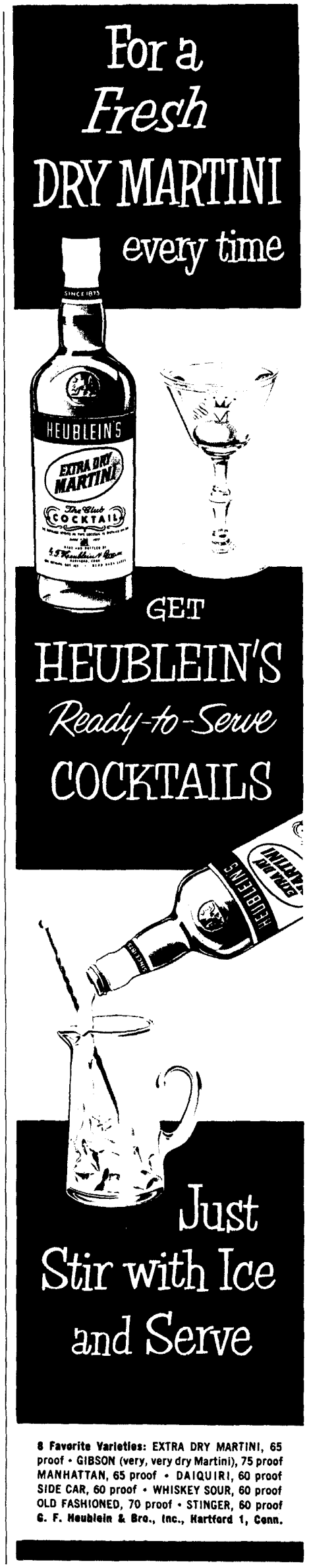
As Commissioner Crawford points out, the lithium tragedy might have been averted completely if the law had required pretesting of new foods for safety. Under the 1938 law, only manufacturers of new drugs must present the FDA scientific evidence that the drug is safe for human consumption. If the evidence is complete, their application is granted in 60 days. Otherwise the FDA may bar sale of the drug until adequate proof is furnished.

But no such law applies to the addition of new chemicals to foods and cosmetics. Manufacturers are not required to pretest the additives, or even inform the FDA of their use. "Under the law as it now stands," says Commissioner Crawford, "unscrupulous manufacturers may continue to use ingredients of questionable safety in their foods until we have sufficient evidence to prove they are poisonous or deleterious."

To meet this peril, the FDA has recommended that Congress enact a "new chemicals in food and cosmetics" code, similar to the drug code. Legitimate industry, which voluntarily imposes the code on itself and spends millions to insure the safety of additives, is solidly behind the moves to strengthen the FDA's hand. Among those backing the FDA amendment are the Grocery Manufacturers of America, the American Institute of Baking, the Institute of Shortening and Edible Oils, Inc., the Millers' National Federation, the American Bakers Association and the American Meat Institute.

The same groups have demanded that Congress restore the power of factory inspection to the FDA. So far Congress hasn't done so. And unless an aroused public raises its voice in behalf of the FDA, the legislation may die in committee.

Historically, the FDA has always been the consumers' best friend. But in its present state it can be little more than a helpless acquaintance. ▲▲▲



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Ted Williams—Still

Instead of walloping home runs for the Red Sox, the great

By MARVIN KONER

At his Korean jet base, Williams limits baseball activity to games of catch. With the Red Sox, he seldom was pictured without a bat in his hands

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Far from the roar of baseball crowds, Marine Captain Ted Williams signs check sheet after landing his Panther jet in southeast Korea

a Big-Leaguer

Boston slugger has been socking the Reds in Korea

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

Korea

TED WILLIAMS, one of the great hitters of all baseball time, hasn't had a bat in his hands for 14 months now. But his hands haven't been idle. He's been fingering the stick of a 500-mile-an-hour Panther jet fighter plane over Korea. The war-scarred countryside of that unhappy peninsula has become as familiar to him as the big-league baseball parks where he performed for cheering fans.

Where once he exploded base hits for the Boston Red Sox, he switched to blasting the North Korean and Chinese Communist armies with bombs, rockets and napalm (flaming jellied gasoline) for the United Nations. And he belly-landed a badly shot-up jet last February as skillfully as an old pro hooking a slide into third base. (Williams walked away from the wreck with only a few scratches.)

Ted was recalled to active duty as a reserve captain in the U.S. Marines in May, 1952, at the age of thirty-three. The summons, said the sports writers, ended the Splendid Splinter's baseball career—a tremendous 10 seasons with the Red Sox during which he hit for a .347 average, won four American League batting championships, and slammed 324 home runs.

Williams thought it was the end of his career, too. So far as he was concerned, the game-winning home run he struck in his last appearance at Boston's Fenway Park was his major-league farewell.

But it looks as though baseball will reclaim Thumping Theodore after all. It was reported a few weeks ago that his tour of duty will end in the fall. Asked if he'd play again, Ted smiled and said: "I'd like to get in two more seasons. But I'll quit if I can't hit at least .300."

The smile was confident.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

"Then I banked over target," says Ted, recalling flight for Operations Officer John Glenn, of New Concord, Ohio

Despite tension of his pilot duties, Ted Williams has lost none of his famous ability to relax. Back from a flight, he unwinds completely in his hut. While bunkmates talk, Williams half listens before dropping into a nap

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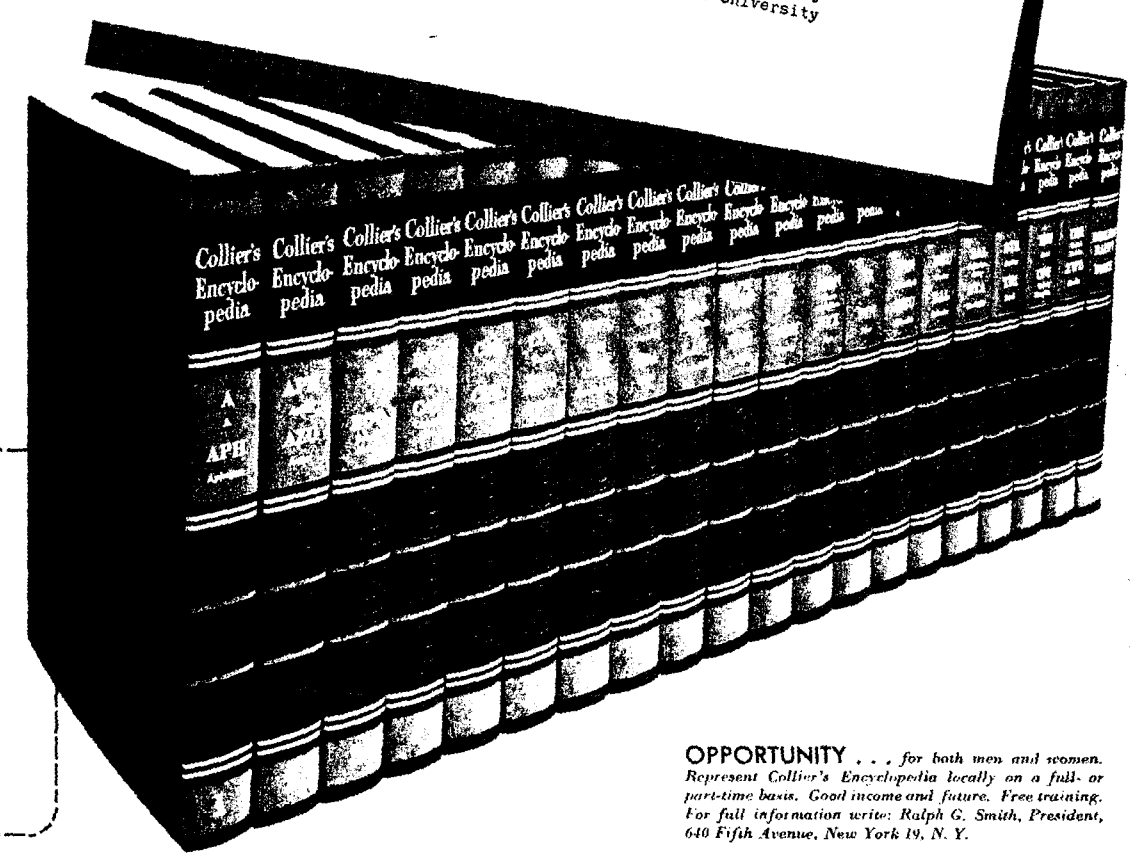

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Marines' houseboy, Jimmy, gets some expert tutelage. Teacher expects 1954 to mark his first full baseball season since '51

A crack shot, Williams keeps eye sharp with frequent skeet shooting. During winter months at home, he was an ardent hunter and fisherman

Ted's Time Off

Williams is still part of a team. But it's not the Red Sox any more, it's the V (for heavier than air) M (Marine) F (fighter) 311 Squadron flying out of southeast Korea. And his fellow Marines see few signs of the terrible-tempered Ted of baseball fame who once deliberately aimed a line drive at a heckling fan. Instead, they respect him not only as a fine pilot, but also for his evident ability to give and take a ribbing good-naturedly. The respect is deepened because they know the smiles must come hard. Williams has given up nearly five years (three in World War II) and an estimated $100,000-a-year annual salary to military service.

The kidding usually takes place in the ready room of one of the sleeping huts after flying is over for the day. The acey-deucy boards come out. And after that, maybe, there's a rugged game of pinochle—or a bull session, with Ted often in the middle.

Two or three days a week, however, Williams leaves his squadron mates early and goes to the photo lab to process photos that he has snapped himself. Photography has proved a more practical overseas hobby than his favorite stateside relaxations, hunting and fishing.

His new teammates call Williams "Bush"—short for "bush leaguer." It's all in good fun; and the nickname is not meant as a reflection on Ted's stature as a pilot or as a comrade in arms. As one of his fellow pilots said: "There's nothing small about Bush. He's a big-leaguer any way you look at it." ▲▲▲

Pet hobby overseas is photography. He tries to spend several hours a week shooting and developing pictures; then files them meticulously in huge album

Sports competition for man who often was called baseball's best batter now is limited to acey-deucy games between flights. It's a version of backgammon

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The Lallapalooza

He knew he wouldn't play poker or drink too much, and he guessed that what his wife didn't know wouldn't hurt her. But what his wife didn't know, as it turned out, was very little

By FRANK O'ROURKE

MY GRANDMOTHER played a vicious game of cassino with her grandchildren, and always took her nightly nip of brandy before going to bed. My earliest memory of her is seeing her in bed, white nightcap snug over her blonde hair, beckoning me from the doorway and saying, "All right, one for the money."

I kissed her good night, and then she opened her large pocketbook and took out a deerskin-covered flask and a gold shot glass set with rubies, poured her nightly nip and downed it with graceful precision. Then she smiled and said, "Good night, James."

I said, "Good night, Grandma," wanting badly to stay and see how she managed her long-tailed nightcap; but she always turned off the lamp and forced me to retreat. . . .

Grandma came to Nebraska in the eighties and worked with Grandpa through those early years, making their farm the show place of the county. I wondered often how, in such a steady sort of life, she managed to acquire the gold-and-ruby glass. One night, on my fifteenth birthday, Grandma told me the story. It wouldn't prove much to people who are born with clay hearts and no imagination, but to those who remember the old days and the people who lived then, it tells a great deal about those forgotten days.

In the mid-eighties Grandpa and Grandma worked hard around the endlessly changing seasons, building up their farm. The farm was a full section of land straddling the Bent Fork River, which came down from the north through the Willow Valley and flowed into the Buckhorn. They owned bottom hay land and good meadow and fine crop ground; and they were just five miles from town, which was too close for Grandpa's good. Grandpa enjoyed a good political argument, a poker game and a drink. So have many other men who worked hard and had successful lives, but Grandpa was too young then and too near temptation.

One summer, with the cultivating done and the threshing finished, there was a slack time until fall corn picking. Grandpa was working in the cottonwood grove along the river, half a mile from the house, and he began sneaking into town for a glass of beer and a game of pitch. One afternoon Grandma visited the cottonwood grove and found the bucksaw leaning against the cutting stump. When Grandpa came home for supper, having worked up a fast sweat, Grandma said, "Have a good day?"

"Fine," Grandpa said. "Cut two cords."

"I canned the elderberries," Grandma said. "I made butter and beat the featherbeds."

"Our work is never done," Grandpa said piously.

"My work!" Grandma said. "How much did you win today?"

Grandpa was washing his face and spoke through his wet fingers without thinking: "Dollar and a half."

"Two cords of wood!" Grandma said. "Now you listen to me, James . . ."

Grandpa was a big man with curly brown hair and red cheeks and laughing eyes. Grandma weighed a hundred and five pounds dripping wet. But when she started on him, Grandpa shrank rapidly. He dried his face and listened meekly while she read the riot act and made him promise to quit playing cards, and reminded him how time wasted was gone forever.

Grandpa let her run down before he said, "Now, Emma. Nothing's wrong with a little game of pitch."

"And how many beers?"

"Two," Grandpa said, with dignity. "And I'm way ahead with my work."

"That's not the point," Grandma said. "You're sneaking into town two and three times a week, not counting our Saturday shopping."

"Not that often," Grandpa said.

"Don't lie to me," Grandma said. "If you keep going into town and playing that harmless little game of pitch, they'll pull you into that poker game, and then what will happen to this farm?"

"No," Grandpa said firmly.

"I won't tell you again," Grandma said. "Once is enough for a grown man."

Grandpa grinned behind her back; he knew he wouldn't play poker or drink too much, and life without a little play was dull. As the summer passed, Grandpa sneaked into town twice a week and played pitch with his friends and had a beer or two, and nothing was hurt. But one day in September he took a wagonload of pigs to town and made a good sale to a new commission man, and stopped by the Antlers Saloon with him for the customary drink that bound the sale.

Some men were playing poker at the big back table, sitting in their shirt sleeves under the green-shaded lamp, and the cards were slipping around, and the chips were clacking, and Grandpa could hear their talk as he stood at the bar. The saloonkeeper, Ed MacCauley, looked around and called, "Seat open, Jim," but Grandpa shook his head and looked studiously at the cash register.

The commission man said, "Let's show these dudes how, Jim."

"Too late," Grandpa said. "Got to start home."

"It's only one o'clock," the commission man said. "Let's give them a whirl for two hours."

Grandpa thought of his single days when he was considered the best poker player in his section of Wisconsin. MacCauley was banking a no-limit game with a ten-dollar buy in, a steep game for anybody, but Grandpa had played in bigger games many times. But that, he chose to forget, was before he married Grandma and came to Nebraska and bought the farm.

"Come on," the commission man said, "let's sit in, Jim."

"Oh, let him alone," MacCauley laughed. "You know these henpecked husbands."

"I'll sit in for two hours," Grandpa said stiffly.

Grandpa bought twenty dollars' worth of chips and played cautiously against his unfamiliar opponents. And suddenly it was five o'clock, he'd had three drinks, won fifty dollars and had to start home. He bought a round of drinks and drove fast for home, chewing mint leaves to take the liquor off his breath, and feeling the fifty dollars in his pocket, the easiest money he'd made in three years. He came to supper with a big smile and presented Grandma with the hog check and was complimented for making a good deal.

Then Grandma said, "You've been drinking."

"You know those commission men," Grandpa said. "You have to take one with them."

"Took you long enough," Grandma said.

"I got to talking crops," Grandpa said. "What do we have for supper?"

THAT was on Saturday. The next morning after church, while Grandma was talking with her friends, a neighbor came over and poked Grandpa. "Hear you took the boys into camp yesterday."

"Oh, sure," Grandpa said, "I got a top price for the hogs."

"Hogs?" the neighbor said.

Grandpa's elbow took him in the ribs, and the

"Ma'am," MacCauley said, "you can't—" "Why not?" the lady said. "Isn't this an open game

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

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neighbor grinned and said, "Yeah, you did get a fine price, Jim."

Grandma turned and said sweetly, "It's time to go, James," and Grandpa went meekly to the buggy and drove for home, feeling the stiffness in Grandma as she sat primly beside him. But she didn't say anything, and Grandpa decided she hadn't heard.

The next week he managed an excuse to visit town, and he won forty dollars and came home feeling that he was the best poker player in the valley. He hid the money in the barn and, because he dared not buy Grandma a present then, decided that come Christmas he'd really surprise her.

It was a beautiful Indian summer, with mild days in which the leaves turned slowly, and light frost appeared on the grass in early dawn. Grandpa and the hired man picked their corn—they had two hundred acres—and it went thirty bushels to the acre. Grandpa kept two thousand bushels for feed and sold the surplus in town; and that day, by three o'clock he had won two hundred dollars in the poker game.

AND then, all at once, his luck changed. When he left for home he had lost all his winnings and two hundred dollars of his own money. It seemed that every time he got a good hand, Ed MacCauley had a better and was looking down his throat, raising and then grinning in such a way that Grandpa had to call.

Grandma had a good deal of shopping to do the next Saturday. She stopped at the bank to cash a check and asked to see their statement. Then she knew that two hundred dollars had disappeared somewhere. She knew what the corn had brought, what their balance had been the week before, and when she asked for the canceled checks she found one made out to cash and endorsed by Ed MacCauley.

Grandma got mad then. All the way home she talked brightly and did not let on, but she thought of the work it took to pick corn and fix fence and break sod and make a living. It was too much labor to be squandered foolishly. That night, after the hired man had gone to bed, she said, "A good year, so far, James."

"Very good," Grandpa said.

"But hard work," Grandma said. "We put a dollar's worth of sweat into this land for every dollar we take out. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, that's true, Emma."

"Well," Grandma said, "you must think money grows on trees."

"What do you mean?" Grandpa said uneasily.

"Two hundred dollars," Grandma said, "tossed to the birds."

"Now—" Grandpa said.

"Don't give me your blarney," Grandma snapped. "I had to cash a check, and I always look at our balance from habit. You've been playing poker."

"Just a little pitch," Grandpa said.

"Pitch!" Grandma said. "At two bits a game and five cents a set? And you lost two hundred dollars? You've been in the Antlers with MacCauley and his slickers. Did they give you the old come-on before they fleeced you?"

That made Grandpa mad, for he allowed no one to run down his poker playing. He slapped the table and said, "I had a little bad luck. I'll win it back next time."

"Next time?" Grandma said.

"Now, Emma," Grandpa said, "can't a man play a little cards now and then?"

"No," Grandma said. "If you play out here with your friends, all right, but don't give me that argument about getting to know a man better when you hunt and play poker with him. I don't need to hunt with MacCauley and his tribe to know them."

"I'm doing the work," Grandpa said. "I can spend a little of my own money."

"So you're going back?"

Grandpa was angry and stubborn. He said, "Yes, if I feel like it, once in a while."

"Very well," Grandma said. "It's time for bed."

SHE did not mention the game again, and Grandpa finally convinced himself that he had won the argument; and feeling that way he was eager to show MacCauley who was the best man around that big table.

Late in November Grandpa took six old sows into town and sold them to the commission man. Then they went to the Antlers for the customary drink; and there were the poker players, and suddenly Grandpa was sitting in the game.

Four hours later he started home, a thousand-dollar loser, wondering how it had happened. He could never explain such a loss to Grandma. The only way out was to keep his nerve and win it back—which philosophy, as even Grandpa knew, was the first downward step for any poker player.

That night Reverend Sorensen and his wife came over and played five hundred, and Grandpa suffered through the game while Reverend Sorensen won all the honors.

When the Sorensens had gone home, Grandma poured more coffee and said, "We've almost three thousand in the bank, James. I've been figuring this last week. We should buy the old Nelson place north of us. I think we can close the deal for a good price."

"Maybe we ought to wait," Grandpa said. "Might have a bad year, Emma."

"Bosh," Grandma said. "Our farm is clear. One bad year won't break us and land is going up in price."

"I'll think about it," Grandpa said.

He thought about it all that night and the next week, thinking what would happen the next time Grandma went to the bank. He had to win his money back.

One day in early December he said, "Thought I might run into town and see about that Nelson quarter."

"Good," Grandma said.

Grandpa congratulated himself on carrying it off. He took the saddle horse and cut the dust for town, feeling a winning streak in his very bones. He wandered into the Antlers and refused a drink from the commission man—who seemed to be there all the time—because now he wanted to stay clear-headed.

MacCauley turned and said, "Get your feet wet?"

"Don't mind if I do," Grandpa said. "But I'm out for blood."

"Good for you," the commission man said, standing behind Grandpa's chair. "Go get 'em, Jim."

"Break out a new deck," Grandpa said.

He bought three hundred dollars' worth of chips, and opened his collar, and hunched forward under the shaded lamp, playing his cards as they came. Four hours later, at five o'clock, he was a six-hundred loser and wondering what he should do. Grandpa growled, "Bet," and then he heard a voice say, "I'll take that vacant chair."

Grandpa leaped to his feet and saw Grandma looking at Ed MacCauley.

"Ma'am," MacCauley said. "You can't . . . we can't . . ."

"Why not?" Grandma asked. "Isn't this an open game?"

"Yes," MacCauley said. "But ladies—"

"James, sit down and close your mouth," Grandma said. "Mr. MacCauley, if this game is good enough for him, it is good enough for me. I want five hundred dollars' worth of chips."

Then Grandma pulled out the empty low-backed chair, seated herself at the table, and tossed five hundred dollars at MacCauley. "Well," she said. "Give me my chips and deal."

Grandpa knew that Grandma could play poker, for her father back in Wisconsin had taught her; and he himself had taught her more in their games at home. But this was different, and he was so ashamed that he did not realize the enormity of Grandma's sin until MacCauley had counted out her chips and dealt the cards. One of the players made a move to cash in, and Grandma said, "Aren't you ahead?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then stay in the game," Grandma said testily.

Grandpa said, "Now, Emma, you've got to—"

Grandma looked at Grandpa's chips and said, "The only thing I've got to do, James, is do better than you. From the size of your stack, you must be the sucker these gentlemen have dreamed about for years."

Grandma picked up her cards, and Reverend Sorensen suddenly appeared behind her chair and stared across the table at the commission man, who stood behind Grandpa's chair. Grandma in the game was bad enough, but Reverend Sorensen in a saloon was akin to an earthquake shaking down the walls. Grandma looked at her hand—she had two kings and three small cards—and when the pot was opened she called the ten-dollar bet and raised a hundred and said, "Nice hand, eh?"

"Very nice," Reverend Sorensen said.

Everyone dropped out, and Grandma raked in the chips and said pleasantly, "A good profit for a pair of kings."

THEN MacCauley was glaring at her and nodding, and they began playing in earnest, determined that no woman would show them up. And all the time, Grandpa was suffering the tortures of the damned, hating himself and losing his nerve, and knowing that a man without confidence could never win in an open game. Grandma played her cards close to her vest—her blouse—and MacCauley began bulling the game. Then Grandpa got mad, and the red began rising in his cheeks as he hunched forward and played in silence. He was badly shamed now that he felt there was nothing to do but play until Grandma quit, and then get on his horse and ride for California. He was a six hundred loser, and Grandma had evidently drawn a good deal of their money from the bank, so they stood to lose everything. Grandma, however, played even for half an hour, while Grandpa lost another hundred and was forced to take chips from MacCauley.

Grandma won a fifty-dollar pot, and MacCauley looked at her appraisingly, his thick brows drawn close together above his deep-set eyes. He reached into his coat pocket and put his private drinking glass on the table, poured a small nip from his deerskin-covered flask, and downed it. "Ma'am," MacCauley said, "we've humored you. From now on, I warn you kindly, we are going to play poker and forget your sex."

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"Good," Grandma said. "I'll forget yours. Deal!"

When MacCauley spoke that way, Grandpa stopped squirming inwardly and said, "You will not forget my wife's sex for a minute, mister."

"I didn't mean it that way," MacCauley said.

They played another round, and everyone knew it was coming to a showdown. The saloon was packed with spectators, standing ten deep around the table, watching the play and whispering. It came MacCauley's deal, and he said, "Straight draw," and dealt the cards fast as light. Grandma lifted her cards, looked once, put them down on the table, and folded her hands. Across from her, Grandpa held his hand level with his eyes, as was his habit before he bet or drew. The pot was opened, and Grandpa called and raised two hundred. The others dropped out and Grandma called.

MacCauley read his hand and said, "I call and raise five hundred."

Grandpa looked down at his chips—he had about fifty dollars left—and said, "Can I play behind this stack?"

"All you want," MacCauley said.

Grandpa said, "Then I call," and he scribbled an IOU and tossed it into the pot.

All eyes turned to Grandma, who said quietly, "I call."

SHE opened her pocketbook, took out a roll of bills, counted out two hundred and pushed the bills into the pot along with her three hundred dollars' worth of chips.

MacCauley smiled, and it was not a nice smile. He said, "Doubling up on me, eh?" and lifted the deck and looked at Grandpa. "How many cards?"

Grandpa lifted his hand again level with his eyes, and Grandma said, "All right, Reverend."

Reverend Sorensen and two other men had moved behind the commission man, and when Grandma spoke they took his arms and pulled him away from the table before he could look over Grandpa's shoulder and see his hand.

Then Reverend Sorensen said in his deep voice, "You stand back there, and *stay* back there!"

And everyone knew then exactly why the commission man had stood behind Grandpa, reading his cards and signaling their value to MacCauley. Grandpa looked around and understood at once, and for a moment the game was almost broken up.

Then Grandpa sat back in his chair and said, very softly, "Cut the cards."

MacCauley was white-faced, but he did not move his lips or back down. He put the deck in front of Grandma, and she shuffled it thoroughly, cut it three times, and pushed it forward. "Deal from the table," she said. "How many cards, James?"

"Two," Grandpa said firmly.

MacCauley dealt Grandpa two cards and looked at Grandma.

"I'll play these," Grandma said.

MacCauley discarded two and dealt himself two. "All right," he said, "make your bets." And then he looked at his draw.

Grandpa said, "I bet five hundred."

Grandma opened her pocketbook and counted off five hundred dollars, added another thousand and tossed it into the pot. "I'll call," she said, "and raise a thousand."

Now they watched MacCauley, who had drawn two cards and faced a fifteen-hundred-dollar bet from a two-card draw and a pat hand. MacCauley looked steadily at Grandma and began counting out chips. He matched the fifteen hundred and added another thousand raise, and sat back.

Grandpa studied his hand and pushed his cards away and said, "I pass out."

Everyone sighed, and all eyes turned on Grandma, who calmly opened her pocketbook and pushed the last of her wad of bills—just an even thousand—out to match MacCauley's raise.

Then Grandma said, "Our farm is worth twelve thousand dollars, and I am raising you twelve thousand dollars, *Mister* MacCauley." Grandma tossed the deed to their farm into the pot and looked at MacCauley, and her jaw came out, and her eyes snapped, and it seemed she hoped he would call her bet.

"Wait," MacCauley said. "Table stakes."

"No," Grandma said, "open stakes, and there's your raise, *Mister* MacCauley; bet or back down. I always suspected you were a tinhorn gambler. What is this place worth? No more than six or seven thousand—call it seven. Are you calling?"

They said in later years that MacCauley looked at his hand, put it down, looked at it again and rubbed his cheeks as if unable to assess it correctly. And the sweat burst forth on his face, and his ears turned red, and he tried to stare Grandma down, and finally he dropped his eyes. Once, he began pushing chips toward the pot; and then he cursed, suddenly and with great anger, and threw his hand down and said, "The hell with you!"

GRANDMA drew the pot to her side of the table, and then she smiled and said, "I've got a lallapalooza."

"What's that?" MacCauley asked. "I never heard of a hand called that."

"You haven't?" Grandma said. "Why, it's quite a famous hand, *Mister* MacCauley."

She turned over her pat hand and showed the trey, five, seven, ten and queen of different suits; a completely worthless hand, a bluffing hand if a man—or a woman—had the guts to play it out. The shout that went up around the table shook the rafters, for Grandpa had dropped three aces, and MacCauley had refused to call the twelve-thousand-dollar raise while holding three jacks and a drawn pair of sixes. And then Grandma looked at MacCauley's private drinking glass and deerskin-covered flask and said, "I will cut you, high card, one hundred dollars against your glass and flask."

Now everyone knew that MacCauley treasured those properties—considered them part of his luck—but he was humiliated and so angry he couldn't think. He shuffled the deck and spread it between them and said, "You have a bet, ma'am." He had lost his nerve and had to get it back.

Grandma turned a card—a trey.

Then MacCauley smiled and turned a card; it was a deuce.

Grandma reached over and took the glass and flask and said, "Kindly cash these chips, *Mister* MacCauley."

MacCauley made the change, and Grandma pushed the huge wad of bills into her pocketbook and got up and said icily, "It is late, James. I think we'd best start for home."

"Go ahead," Grandpa said thickly. "I'll be right with you."

Grandma walked from the saloon and heard, behind her, the sound of heavy blows. She smiled to herself: Grandpa had just settled his own bill with the commission man and Ed MacCauley. He joined her on the sidewalk and helped her into the buggy, and then he said weakly, "Emma, how could you do it?"

"Why, James," Grandma said, "if you felt that you had to lose everything, I had a right to half the fun."

That is why my grandfather never played poker with his son, my father, or anyone else, in all the years I knew him. And that is why Grandma always took a nip of brandy before going to bed every night, possibly for the medicinal effect. And then again, it was surely an admonition of sorts for Grandpa when he got ready for bed and saw MacCauley's gold-and-ruby drinking glass and deerskin-covered flask on the table beside their pillows. ▲▲▲

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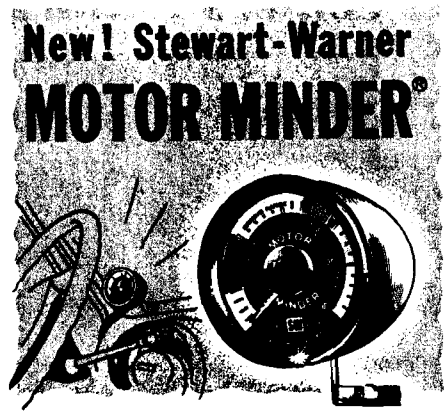

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HARRY DEVLIN

Research Kills the Laughs

FUNNY AS A CRUTCH is no accidental expression. There are certain discomforting afflictions, in addition to a busted toe, which somehow generate a mood of sadistic glee among the victims' acquaintances. Anyone who has ever had such things as hay fever, poison ivy, sunburn, pinkeye or a boil on the neck has probably found that he is a ludicrous and vastly amusing object in the eyes of his family and friends.

But the most mirth-provoking malady, without much question, is gout. Gout has long been a symbol of luxurious self-indulgence—quantities of old port and rich foods, and a generally sybaritic way of life. Gout was something that happened to red-faced English country squires, and still happens to their spiritual descendants. It is regarded as a shameful badge of the tippler and glutton.

Now up speaks Dr. John M. Church, of Fort Worth, to tell us that we've been wrong—wrong for centuries. Having studied the disease, he has stated his opinion before the Texas Club of Internists that gout is similar to arthritis, that it is painful, that the sufferer has been maligned and misunderstood, and that there may be some connection between gout and creative ability.

Alexander the Great had it. Likewise Sir Isaac Newton. Martin Luther and John Milton, a pair who definitely were not café society, were stricken with this alleged offshoot of rich living. Gout was one of the battery of ailments that bombarded Dr. Johnson.

It's not hard to imagine the public scorn and private sneers, the smug looks and knowing laughter that these great men had to put up with. And we of this day were as steeped in ignorance as earlier generations had been. For instance, we recall that just a couple of years ago our friend and occasional contributor, Mr. Robert C. Ruark, was stricken with the localized arthritic condition Dr. Church has described. When Mr. Bernard Baruch heard of Mr. Ruark's affliction, he phoned him and spoke these words of grudging admiration: "It took me seventy years and seven million dollars to get the gout, and you've got it before you're thirty-five."

We think it's safe to speculate that Mr. Baruch may have connected Mr. Ruark's gout with his fondness for expensive restaurants and an occasional noggin. But if Dr. Church is right, Mr. Baruch was wrong. Mr. Ruark had obviously got took down with genius in the foot.

Well, we hope Dr. Church *is* right. We also hope that this promising era of psychosomatic research will turn up equally intriguing and ennobling theories about other laughter-breeding miseries. Who knows, the hang-over may turn out to have some unsuspected spiritual overtones. It may even be faintly possible that somebody will find a cure for it.

It Couldn't But It Did

TEN DAYS BEFORE the recent Italian parliamentary elections, Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce made a speech in Milan which contained this statement: "But if—I am required in all honesty to say this—but if—though it cannot happen—the Italian people should fall the unhappy victims to the wiles of totalitarianism, totalitarianism of right or left, there would follow—logically and tragically—grave consequences for this intimate and warm co-operation [between Italy and the United States] we now enjoy." In other words, the United States would re-examine its program of aid to Italy if the De Gasperi government was beaten.

Well, what Mrs. Luce said couldn't happen did happen, for all practical purposes. The democratic coalition which is friendly to America got less than half the total vote. The Communists and pro-Communist Socialists at one extreme, and the Monarchists and neo-Fascists at the other picked up so many seats that the De Gasperi government already has had to make a "deal" with the rightists in order to stay in power.

We certainly do not hold Mrs. Luce responsible for the outcome of the Italian elections. But we can't help wondering whether her remarks, timed as they were, might not have had the opposite effect from what she intended and hoped for. It is almost certain that the American government will have to take a long second look at its Italian policy in a situation where a few absences could erase the slim over-all plurality that the De Gasperi-led coalition holds. But wouldn't it perhaps have been wiser to arrive at that decision without a public announcement of it before the votes were in?

If the British ambassador in Washington—to choose an implausible hypothesis—had urged, even by implication, the election of either candidate for President or any candidate for Congress in last year's elections, he certainly would have done those candidates a grave disfavor. The fact that the office seeker had not asked the ambassador's support would have made no difference. There surely would have been a widely held belief that the candidate was beholden to a foreign government or was a man of divided loyalty.

Our ambassador was not the only American, of course, who "interfered" in the Italian elections. Much of the press hoped publicly for a whopping victory of the democratic parties. Many Americans of Italian origin or descent undoubtedly wrote to relatives and friends in Italy, as they did in 1948, and urged them to vote against Communism and Fascism. And we think that is entirely proper. But statements by representatives of foreign governments understandably carry more weight than statements by the press or individuals in other lands. A statement by an American ambassador is a statement of American government policy. And when it seems to be American policy to try to influence another country's voters in any way, many of those voters are certain to be offended and angry.

The American people and their government must continue in their constant effort to achieve peace, free government and individual liberty throughout the world, as well as security at home. But we think the State Department should take particular care to see that the effort is not exerted in a way that carries a possibility of its backfiring.

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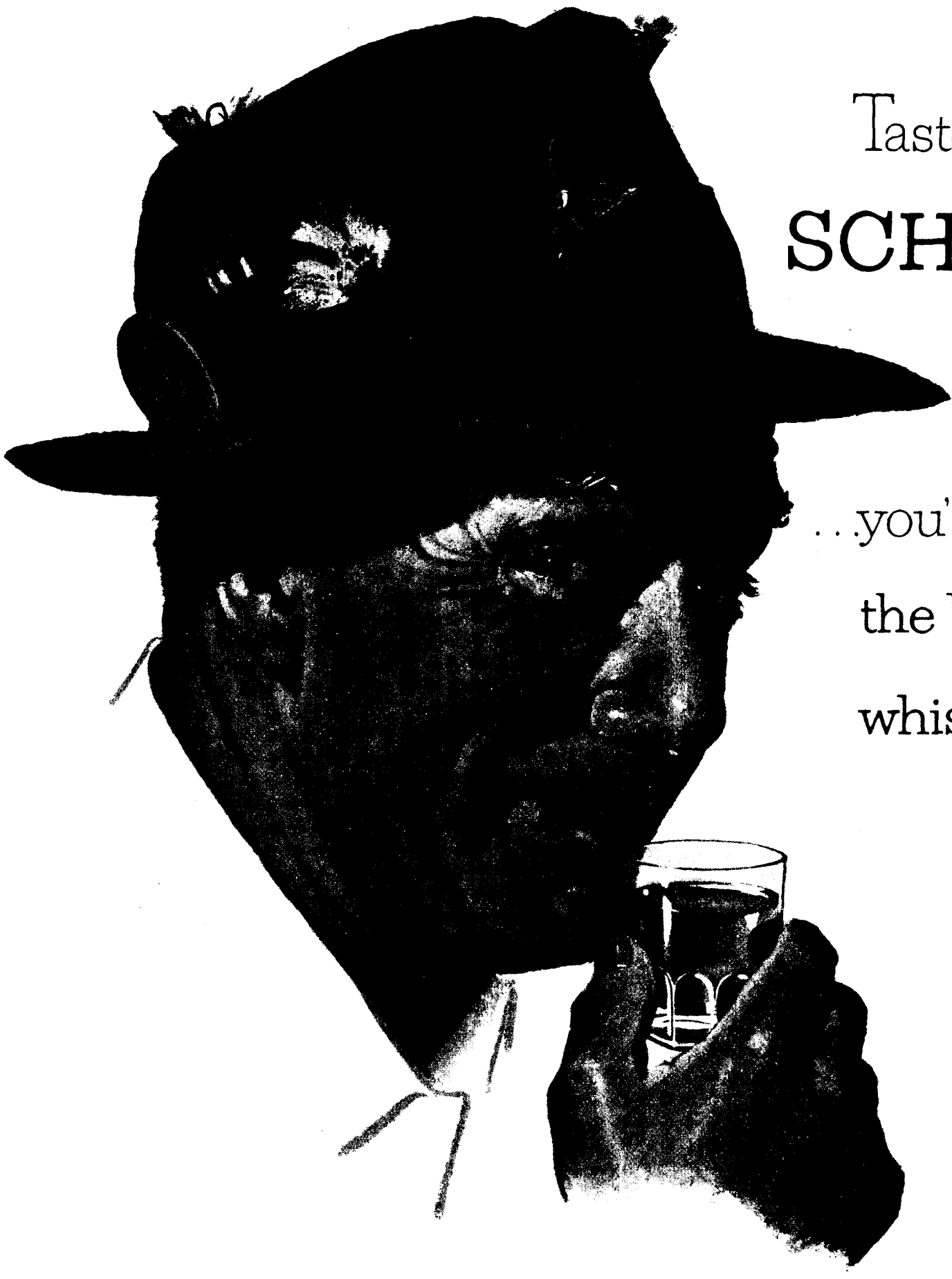

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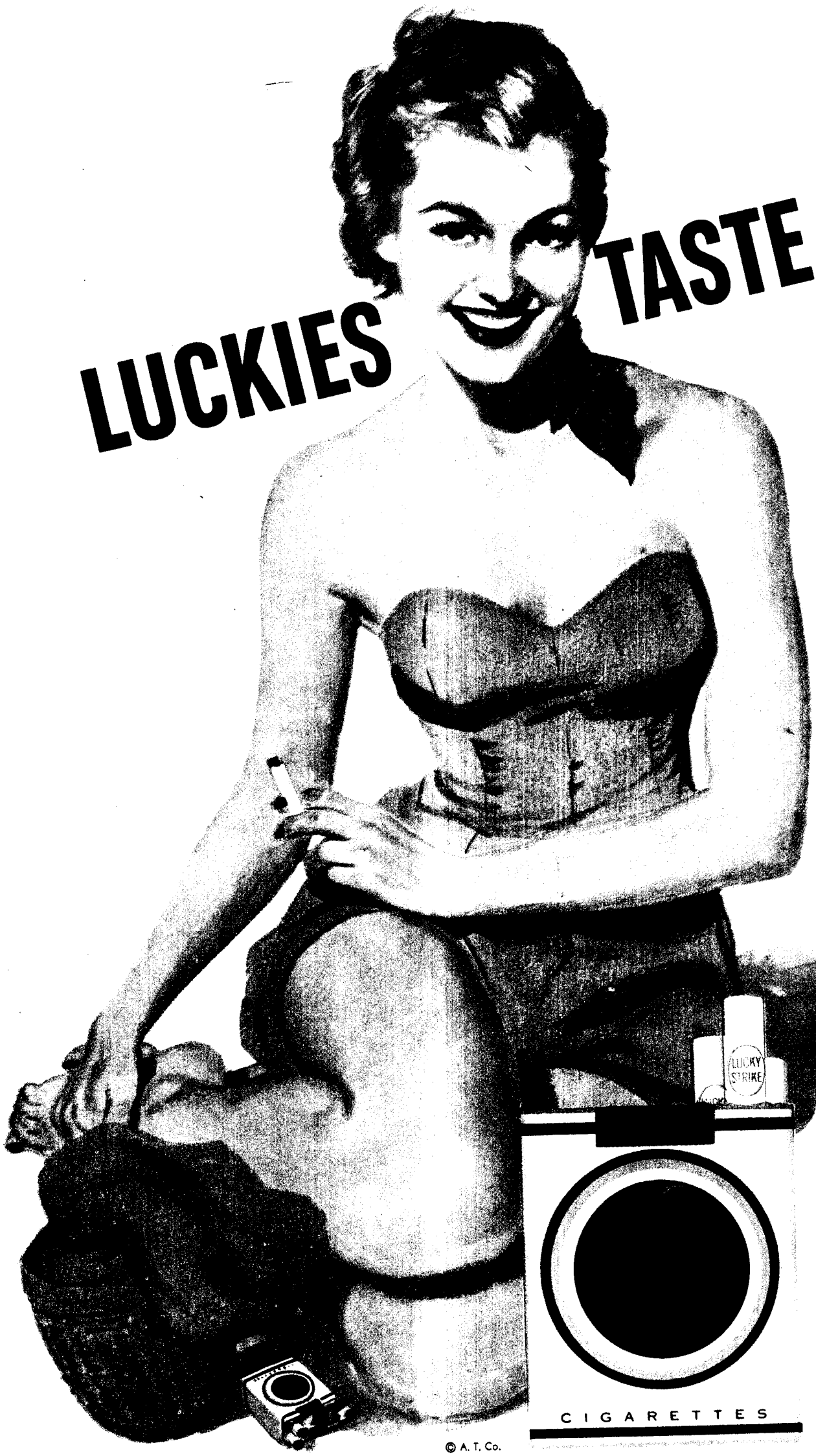

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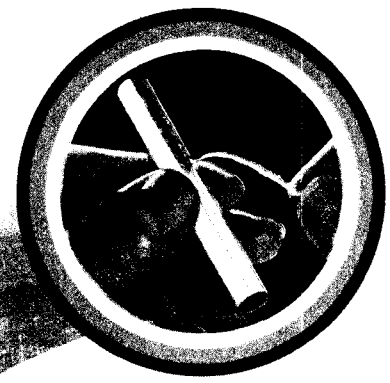

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